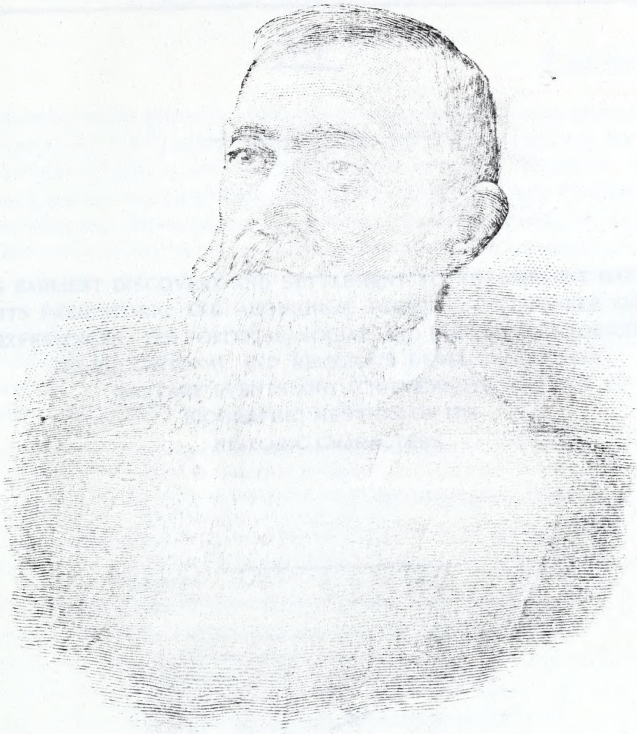
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J. F. Smith



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THE

HISTORY OF KENTUCKY

V. 1

FROM ITS EARLIEST DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT DATE, EMBRACING ITS PREHISTORIC AND ABORIGINAL PERIODS; ITS PIONEER LIFE AND EXPERIENCES; ITS POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS; ITS EDUCATIONAL AND RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT; ITS MILITARY EVENTS AND ACHIEVEMENTS, AND BIOGRAPHIC MENTION OF ITS HISTORIC CHARACTERS.

BY

Z. F. SMITH,

EX-SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION OF KENTUCKY.

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TO THE memory of the pioneers of Kentucky, whose stalwart virtues and gallant deeds are unsurpassed in any age or by any people, and who builded the first temple of liberty in the transmontane wilderness, this history is reverently dedicated. This tribute is offered by a grateful and admiring eulogist, who deems it a proud memento of his life to have been born and reared upon the soil of the "Dark and Bloody Ground," watered with the blood of its heroes; and all of whose ancestors for two generations sleep beside them, and under the same sod. A common citizenship holds sacred in the urn of memory the exalted manhood and imperishable fame of an ancestry who command their own tribute of affection and the admiration of the world. These grand men answered the call of Providence for a grand work, and, like the chosen of old, and for other ends, many sealed their mission with the blood of martyrdom. Their labors are done; their mission ended. The world will not see their like again.

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

"Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's bl
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb."

—*O'Hara.*

To the Youth of our Commonwealth we would as earnestly consecrate this book; that the virtues of manly courage, of high resolve, and of heroic sacrifice, which achieved success with our noble forefathers, may inspire laudable ambition and emulation in the respective spheres of life in which they may act.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In view of offering a new history of Kentucky to the interested public at this day, the author desires first to express his appreciation of the value and merits of the several standard works of this class of literature which have appeared at intervals for a century preceding. Filson's brief history and map of pioneer Kentucky, in 1784, is the most valuable contribution of the kind before the incoming of the present century; and fortunate, indeed, is it for the following generations that both are preserved. Early in the nineteenth century, Marshall, McAfee and Butler, learned and able men, brought up the history of the Commonwealth successively to the several dates of the publication of their works, and wrote of much that was contemporaneous, especially the two former. Messrs. Collins, father and son, practically occupy the field for the next half century, and, with great industry, research, and ability, have gathered together and compiled an immense amount of historic matter never before in print. The last enlarged issue by Dr. Richard H. Collins, in two 8vo. volumes, forms a cyclopædia of Kentucky history, but not in narrative form. This work has proven of inestimable value to the historian of to-day, who has drawn liberally and often from the materials of this rich store-house of information. More recently we have been favored with that admirable treatise, "Kentucky Commonwealth," by Professor Shaler, of Harvard. It does not pretend to be a history of Kentucky; but, as a philosophic generalization of that history, it is unique, learned, and of great value. All these histories have been liberally drawn upon. A most appreciable source supplementary to these works has been found in the gathered records of the Filson Club, of Louisville, an organization containing among its members some of the most learned authorities in early cismontane history, and especially that of Kentucky, associated together solely to search out and safely place on file all new matter that may be found in existence. Besides the Polytechnic library, the extensive libraries of Colonel R. T. Durrett and Dr. Richard H. Collins, gathered in the last quarter of a century from every antiquarian source in America and Europe, have been generously opened to the author. The library of Colonel Durrett is the fullest and richest in the world of this class of literary treasure. The many thousands of volumes upon its shelves, gathered from the book-stalls of Europe during three protracted visits there,

and from every available source in this country embrace nearly all that is needed in antiquarian historic lore. So prized is this vast collection that the offer of an ample fortune in dollars would be no temptation to sell it. Not only have the owners offered the use of these treasuries of knowledge, but, together with Professor William Chenault, have continuously devoted much time and labor to the critical examination of the text before finally going to press. On a few specialties requiring the skill of the professionalist, the author has laid under contribution several esteemed friends. For the use of the paper on education read before the Filson Club, and for contributive assistance on the history of jurisprudence in Kentucky, he acknowledges indebtedness to Professor William Chenault, of the Louisville Law School; to Colonel R. T. Durrett, for the material to make the list of the historians of Kentucky, embracing the introductory; to Colonel John Mason Brown, for the account of the siege of Bryan's station and the battle of Blue Licks; to Dr. Dudley S. Reynolds, for the early history of medical men and medical science in Kentucky; to Major William J. Davis, for the treatment of the geology and soils of Kentucky, and to Professor John R. Procter, for accurate geological and geographical information. Acknowledgments are tendered for many valuable favors extended from citizens throughout the State. From Gayarré's late history of Louisiana, much of the correspondence between the Spanish commandants at New Orleans and other Spanish officials and General Wilkinson and others involved in the protracted intrigues to seduce and detach Kentucky from the Federal Union is reproduced as of peculiar historic interest. This correspondence is from the copies on file at Baton Rouge, taken by order of the government of Louisiana and with consent of Spain from the Archives at Madrid. It officially settles the mooted question of Wilkinson's guilt, and has never appeared in previous Kentucky history.

But we forbear further to enumerate. The multiplied authorities for varied and special research in historic information are as ample for an accurate and complete history of our Commonwealth as are those of any other. For the benefit of the reader or student who may in future wish to pursue his investigations in this field, we follow this preface with an introductory, in which is recited all known histories or historic papers bearing directly or indirectly on the events and affairs of Kentucky history.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY.

PART I.—Historians and Histories of Kentucky.



JOHN FILSON.

The writers of histories of Kentucky to the present time have not been numerous; and with the exception of Marshall and Collins, their works have not been elaborate. Frequent occasions have been found during the progress of this work to refer to anterior histories, and if some have been omitted that ought to have been noticed, a formal enumeration of previous authors and their works will not only supply the omissions, but afford to some extent the much-needed bibliography of Kentucky histories and the sources of Kentucky history. We know of no collection of Kentucky books so complete as that of Colonel R. T. Durrett—there is none such extant—to all of which free access was given in the preparation of the work now offered to the public; and from the books in his library the following list, preserving the chronological order of their publication, has been made:

1784.

First—"The Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke, and an essay toward the topography and natural history of that important country; to which is added an appendix containing, first, the adventures of Colonel Daniel Boon, one of the first settlers, comprehending every important occurrence in the political history of that province; second, the minutes of the Piankashaw council, held at Post Saint Vincent's, April 15, 1784; third, an account of the Indian nations inhabiting within the limits of the thirteen United States, their manners and customs, and reflections on their origin; fourth, the stages and distances between Philadelphia and the Falls of the

Ohio, from Pittsburgh to Pensacola, and several other places—the whole illustrated by a new and accurate map of Kentucke and the country adjoining, drawn from actual surveys. By John Filson." Wilmington: Printed by James Adams, 1784.

This was the first attempt at a history of Kentucky, and its title-page has been copied in full. It is a small octavo volume of one hundred and eighteen pages, and has become so excessively rare that a single copy has been sold for one hundred and fifty dollars. It has been several times republished, and some of the reprints have also become very rare. The following editions may be enumerated: M. Parraud, Paris, 1785; Ludwig Heinrich Bronner, Frankfort, 1785; John Stockdale, London, 1793; Samuel Campbell, two volumes, New York, 1793; Gilbert Imlay, in his topographical description of the Western territory of North America, London, 1793 and 1797.

But little was known of the author of this first history of Kentucky until the Filson Club, in 1884, just one hundred years after the appearance of his work, published an account of his life and writings. He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, about 1747, and came to Kentucky possibly as early as 1782. He was certainly here in 1783, writing his history and preparing his map of Kentucky. In September, 1788, while prospecting to establish Losantiville, now Cincinnati, he disappeared in the Miami woods, and was never afterward seen. He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians on the 1st of October. He left a sketch of the Illinois country, and several other manuscripts, which have never been published.

1786.

Second—"The Discovery, Purchase, and Settlement of the Country of Kentuckie." By Alexander Fitzroy, 8vo., pp. 15. London, 1786.

Nothing is known of the author of this little work, even more rare than that of Filson. It was evidently compiled from Filson, and the author was probably one of the numerous speculators, both in this country and in Europe, at that date engaged in buying and selling Kentucky lands.

1792.

Third—"A Description of Kentucky in North America." 8vo., pp. 124. Printed in November, 1792.

Neither the author's name nor the place of publication appears upon the title-page, but the work is known to have been written by Harry Toulmin, and printed in London. Mr. Toulmin was born in England in 1740, and was a Baptist minister by profession, but decidedly inclined to Unitarianism. He was president of Transylvania University in 1794–95, and secretary of state under Governor Garrard. In 1802, he published a collection of the laws of Kentucky, and in 1804, in connection with James Blair, a review of the criminal laws, in three volumes. He finally moved to Alabama, where he was appointed United States district judge, and died in 1815.

1792.

Fourth—"A Topographical Description of the Western Territory of North America." By Gilbert Imlay. 8vo., pp. 247. London, 1792.

Mr. Imlay was born in New Jersey, and was a captain in the rebel army during the revolution. In 1784, he was appointed a deputy surveyor under George May, at Louisville. His work was enlarged to four hundred and fifty-five pages, and reprinted at London in 1793, and also at New York, the same year, in two volumes, 12mo., pp. 260 and 204. Again, in 1797, it was still further enlarged—8vo., pp. 626—and reprinted at London. He was also the author of the "Emigrants, or the History of an Exiled Family," in three volumes, 12mo., printed at London in 1793. In after years, he became connected with the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft, whose sad letters show him to have been unworthy of even the kind of trust that gifted but unfortunate woman reposed in him.

1806.

Fifth—"Political Transactions in and concerning Kentucky." By William Littell. 8vo., pp. 66. Frankfort, 1806.

Mr. Littell was a lawyer by profession, and the author of law collections now rare and valuable. The first of these was "Principles of Law and Equity," which appeared at Frankfort in 1808. In 1809, he began his Laws of Kentucky, which extended to five volumes, the last in 1819. In 1822, he published, in connection with Jacob Swigert, a digest of the Kentucky statutes, in two volumes. In 1823, appeared the first volume of his reports of the decisions of the Court of Appeals, which extended to five volumes. He also published a sixth volume of select cases. To these publications he added "Festoons of Fancy," a collection of poems, and a large contribution to the newspapers of the day. His numerous publications do not seem to have brought him fortune, and he died at Frankfort in 1824, leaving property requiring a special act of the Legislature, approved January 6, 1825, to make the assets meet the debts.

1807.

Sixth—"The General and Natural History of Kentucky." By Robert B. McAfee.

This history is in manuscript and was never published. It was written between the years 1804 and 1807. General McAfee was the author of several other works, hereafter to be mentioned in their proper place. He was born in Mercer county, in 1784, and died there in 1849. In 1810, he was elected to the Legislature, and from that date until about four years before his death he was almost constantly in public service. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and a historian of the conflict. In 1854, he was elected lieutenant-governor, and in 1833, appointed charge d'affairs to the republic of Colombia.

1812.

Seventh—"The History of Kentucky." By Humphrey Marshall. 8vo., pp. 407. Frankfort, 1812.

This work was published by Mr. Marshall as the first of two volumes, but the second of the edition never appeared. In 1824, he published at Frankfort, a rewritten and enlarged work in two volumes, 8vo., pp. 474 and 524, which was the first elaborate history of the State. He was a Virginian by birth, and came to Kentucky at the early date of 1780. He therefore lived through nearly the entire period about which he wrote, and had it not been for the fierce political conflicts in which he engaged, and the color they gave to the portraits he sketched of opponents, his work would have been accepted by posterity with a credence worthy of its great ability. He was a member of the convention which effected the separation of Kentucky from Virginia, and repeatedly in the Kentucky Legislature. In 1795, he was elected to the United States Senate, where he served until 1801. He was a constant contributor to the newspapers, periodicals, and pamphlet literature of his day, and in 1810, started, as editor and proprietor, the *American Republic*, at Frankfort. He died in 1842, at the age of fourscore and two.

1824.

Eighth—"Ancient History, or Annals of Kentucky." By C. S. Rafinesque. 8vo., pp. 39. Frankfort, 1824.

The author of this work was a native of Turkey, born near Constantinople, in 1784. In 1819, he came to Kentucky and was made professor of sciences in Transylvania University. In 1825, he left this State, and finally settled in Philadelphia, where he died in 1840. He was more of a scientist than historian, and, in fact, distinguished himself as a botanist, geologist, conchologist, philologist, geographer, ethnographer, paleontologist, etc. He published a number of learned treatises.

1827.

Ninth—"Notes on Kentucky." By John Bradford. Lexington, Ky., 1826–29.

These were a series of articles, originally published in the *Kentucky Gazette*, at Lexington, beginning with No. 1, August 25, 1826, and ending with No. 62, January 9, 1829. John Bradford was born in Virginia in 1749, and came to Kentucky in 1779. In 1787, he established the *Kentucky Gazette*, at Lexington, and issued the first number August 11th, on a half sheet of coarse printing paper, ten and a half by seventeen inches. He died while sheriff of Fayette county, the last of March, 1830.

1832.

Tenth—"Sketches of Western Adventure." By John A. McClung. 12mo., pp. 360. Maysville, 1832.

Subsequent editions of this work were published at Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Dayton; and in 1872, an enlarged edition, 8vo., pp. 398, with a likeness and biography of the author, was published at Covington by Richard H. Collins & Co. Mr. McClung was born in Mason county in 1804, and when he reached manhood became a Presbyterian minister. In 1830, he published, through Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia, a novel, entitled "Camden," a story of the revolutionary war, and was the author of the outline history of Kentucky that appeared in the work of the elder Collins in 1847. In 1857, he was sensibly failing, and while on a tour for health he lost his life in the river, near the falls of Niagara. On the 6th of August, 1857, his clothes were found on the landing at Schlosser, above the falls, and on the 10th his body was rescued from the eddy, near the mouth of the river below the cataract. It was supposed that while bathing he was borne away by the current and swept over the falls.

1834.

Eleventh—"The History of the Commonwealth of Kentucky." By Mann Butler. 8vo., pp. 396. Louisville, 1834.

A second and enlarged edition of this work, 8vo., pp. 551, was published in Cincinnati in 1836. Mr. Butler was born in Maryland in 1784, and moved to Kentucky in 1806. He came to this State for the purpose of practicing law, but soon gave up the bar for the school-room, and was an eminent educator here for nearly forty years. His writings outside of his history of Kentucky were numerous, and principally of an historic character. The most important of them are mentioned in their appropriate place in this article. In 1845, he removed to St. Louis and lost his life in 1852, in the great disaster of the falling of the Gasconade bridge on the Pacific railroad.

1847.

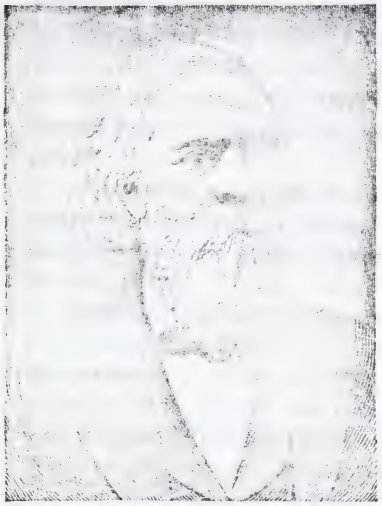
Twelfth—"Historical Sketches of Kentucky." By Lewis Collins. Large 8vo., pp. 560. Maysville, 1847.

Judge Collins was born in Fayette county, Kentucky, in 1797, and died at Lexington in 1870. He was editor and proprietor of the Maysville *Eagle* from 1820 to the publication of his history, a period of nearly thirty years, during which time there appeared in his columns many valuable historic articles. Not the least important of these were reprints of the "Notes on Kentucky," which John Bradford contributed to the *Kentucky Gazette*. In 1851, he was made judge of the Mason County Court, and held this office until 1854.

1852.

Thirteenth—"The History of Kentucky." By T. S. Arthur and W. H. Carpenter. 12mo., pp. 316. Philadelphia, 1852.

Mr. Arthur, a well-known writer of fiction, was born in New York in 1809. In 1852, in connection with Mr. Carpenter, he prepared this history of Ken-



RICHARD H. COLLINS, LL.D

tucky, which was published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia, as the first of what was known as the "Cabinet Histories of the States." Most of the States of that date were embraced in the series.

1872.

Fourteenth—"A History of Kentucky." By William B. Allen. 8vo., pp. 449. Louisville, 1872.

Colonel Allen, a native Kentuckian, was born near Greensburg in 1803. He was a lawyer by profession and at one time a member of the Legislature. In 1859, he published the "Kentucky Officers' Guide."

1874.

Fifteenth—"Collins' Historical Sketches of Kentucky." History of Kentucky, by Richard H. Collins, two volumes, large 8vo., pp. 683 and 804. Covington, 1874.

The author of this, the most elaborate and valuable history of Kentucky yet published, was born in Maysville in 1824. He is a lawyer by profession, and successfully practiced at the Cincinnati bar for eleven years, but has since devoted most of his time to literary and historic pursuits. He was editor of the Maysville *Eagle* for about ten years, and the establisher and publisher of the Danville *Review* in 1861. His contributions to the newspapers and periodicals of his day have been many; and while yet in the prime of life, he died in 1889, at the home of a daughter in Missouri, whom he was visiting.

1884.

Sixteenth—"Filson Club Publications, No. 1." The life and writings of John Filson, the first historian of Kentucky. By R. T. Durrett, 4to., pp. 132. Louisville, 1884.

This work, though designed as a biography, is here placed among the histories of the State, because of the new matter from original sources it added to the Kentucky narrative and the first map of the district, which it rescued from destruction. Colonel Durrett, the author, was born in Henry county in 1824, and, although a lawyer by profession, has always been led by his tastes into literary, historic, and antiquarian studies. He was editor of the Louisville *Courier* in 1858–59, and ever since he left college has been a contributor of both prose and verse to the newspapers and periodicals of the day. In 1880, he began a series of historic articles in the *Courier-Journal*, which have at intervals been continued in this and other papers and magazines. His last contribution was to the *Southern Bivouac* on the

Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and 1799, beginning with the March number for 1886. He has the largest private library in the State, and of Kentucky books the most complete collection ever gathered together.

Seventeenth — "American Commonwealths." Kentucky a pioneer Commonwealth. By N. S. Shaler, 12mo., pp. 433. Boston, 1885.

The author of the above work is a native Kentuckian, and bears a distinguished reputation as a scientist. He was State geologist of Kentucky from 1873 to 1880, and is now professor of paleontology in Harvard University. This work is one of a series to embrace the different States of the Union, of which several have already been issued.



COLONEL R. T. DURRETT.

Eighteenth—Z. F. Smith, author of the present "History of Kentucky," was born in Henry county, Kentucky, at the homestead farm of his maternal grandparents, Joseph Dupuy and Ann Peay, who moved from Virginia and settled there about 1795. His paternal grandparents, Captain Jesse Smith and Joanna Pendleton, moved out from Virginia about the same time and settled three miles north-east of Danville, Kentucky, near Dick's river. His mother, Mildred Dupuy, was a direct descendant of the old Huguenot refugee, Bartholomew Dupuy, a captain of the king's guard, who fought his way out of the bloody massacre which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis the Fourteenth in 1685, and, with his young bride behind him, fled on horseback to the sea coast and escaped to Virginia; and from him were descended the Dupuys, the Trabues, the Caldwells, the Pittmans, the Thomassons, the Owens, the Brannins, the Majors, the McClures, and other families numerous in Kentucky and in the South and West. The author's father, Zachariah Smith, born near Danville in 1799, was a descendant of the Pendletons of Virginia and an old Virginia family of Smiths of German origin. He died within five months after marriage, and the issue was a posthumous child, the subject of this sketch. The widow and mother never married again. Z. F. Smith was educated in the country and town schools of the vicinity, and completed his studies at Bacon College. He engaged in farming and stock-raising in early manhood; during the war period successfully conducted Henry College, at Newcastle, as its president; was elected and served four years as superintendent of public instruction for Kentucky; was the originator and successful promoter of the Cumberland & Ohio Railroad Company, and president of the same four years; was several years associated and interested in the construction of rail-

roads in Texas; was four years manager for a department of the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and engaged since May, 1885, in writing the "History of Kentucky." From his earliest manhood, Mr. Smith has devoted much of his time zealously to the causes of education and religion. As a ruling and teaching elder in his church; as one of the founders and promoters, and for twelve years the president, of the Kentucky Christian Education Society; as a curator, since its incorporation, of Kentucky University; by his writings and addresses and in other ways, he has given much of his life and labors to the public. In 1852, Mr. Smith was married to Miss Sue, daughter of William S. Helm, Esq., of Shelby county, who bore him eight children, four of whom are living. In 1890, he was again married to Miss Anna M. Pittman, of Louisville.

PART II.—Other Works Containing Kentucky History.

The foregoing list embraces the works of eighteen authors during a period of one hundred and two years, from Filson in 1784 to Smith in 1886. There are numerous other works, however, which, although they can not be classed as Kentucky histories, yet contain important parts of Kentucky history. There are histories of counties, cities, religious denominations, societies, and associations; there are biographies of citizens and sketches of pursuits; there are books of travel, fiction, literature, science, law, medicine, and miscellanies; and there are even histories of other States and countries which contain historic facts essential to the complete Kentucky narrative. More of these books have been found in the library of Colonel Durrett than in any other collection or in all other collections, and an alphabetical list of the most important of them is here apended, with a repetition of the histories already given:

Abbott, John S. C.; Life of Daniel Boone. New York: 1872.

Albach, James; Annals of the West. Pittsburgh: 1857.

Allen, William B.; A History of Kentucky. 8vo., pp. 449. Louisville: 1872.

American Antiquarian Society, Transactions and Collections of, Volume I. Worcester, 1820.

American Archives, fourth and fifth series, and American State Papers, Indian Affairs, two volumes.

American Museum: 1787–92.

American Pioneer, two volumes. Cincinnati: 1842–43.

Arthur, T. S., and Carpenter, W. H.; The History of Kentucky. 12mo., pp. 316. Philadelphia: 1852.

Asbury, Rev. Francis; Journal, three volumes. New York: 1821.

Asplund, John; Register of the Baptist Denomination to 1790

Atherton, William; Narrative of the Sufferings, etc., of the Army Under General Winchester. Frankfort: 1842.

Atwater, Caleb; Tour to Prairie du Chien. Cincinnati: 1829.

Baldwin, Thomas; Narrative of the Massacre by the Savages, etc. New York: 1835.

Barre, W. L.; Writings and Speeches of Thomas F. Marshall. Cincinnati: 1858.
Beauchamp, Jeroboam; Confession, etc. Bloomfield: 1825.
Beecher, Lyman C.; Plea for the West. Cincinnati: 1838.
Benedict, David; A General History of the Baptist Denomination in America. New York: 1860.
Bishop, Robert H.; Outline of the History of the Church in Kentucky. Lexington: 1824.
Bogart, W. H.; Daniel Boone and the Hunters of Kentucky. New York: 1856.
Bradbury, John; Travels in America. Liverpool: 1817.
Bradford, John; Notes on Kentucky. Kentucky Gazette from August 25, 1826, to January 9, 1829.
Brackenridge, H. M.; History of the Late War. Philadelphia: 1839.
Brackenridge, H. H.; Recollections of Persons and Places in the West. Philadelphia: 1868.
Breckinridge, W. C. P.; Address at the Centennial of Breckinridge County. Frankfort: 1882.
Brown, John Mason; Oration at the Centennial of the Battle of the Blue Licks. Frankfort: 1882.
Brown, Samuel R.; Western Gazetteer. Auburn: 1817.
Brown, Samuel R.; An Authentic History of the Second War for Independence, two volumes. Auburn: 1815.
Bryan, Daniel; Mountain Muse, or Adventures of Daniel Boone. Harrisonburg: 1813.
Burk, John; The History of Virginia. Petersburg: 1804–5.
Burnaby, Andrew; Travels Through the Middle Settlements of America in 1759–60. London: 1798.
Burnet, Jacob; Notes on the Northwest Territory. Cincinnati: 1847.
Butler, Mann; Appeal from the Misrepresentations of James Hall. Frankfort: 1837.
Butler, Mann; A Series of Historic Articles in the Western Messenger. Louisville: 1835-38.
Butler, Mann; History of the Ohio Valley, in the Western Journal. St. Louis: Volumes IX to XIV.
Butler, Mann; Sketch of Louisville in Directory of 1832.
Butler, Mann; The History of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. 8vo., pp. 396. Louisville: 1834.
Butler, Mann; The History of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. Second edition, enlarged to 551 pages. Cincinnati: 1836.
Calendar of Virginia State Papers, five volumes. Richmond: 1875–85.
Caldwell, Charles; Discourse on Rev. Horace Holly. Boston: 1828.
Callot, General. Voyage dans l'Amerique Septentrionale, two volumes. Paris: 1826.
Campbell, Charles; History of Virginia. Philadelphia: 1860.
Campbell, J. W.; History of Virginia. Petersburg: 1813.
Campbell, Rev. John P.; Antiquities of Kentucky. Chillicothe: 1815.
Carlton, Robert; The New Purchase. New Albany: 1855.
Carpenter, T.; Trial of Aaron Burr, three volumes. Washington: 1807.
Carver, John; Travels Through the Interior Part of North America. London: 1778.
Casseday, Ben; History of Louisville. Louisville: 1852.
Cathcart, William; The Baptist Encyclopedia. Philadelphia: 1881.

Charlevoix, P. F. H.; History of New France, six volumes. New York: 1866.
Chenault, William; The Early History of Madison County. 1882.
Cist, Charles; Cincinnati Miscellany, two volumes. Cincinnati: 1844-45.
Clark, George Rogers; Illinois Campaign. Cincinnati: 1869.
Clay, Henry; Life and Speeches, two volumes. Philadelphia: 1860.
Cleland, Rev. Thomas; History of the Cumberland Presbyterians. Lexington: 1823.
Collins, Lewis; Historical Sketches of Kentucky. Large 8vo., pp. 560. Maysville: 1847.
Collins, Richard H.; History of Kentucky. Two volumes, large 8vo., pp. 683 and 804. Covington: 1874.
Collins, Richard H.; Additional Sketches of Western Adventure, pp. 64—bound up with McClung's Sketches, etc. Covington: 1872.
Collins, Richard H.; First Settlement of Cincinnati. Cincinnati Commercial: April 8, 1877.
Collins, Richard H.; First Settlement of Lexington, Ky. The Age, Louisville: April 19, 1879.
Collins, Richard H.; The Taylor Family in Kentucky. The Age, Louisville: May 3, 1879.
Collins, Richard H.; Braddock's Defeat, or Battle of the Monongahela. Louisville Monthly Magazine: June, 1879.
Collins, Richard H.; Siege of Bryan's Station. Louisville Courier-Journal: August 18, 1882.
Collins, Richard H.; Battle of the Blue Licks. Louisville Courier-Journal: August 20, 1882.
Coleman, Mrs. Chapman; Life of John J. Crittenden, two volumes. Philadelphia: 1871.
Colton, Calvin; Private Correspondence of Henry Clay. Cincinnati: 1855.
Colton, Calvin; Life and Speeches of Henry Clay, two volumes. New York: 1856.
Coxe, Daniel: A Description of the English Province of Carolina. London: 1727.
Craig, Neville B.; The Olden Time, two volumes. Pittsburgh: 1846.
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HISTORY OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER I.

The geographical position of Kentucky to the United States.
Its physical surface and navigable river drainage.
Latitude and longitude.
Superficial area.
Its climatic and hygienic conditions.
Importance to England, France, and Spain, as a key to internal navigation.
Mystery and romance of its earliest history.
Origin of the name, Kentucky.

Kentucky lies centrally in the broad union of States, bordered on the west by the Mississippi river, and north by the Ohio. Its Virginia boundary line on the east, and its Tennessee line on the south, have their intersection at a point in the extreme south-east, where the Cumberland mountains reach an altitude of sixteen hundred feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico. The two great river-mains mentioned receive from this territorial surface the tributary waters of Big Sandy, Licking, Kentucky, Salt, Green, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers. From the lofty apex and slopes of this mountain range, which crosses south-eastern Kentucky, begin the sources of these tributary rivers which go to form the internal-drainage system of the State. Diverging from the region of their common origin, but each finding a northwesterly course, all finally empty into the gentle and beautiful Ohio, and are borne southward by the channel of the great and turbid Mississippi.

The physical map of Kentucky, therefore, presents to the eye a picture of rugged mountains in the East and South-east, gradually subsiding westward into hills and knobs, and these fading out within one hundred miles into the undulating lands and plains of Central and West Kentucky; and the latter bordered at last by the fertile valleys of the Mississippi and lower Ohio rivers, which lie at an altitude of but three hundred feet above the gulf level. From the highest mountain apex of East Kentucky, therefore, there is a steady decline of altitude for four hundred miles, to the valleys of lowest depression on the extreme west, of over thirteen hundred feet.

This territorial area lies within latitude 36° 30′ to 39° 6′ north, and longitude 82° 2′ to 89° 40′ west. With unequal sides and irregular boundaries, it is most difficult to reduce or define its superficial contents with accuracy. It embraces about forty thousand square miles. It possesses that mean of climate which is mild and temperate, without being enervating, while its atmosphere is usually healthy and inspiring.

In its earliest history, when the title to the great valley of the Mississippi was mainly in question between Spain, France, and England, the position of Kentucky derived unusual importance from the fact that its shores commanded the navigation of the Mississippi river for over fifty miles, and of the Ohio for seven hundred. Each of the seven tributary rivers mentioned before is also navigable for a greater or less distance; and altogether this area contains a navigable river frontage of over four thousand miles, exceeding that of any other State within the Union.

Whether we speculate and wonder amid the numerous remains of a prehistoric people who dwelt here in fabled mystery during the silent centuries of an unwritten epoch; or contemplate the traditions and destinies of the aboriginal savages who were found with title and possession; or recount the attending perils and heroic achievements through which the white race have, in a single century, wrought a mighty State and civilization out of the chaos of wild and exuberant nature, the story of this land, in thrilling adventure and romantic incident, is not surpassed by that of any other, of ancient or modern times.

Through the midst of the famed Bluegrass region, one of the tributary rivers of which we have spoken had cut its channel deep in the rocky bed over which it flowed, and left the cliffs towering in perpendicular lines four hundred feet above. On either side, amid the undulating pastures of wild clover, bluegrass, and cane, game most abounded, and here lay the favorite and most frequented hunting-grounds of the red men. The Indians called this river, which meandered through the wild Eden of their sports and adventures, by the weird name "*Kan-tuck-ee*," expressive of its traditional memories; and from this poetic title the white men borrowed and gave, both to the river and country, the name—Kentucky.

CHAPTER II.

Early traditions of the great wilderness beyond the mountains from first adventurers.

First map in 1749.

Daniel Boone's visit in 1769, the first authentic account.

The hunter's camp.

First built on Red river, near the junction of Estill, Clark, and Powell counties.

The hunter's paradise found and described.

Boone and Stewart captured by Indians.

Their ingenious escape.

They return to camp and find their comrades missing.

No tidings of them after.

Alone in the solitude of the wilderness.

The chain of mountains called the Appalachian by the Southern Indian tribes, and the Alleghany by the Northern, which stretches across the continent on the eastern side, from Alabama to Pennsylvania, and the Cumberland range in the rear, stood like forbidding barriers between the colonial settlements on the Atlantic slope, and the mysterious wilderness lying far away toward the sunset. Little was known of the latter, even by tradition. Yet, from 1543 to 1750, it was viewed at long intervals by white men in navigating the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and in transient visits of exploration through the forests. The roving Spaniard, in his first search for gold and empire, cast lustful eye on it in passing; the intrusive Frenchman, a century later, ventured from his frontier posts at Pittsburgh and Vincennes, to penetrate its forests from time to time: while the enterprising Englishman from the colonies was found occasionally wandering upon its borders, or amid its forests, from the visit of Colonel Wood, in 1654, until the first visit of Doctor Walker and that of James McBride, one hundred years later.

In 1751, Captain Christopher Gist led an exploring party as far as the valley of Kentucky river, and up the same on his way to North Carolina, in the interest of the Ohio Land Company.[1] Lewis Evans, of Philadelphia, published a map of the middle colonies of North America in 1749, including this territory, which he revised in 1755, copies of which are yet extant. In 1750, Doctor Walker, a prominent Virginian, in company with several others, made a visit to Kentucky, entering by way of Powell's valley and a gap in Laurel mountain. Descending the mountain, they found a river flowing south-westerly, on the other side. The doctor gave the name Cumberland to both the mountain and the river, which they yet bear, in honor of England's "Bloody Duke" of Cumberland. In 1758, his party made a second visit, coming in by the same route. Journeying to the waters of Dick's river, and then turning a north-easterly course to find the Ohio river,

[1] Gist's Journal in Pownall's Topography of North America, p. 14.

they traversed the mountainous region to the Big Sandy, and finally returned to Virginia with very unsatisfactory views of the country.[1]

But the truer aspects of Kentucky were viewed by John Finley and a party of comrades in 1767. They passed the mountainous region, and for months traversed and hunted through the interior forests and cane-brakes, with sensations of wonder and delight at the fertility of the soil, the luxuriant growth of vegetation, and the boundless supply of wild game for the hunter's spoils.

Late in the same year, Finley and his party returned to North Carolina with trophies of their hunt, and to spread abroad among the people stories of the wonderful land they had seen. Enough was now known to picture to the restless pioneer mind the great wilderness beyond the mountains as a new land of promise, more attractive than the comforts of home and the safe repose of civilization. The awakened interest intensified, and the spirit of adventure soon found heroic votaries among the settlers, who were trained to Indian warfare, to hunting, and to all the perils of border life.

In 1769, some of the same party, with John Finley to pilot them, banded together under the lead of the celebrated Daniel Boone, from the valley of the Yadkin river, North Carolina, for a better defined excursion into the heart of the great trans-montane wilderness. These hunters reached the foot-hills of the mountains in June, and constructed a permanent camp on Red river, some fifteen miles above where it empties into the Kentucky, very near the junction of Estill, Clark, and Powell counties. This frail and hasty structure was their only and rude home-like shelter. From this rendezvous, from June until December, the parties sallied forth to the hunt and to explore the country far and wide, and at intervals to return, and, around the camp-fires, to relate new stories of marvelous scenes and episodes which were remembered of their ventures.[2]

The hunter's camp was so much a part of the earliest backwoodsman's life, that we must not omit to describe it here. It was called a "half faced cabin." At the north or west side, from whence the chill winds blow, the body of a large fallen tree was chosen for the rear end. Ten feet in front on the south or south-east side, and ten feet apart, two double sets of stakes were firmly planted a few inches apart in the ground, and standing about eight feet high, for the four corners. Between the double stakes the ends of poles were inserted, while the other ends rested against, or on top of, the fallen tree, thus forming a frame-work for the side of the camp-cabin. Poles were cut and laid across the top, and the frame-work was finished. The roof and sides were next covered with bark stripped from adjacent trees, or with blankets and the skins of wild beasts slain. The shelter was now complete at top and on three sides. With an ax only, it was the work of a single day. The southerly and sunny front was left open, and here the camp-fire was built and kindled for the comfort of the stalwart household,

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 6. 2 Boone's Autobiography.

and to broil or stew the delicious loins of venison, the rich steak of bear or buffalo, or the dainties of such of the wild game as might last have fallen by the hunter's rifle. But sudden experiences of Indian warfare soon taught the pioneers that the protection of the frail hunter's camp was of little avail against the arrows and rifles of the stealthy and ambushed savage, ready to resist to the death the intruder on his favorite hunting-grounds. The bullet-proof cabin with port-holes, and finally the stockade and block-house, which were substituted from hard necessity, soon came to make up a part of history.

During the summer and autumn of their stay, Boone and comrades traversed the valleys of Elkhorn, the brakes of Dick's river, and the pasture-grounds of Stoner and Licking. The season was most favoring. Summer had opened; and the verdure of the forest, the foliage of the cane and vine, and the luxuriance of the native grasses mantled the face of nature, unadorned by art, with a wealth and glory of landscape such as eye or tongue had never before pictured to their enchanted visions. At the base of this exuberance of vegetation, they beheld a soil not less unctuous and fertile than that of the famed delta of Egypt, and strangely contrasting with the impoverished and sterile soils of Virginia and the Carolinas. As summer faded into autumn, the robes of universal green, with which nature clothed her peerless landscapes, took on the varying hues of red and golden and russet-brown, all veiled in the smoky haze so peculiar to the serene and balmy Indian-summer season of the Ohio valley. Amid these sylvan scenes roamed the timid deer, the stately elk, the surly bear, the ravenous wolf, the crafty panther, the majestic buffalo, and game of lesser note, innumerable. From brake and cove and glen, springs of cool and limpid waters sprang out, and coursed their way with rippling music amid banks of bordering sward and flowers, or overhanging vine, to the creeks and rivers that bore away to the Ohio. Our heroes of the hunter's camp, enchanted with the Eden they had found, dwelt in and traversed its realms for six months of unalloyed delights.

A startling episode suddenly transformed this charming life, broke up the camp, and rudely dispersed the party. Late in this year, Boone and John Stewart, while on a hunting trip, were captured by a band of Indians. They were marched by day, and closely watched by night. Feigning contentment, they caused the savages to relax their vigilance and resign themselves to sleep, when they effected their escape on the seventh day of their captivity. Making their way back to the camp, they found it plundered and deserted. No intelligence of John Finley and his three comrades was afterward had by them; and whether they fell victims to savage cruelty, or returned to the settlements again, history bears uncertain record. Boone and Stewart were alone in the midst of the vast wilderness, with no living being, save savages and wild beasts, within hundreds of miles, as far as they knew. For months they lived upon the wild meat and fruits of the wilderness, and without bread or salt.[1]

[1] Boone's Autobiography.

CHAPTER III.

Squire Boone finds his brother, Daniel, and Stewart alone in the wilderness.

Stewart slain and scalped.

The two Boones spend the winter hunting in Kentucky.

In May, Squire returns home for powder and provisions.

Daniel, for months, hunts alone through the forests.

Squire Boone returns in July and finds him.

The "Long Hunters" visit upper Green river in 1769.

First camp near Monticello.

Part of them descend the Cumberland and Mississippi in boats loaded with skins and furs.

Colonel Knox advances to Dick's river.

Next encamps near Greensburg.

The "Long Hunters" traverse the prairies of Barren, Warren, and other counties in their hunts until 1772.

The Boone and Knox parties each ignorant of the other's presence.

The habit, style, and character of the backwoodsman.

The Boones without salt or bread, and living on game and wild berries, explore the wilderness for two years.

Return home to prepare their families for removal to Kentucky.

Great interest and curiosity excited among the people by the stories of the returned hunters.

Many persuaded to venture to the wilderness.

Late in the autumn of 1769, Squire Boone, a brother of Daniel, set out from his home in North Carolina, with one companion, to intercept the wandering hunters in the far West. During the latter part of December the two parties met, as by favoring Providence, in the solitudes of the great wilderness, and at a time of perilous need to both. The want of the new supply of powder and bullets brought out was beginning to be sorely felt. But the Boones were destined to the early loss of their two comrades. The one who came with Squire Boone returned homeward, and no mention is afterward made of him. Brave John Stewart met a more tragic fate. The frosts of early winter had disrobed the forests, and thus removed the veil of foliage which so often and so securely had sheltered them from the wary eye of the enemy. As the party of three were passing the edge of a cane-brake, they were suddenly fired on by Indians, and Stewart fell mortally wounded. The Boones, plunging into the brake, fled for their lives, not able even to prevent one of the savages, as was their immemorial custom, from rushing upon the slain victim, and, winding one hand in the crown of hair, with a large knife in the other, taking off the scalp, and leaving bare the skull. This barbarous practice the white man often saw, and, fired with vengeance, learned to retaliate in kind upon his red foe, until Indian scalps were sometimes taken, as were those of slain whites.

The two brothers, like fabled heroes, tarried alone to brave the perils of the boundless and inhospitable forests, to explore further their mysteries, and

to follow the hunt through all that winter and until May 1st; at which time Squire Boone bade Daniel a temporary farewell and returned home across the mountains, mainly for needed ammunition and supplies. For two months following this separation, Daniel Boone traversed the wilderness alone, save the presence of adventurous savages and wild beasts, with only his trusty rifle and hunting-knife, and matchless skill in using them, as the guarantee for his life. In the interval of solitude, Boone says in his autobiography: "One day I undertook a tour through the country, and the diversity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season expelled every gloomy and vexatious thought. Just at the close of day the gentle gales retired, and left the place to the disposal of a profound calm. Not a breeze shook the most tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and, looking around with astonished delight, beheld the ample plains below. On the other hand, I surveyed the famous river Ohio, that rolled in silent dignity, marking the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows, and penetrate the clouds."

On the 27th of July he was glad to welcome back to his vast solitudes the companionship of Squire Boone again. The latter came with horses ladened with the supplies; and the two met, as agreed, at their second camp, more recently formed on Station Camp Creek, in Estill county, by concert of understanding, and together resumed their hunter's life. Squire Boone had carved upon a rock, yet standing near Little Blue Lick, in Madison county, and still known as "Boone Rock," the inscription, "*Squire Boone, 1770,*" to inform his brother while on this favorite hunting spot that he had returned, and to be on the alert. Exploring the country from the head-waters of Cumberland river to the Ohio, they discovered its main streams, and its variety of soil and surface. By following its trodden roads, or "traces," as the pioneers called them, which the buffaloes made from their grazing fields and brakes, they found a number of the great "licks" to which wild animals in countless multitudes commonly resorted in hunt of salt. These buffalo traces are plainly marked out to the present day. Boone and companions observed with wonder that there were no human habitations, or even evidences of Indian villages, to be found anywhere in Kentucky, but that this region was known as the common park, or hunting range, and frequent battlefields of the tribes of the North and West and South.

Early in the year 1769, prompted by the growing interest in the attractions of the wilderness of the West, a party of forty adventurous hunters gathered from the valleys of New river, Holston, and Clinch, and crossed the mountains from Virginia, for the purpose of trapping and shooting game. Passing the south fork of the Cumberland, they selected for a place of rendezvous a spot known as Price's Meadow, near a flowing spring, about six miles from Monticello, in Wayne county, and made a camp and depot for their supplies and skins, which they agreed to deposit every five weeks. They

hunted far out to the south and west over the country, much of which was covered with prairie grass, and with great success. They found no traces of human settlements, but many human bones under mounds and stones erected, and in caves. Gordon, Baker, Mansco, and seven others, loaded two boats and two canoes with skins and wild meat, and embarked down the Cumberland and Mississippi to the Spanish fort Natchez, and thence home. Others were lost in the wilderness, or reached home after great perils and privations. But in the fall, Colonel James Knox separated with a party of nine, and ventured northward deeper into the forest. Meeting a band of Cherokee Indians, the chief, Captain Dick, known to several of the whites, directed them to the region of *his* river further on, where they would find plenty of game, and "to kill it and go home." They found game abundant at what has ever since been known as *Dick's river*. In 1771, Knox, Skaggs, and comrades, joined by Mansco, Bledsoe, and others from the settlements, hunting and trapping yet farther west, built a house for the deposit of their skins, about nine miles eastward from Greensburg, near the site of Mount Gilead church, in the direction of Columbia. From this center they penetrated the prairie country as far as Barren, Hart, and adjacent counties. Some of these bold backwoodsmen returned to the settlements in 1772, while the others remained. So long were they absent that they were known in after history as the "Long Hunters."[1]

By coincidence, the Boones and their comrades did not fall in with Colonel Knox and party, during the two years they were jointly exploring the vast labyrinths of forests and plains. Neither knew of the presence of the other party, occupying different sections. The former invaded the hunting-grounds of the revengeful and murderous Indian tribes of the North. The latter traversed those that were mostly frequented by the Cherokees and other of the Mobilian tribes of the South, who, while they plundered and murdered at times, were more tractable than the Miamis. Some of Colonel Knox's men were slain by them, and more than once they plundered their camps of kettles, skins, and supplies.

These backwoodsmen were a class peculiar to themselves in their characters, their habits, and their preferments. Their dress was adapted to the life of the forest ranger. The hunting-shirt was a loose frock with cape, made of deer skins dressed. Leggings of the same material covered the lower limbs, with moccasins for the feet. The cape, the coat, and the leggings were usually adorned with fringes. The under garments were of coarse cotton. A leather belt encircled the body; on the right side hung the hatchet or tomahawk, on the left was the hunting-knife, the powder-horn, and bullet-pouch—all indispensable. With garments less substantial they could not have made their way through brush and thorns, or over rocks and pebbles. The hunter was his own tailor, and fashioned his garments at the camp-fire. Each man bore his trusty rifle, ever on the alert for deadly foes

1 Haywood's Tennessee, pp. 75–76; Collins, Vol. II., p. 417.

or welcome game. It was flint-lock, but fine-sighted; and rarely did it fail the practiced marksman, unless the sparks from flint and steel missed the powder, or there was a "flash in the pan." The contingency of final resort to tomahawk or knife implied death to one or both of the combatants as well.

The voluntary exile of Daniel Boone from home and civilization had now extended nearly two years. In March, 1771, he at last was induced to turn his steps toward North Carolina, with hope of soon again embracing his wife and children, yet very dear to him. In his narrative, written from his own dictation by John Filson, in 1784, he says: "I returned home to my family with a determination to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which I esteemed a second paradise, at the risk of my life and fortune."

The Boone party and the "Long Hunters," welcomed back, were as famed at home and abroad among the colonists of the Atlantic slopes, as were Jason and his comrades returned to the shores of their native Thessaly, bearing the prize of the Golden Fleece. From far and near the people came to hear, while these modern Argonauts of the forest rehearsed to wondering auditors most glowing descriptions of the land of promise they had explored. They wearied not in picturing to the curious and willing neighbors what they had seen of the marvelous fertility of soil, the prodigal growth of giant forest and luxuriant pasture, the health and delight of climate, and the countless supply and variety of great and small game with which the wilderness abounded, all animated with the enchanting novelty, and adorned with the majestic grace and boldness of nature's creative energy. Nor did they forget to relate the marvelous and weird stories of viewing around the salt licks, where vast herds of buffalo, and elk, and deer were wont to congregate, the skeleton bones of monstrous mammoths, the bodies of which must have been many times larger than those of any animal known to history; of the discovery of the remains of human beings of past generations in caves and cliffs; and of mounds for fortifications, for religious rites, and for burial-places of a people more civilized than the Indians, but of whom they found no other traces of existence. The restless spirit of adventure was excited, and many a stalwart heart kindled and beat earnestly as the wistful eye turned toward the sunset land, and vowed, that though the pioneer must anticipate the savage foe from behind every tree, within every brake, and from every ambush, yet fortune and life should be ventured there. The resolve of these heroic men, of Anglo-Saxon origin and American mold, made for the future of Kentucky a manifest destiny.

CHAPTER IV.

No Indian tribes found dwelling in Kentucky.

This the common hunting-ground.

Why Kentucky was called "The Dark and Bloody Ground."

Remains of prehistoric races.

Indian legends of the same.

Destroyed in a great battle at the falls of Ohio.

Indian superstitions in regard to their burial-places.

Tribal origin and succession of the Indians.

When the Shawanees occupied Kentucky.

Cox's map shows that they were here in 1654; the map in Marquette's Journal, in 1681; and that in Charlevoix's History, in 1744.

Evan's map shows them to have removed in 1755; but marks a war-path through Northern Kentucky.

All traces of Shawanee lodges removed from Kentucky, in Filson's map, in 1784.

Chief Black Hoof visits Kentucky in 1816; states that he was born at Indian Old Fields, Clark county, Ky., about 1730.

Ficklin's letter on the question.

Legend of the "Lover's Cave."

Subdued by the Mohawks of the Northeast.

Harassed by the Southern tribes, they abandon Kentucky and establish their villages in Ohio.

Transfers of title by the Mohawks, the Shawanees, and the Cherokees, successively, to the whites.

After all these treaties and transfers, Kentucky was won by the valor of her pioneer children.

It was phenomenal that no Indian villages were found in Kentucky, and no evidences are of record of any tribal habitations being located within this territory, since 1750, except a few temporary lodges on the Ohio bank, opposite the mouth of the Scioto. From that date, as tradition held, it was by tacit concession the common hunting-ground for all the tribes on the North, the South, and the West.[1] The lodges nearest Kentucky were those of the Chickasaws, Cherokees, and Catawbas on the *Hogotege*, now the Tennessee, river, southward, and the Shawanees, Wyandots, and Delawares on the Scioto and Miami rivers, northward. From these abodes would issue forth, repeatedly, bands of savages, often professedly for the hunt, but always painted, equipped, and armed to assume the role of warrior when opportunity tempted. The great unoccupied forest and prairie country that lay west of the mountains, bordered on the north by the Ohio, and on the south by the *Shawanee*, now Cumberland, river, was the favorite resort of these roving and predatory Indian parties. Often the warriors of different tribes met on these excursions in deadly conflict, and re-enacted the bloody tragedies for which Indian warfare has ever been noted. It was traditional that this had long been, not only the famed hunting range of neighboring tribes, but the fated field of frequent and sanguinary combat between partisan

[1] Rafinesque, p. 38, in Marshall's History.

band or organized armies of hostile tribes. From this association with strife and blood, and from the awe-inspiring solitude that reigned over the vast uninhabited forest, the Indians left to this land the expressive title, "Dark and Bloody Ground."

The Indian tribes only are known to history as the aborigines, or original occupants, of the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. But ancient mounds, earthworks, and antiquarian relics found distributed over these valleys give indisputable evidence that a prehistoric race, of a civilization superior to that of the Indian, were previous occupants. Their utensils, their use of copper, and their knowledge of geometry displayed in the construction of mound-works, show that they were more advanced in the arts of peace and the science of war, than were the rude denizens who disputed with the white man the supremacy of the new world of America. Of the origin, characteristics, and destiny of this mysterious and extinct people we know nothing, except by fabled story, hieroglyphic records, and antique remains. The Indians repeated to the pioneer whites a legendary tradition, which they said their fathers had handed down, that ages before there dwelt in the valleys on either side of the Ohio a numerous and powerful people, with whom their tribes engaged in destructive war. After much fighting, these primitive people were finally defeated in a great battle near the falls of the Ohio river. The remnant of their armies retreated for refuge on an island just below the falls, where they were pursued and exterminated by their fierce foes. The location of Sand Island, and the appearances of a vast burying-ground on the north bank of the Ohio opposite, seem to lend an interest of probability to the story.

Conclusive testimonies to the existence of such a prehistoric nation are in the many tumuli, or mound works, distributed over the savannas of the Gulf States, the plains of the Mississippi and tributaries, and as far north as the Genesee and Susquehanna valleys. Their form, position, structure, and contents not only show their artificial origin, but distinguish them as intended for sepultures, temples, or fortresses. In Collins' History of Kentucky may be found ample descriptions of these in Allen, Bourbon, Butler, Greenup, Mason, Trigg, and other counties. They are uniformly found in valleys, or in fertile lands capable of supporting dense populations, after the habit of ancient nations on the Eastern continent. The aged trees grown on the mounds, and other evidences, show these tumuli were constructed six or seven centuries ago, or more. The Indian traditions were of divers, but concurring, sources, agreeing in the story that the confederate armies of the tribes of the North drove this ancient people back on the Ohio, where the remnant were finally destroyed at the falls. Traces of extensive military defenses are found in the mound-fortifications of Fayette, Pendleton, Boone, and other counties, which some antiquarian writers assume to be part of a great line of similar works, which is traced from the lakes, south-east, through Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, to the South Atlantic

coast. The mysterious and deep impressions, which these legends made on the superstitious minds of the savages, lent an additional coloring to the spirit of awe with which Kentucky was regarded. The Indians believed that the spirits of the dead lingered about the places of their sepulture. The slain of these vaguely-remembered wars, by myriads, were believed to lie buried in the valleys of the Licking, the Cumberland, the Kentucky, and the Ohio rivers; and this gave more intensity to their weird conceptions. It was a land of legends. Among the contents of these mound-works excavated, have been found proofs that the indigenous maize, or Indian corn, was the chief product of agriculture, on which the prehistoric people relied for breadstuffs; as it was with the savages, until the coming of the whites to America varied the products of the soil with seeds from the granaries of Europe. Of course, we must consider most that has been written in regard to this traceless people of many centuries ago, as conjectural, and leave investigation to the scientist who may be fond of antiquarian research. We know little beyond the fact that such a people as described, inhabited this region before the advent and occupancy of the Indian. Were they exterminated by the latter in relentless wars, or were they induced to move southward to escape their cruel foes or the rigors of an inhospitable climate, finally to be merged into the great Aztec family of Mexico? The curious may inquire, but history is as voiceless and mysterious as the burial-mounds, which tell us but little else than such a people lived and died.

We must not burden the historic page, or confuse the reader, with an account of tribal successions, with all their ramifications. The restless and improvident habits of the Indians forbade that they should numerously and densely populate any locality; while their cruel, treacherous, and destructive spirit led to the frequent extermination or dispersion of opposing tribes, and hence they often changed locality and condition. The powerful and warlike Shawanees held their home in Kentucky during the seventeenth, and late in first half of the eighteenth, centuries; but were often at war with tribes north and south of them. About 1660, the Mohawks, or Iroquois, of the north-east, having procured firearms, came down the Ohio in large war parties, laid waste the country, and defeated the Shawanees and many other tribes on both sides of the river. In 1700, this was repeated, and the latter were further reduced and humbled; after which peace ensued between the two.[1] Being also harassed by the Cherokees, Catawbas, Muscogees, and Chickasaws, from the Tennessee valley, they retired from Kentucky and built their lodges on the Miami, Scioto, and Muskingum rivers, in Ohio. They then allied themselves with their old enemies, the Iroquois, against the southern hostiles just named. After this, no villages were known to exist between the Ohio and Cumberland; and Kentucky was henceforth the common hunting-ground, as well as the battlefield, of the tribes north and

1 Rafinesque; Ancient Annals of Kentucky, in Marshall's History, Vol. I., pp. 37 and 38.

south; until the whites enforced, by conquest, the claim and possession, which before they had purchased.

From the notes of Colonel Wood, of his journey through this country in 1654, and from other sources, Daniel Cox published his "Description of *Carolana*, as called by the English, or *La Louisiane* by the French; and of the great and famous *Meschachebe* river." On the map accompanying this work, the "Chaouanons," from whence came the word Shawanese, are located west of the Alleghanies, and between the Ohio and Cumberland rivers. This is repeated on the map of "Marquette's Journal," published in Paris, in 1681; and finally confirmed by the map with "Charlevoix's History of New France," put forth in 1744.

In Evans' map of 1755, Pownell's edition, the "Shawanese" are located on both sides of the Ohio river, but mainly on the north side, from the Miami to the Hockhocking. One or two traces of villages only, on the south side, and below the Big Sandy, are pointed out, and these of vague uncertainty. A warpath of the nation is laid down, beginning near the mouth of Kanawha. Then crossing Big Sandy, by way of Blue Licks, Elkhorn valley, and Eagle Hills, it passes over into Ohio, above the mouth of the Kentucky. On Filson's "*Map of Kentucke*," issued in Philadelphia, in 1784, the lodges of the Shawanees are all located north of the Ohio, of course; nor does he, in his history, the materials of which he gathered from the earliest pioneers, as well as from his own explorations of the country, give to the reader any definite knowledge as to when the last villages of the Indians were removed from the territory of Kentucky.

Black Hoof (*Catahecassa*), who preceded Tecumseh as a commanding chief of the Shawanees, and who was prominent in nearly all the great battles of that nation, from Braddock's defeat to Wayne's victory, was an implacable foe of the English, and afterward of the Americans. Disheartened by Wayne's victory, he made peace with the whites, which he kept in good faith. In 1816, when over one hundred years of age, he made a tour through Central Kentucky, and stated to white residents that he was born at *Indian Old Fields*, in the eastern part of what is now Clark county. This spot has long been known as the site of an Indian town; and perhaps about the last occupied in Kentucky by the Shawanees. Black Hoof familiarly pointed out and described other objects and peculiarities in that section, familiar to his boyhood days. He died in 1831, aged nearly one hundred and twenty years. We quote from Ficklin's letter from Lexington, dated August 31, 1847, to H. R. Schoolcraft, in answer to inquiries in regard to the last Indian villages:

"There is one fact favorable to this State, which belongs to few, if any, of the sister States. We have not to answer to any tribunal for the crime of driving off the Indian tribes and possessing their lands. There were no Indians located within our limits on our taking possession of this country. A discontented portion of the Shawanee tribe, from Virginia, broke off from the nation, which had removed to the Scioto

country, in Ohio, about the year 1730, and formed a town, known to the whites by the name of Lulbegrud, in what is now Clark county, about thirty miles east of this place. The tribe left this country about 1750 and went to East Tennessee, to the Cherokee Nation. Soon after they returned to Ohio and joined the rest of the nation, after spending a few years on the Ohio river, giving name to Shawneetown, in the State of Illinois, a place of some note at this time. This information is founded on the account of the Indians at the first settlement of this State, and since confirmed by Black Hoof, a native of Lulbegrud,* who visited this country in 1816, and went on the spot, describing the water-streams and hills in a manner to satisfy everybody that he was acquainted with the place."

Thus the inquiry, as to the exact time the Shawanees made their final removal northward, bears us from the clearer light of historic research, to the fading twilight of tradition and legend. There are many stories of romance in the domain of the latter, which might lend a picturesque charm to our pages, if it were not intrusion to introduce them into the narrative of history.

At the time of the visits of the early pioneers, after 1750, the title to this country, on the part of the Indians, was held on various pleas by different nations. The Mohawks, now known as the Six Nations, by their policy of incorporating the tribes as they conquered them, asserted title to it on the ground that they had subdued the Shawanees, and occupied it as their own for a time. So much faith was reposed in this title by the English Government, that at the great council, held in October, 1768, at Fort Stanwix, in the State of New York, the Six Nations included all of Kentucky east of the Tennessee river in the treaty cession made there, and in consideration of which cession they received of the English a little over £10,000, as stipulated by the agents, Sir William Johnson and Dr. Franklin.[1]

A second claim to this country, on the part of Virginia, was founded on the treaty made by Lord Dunmore, governor, with the Shawanees and their Miami confederates, in 1774. In that year, these tribes allied their forces, to avenge the murders of the family and kindred of Chief Logan, as asserted, and invaded Virginia, near the Kanawha river, with an estimated army of fifteen hundred warriors. The colonial Legislature, at Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia, had ordered the raising of an armed force to repel them. Governor Dunmore led fourteen hundred of these, who had rendezvoused at Fort Pitt, and marched down the Ohio. General Andrew Lewis, at the head of eleven hundred veteran frontiersmen, forming the left wing

*_Lulbegrud_ is not of Indian origin. In Book No. 1, page 156, of the Clark County Court, is the following, furnished by Judge Wm. M. Beckner, and published with the oration of Colonel John Mason Brown, at the centennial of the battle of Blue Licks:

"The deposition of Daniel Boone, being of lawful age, taken before us, the subscribing commissioners, this 15th day of September, 1780, being first duly sworn, deposeth and sayeth that in the year 1770 I encamped on Red river with five other men, and we had with us for our amusement the History of Samuel Gulliver's Travels, wherein he gave an account of his young master, Glumdelick, careing him on a market day for a show to a town called Lulbegrud.

"A young man of our company called Alexander Neely came to camp to camp one night & told us he had been that day to Lulbegrud, & had killed two Brobdignags in their capital. * * * * and further sayeth not. DANIEL BOONE"

1 Treaty of Stanwix. Butler's History, p. 378.

of the main army, crossed the mountains and intercepted the entire Indian forces, near the mouth of the Kanawha. At Point Pleasant, in the vicinity, was fought the greatest and most severely-contested battle known in the annals of Indian warfare in Virginia. The confederate tribes were signally defeated, and compelled to retreat to their towns, on the Scioto. Governor Dunmore, who was nearly one hundred miles above with his troops when the battle occurred, at once crossed the Ohio and marched for these towns. The Shawanee confederates sued for peace, and, in the negotiations, relinquished all title to the country south of the Ohio, for all future time.[1] The sequel shows the faith of the observance.



BLACK HOOF. (CATAHECASSA.)
[*Shawanee chief, from a picture owned by the Polytechnic Society of Kentucky.*]

Again, the following year, 1775, in the name of the Transylvania Company, organized under the lead of Colonel Henderson and associates, Daniel Boone negotiated with the Cherokees, at Fort Wataga, located on a branch of Holston river, for all the territory of present Kentucky south and west of the Kentucky river, except the few western counties of the Purchase.[2]

And finally, the balance of Kentucky lying west of the Tennessee river, and to the Mississippi, was purchased by treaty with the Chickasaws, confirmed on the 19th day of October, 1818.[3] Thus, all Indian titles and rights, to this devoted land of disputed claim and stubborn strife, were extinguished in succession, by the arbitrament of negotiation; and yet, the birth-throes of the nascent Commonwealth of Kentucky were to be endured, amid the blood and waste and anguish of the most cruel of savage warfare. Jealousies, animosities, and other causes of strife seemed ever recurring, and peaceful negotiations gave no guarantee of safety to life, or of permanency to possession. Indeed, the dominion of Virginia, after the declaration of independence and during the revolutionary war, seemed to rely mainly on her rights under the charter granted by James I., of Great Britain, to the cradle of empire she claimed from the Alleghany to the Mississippi, as set forth in her first constitution, of June 29, 1776. "Within these limits, she asserted the exclusive right of purchasing the soil from the aborigines."

But we must not disparage the heroic valor and hardy endurance of the famed pioneers, by whose deeds and sufferings regenerated Kentucky received her baptism of blood, and her children the inheritance of liberty, with all the immunities of an exalted civilization. The rights of arms and of conquest are yet a part of the law of nations, and when the conditions of

1 Burk's Virginia, Vol. III., p. 396. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 496. 3 Butler, p. 15.

stipulation and treaty failed to restrain, there was left no better alternative. Amid the perils of continued invasion, and the atrocities and carnage of relentless savage warfare, instigated and abetted by one of the most powerful empires of Europe, the issue of title and possession was transferred; and the brave backwoodsmen of Kentucky vindicated and sealed by the valor and skill of arms, upon a hundred battlefields, the right to build their homes and fortunes upon her generous soil, for which peaceful compacts gave no certain guarantee.

Of such travail was born our noble Commonwealth, destined to offer up the patriotic blood of her children upon every battlefield of our common country, to become the nursing mother of new commonwealths of the great West, and to rear up statesmen for the councils of the nation. Her children, at home and abroad, delight to own and honor her; and with pardonable pride.

We bear in mind that at this first quickening into embryotic life, Kentucky was but an outlying wilderness of Virginia territory, claimed by a shadowy parchment title which was barely worth asserting, as yet; and that Virginia was but a colonial dependence of Great Britain across the ocean, from whence she derived her rulers, her laws, and her authority. It formed the pivotal center of the vast empire of transmontane area of the North American continent, which had, for two centuries, been shuffled in the balances of treaty stipulations between England, France, and Spain, in the frequent changes of the fortunes of almost incessant wars between these rivals. True, English dominion was just now dominant; but how long this jurisdiction might continue, so depended on the issues of European strife, that no one could conjecture the government to whom allegiance might be due in a decade of years. The people, who went out to seek their fortunes in this unknown and mysterious land, knew not whether the King of England, or of France, or of Spain, if either, should own their allegiance. Out of this chaos of uncertain changes, Kentucky must have her genesis.

CHAPTER V.

In 1773, Daniel Boone, with a party, sets out to return to Kentucky.

Attacked by Indians; Boone's son slain.

The party abandon the visit to Kentucky, and fall back to Clinch river.

Impetus to emigration and adventure.

Bullitt, Harrod, McAfee, and Douglas lead parties out.

Bullitt's hazardous visit to the Indians.

The talks in council.

McAfee's detour through Bracken.

At Big Bone Lick.

The mammoth remains there.

Separate at the mouth of Kentucky river.

Bullitt and Harrod go to Falls of Ohio.

Anchor in Beargrass, and camp on its banks.

Survey first plat on site of Louisville.

McAfee and Hancock Taylor go up the Kentucky to Drennon's Lick.

Continuing by Frankfort and Lawrenceburg, they pass on to the vicinity of Harrodsburg.

By Three Forks of Kentucky they return home, but suffer great privations.

Douglas and party tarry at Big Bone, the "graveyard of the mammoths."

The era of the mastodons.

Their extermination by first men.

Kentucky now part of Fincastle county.

Surveyor and deputies.

John Floyd's character.

Simon Kenton.

He falls in love, and whips his rival.

Flees the country, westward; changes his name to Butler.

His adventures.

Mrs. Ingles' captivity and wonderful escape.

Ominous bodings of the future.

The period from 1771 to 1773 was less eventful in actual exploration in Kentucky, yet the spirit of unrest and adventure was alive in the colonies. For two years the Boones had tarried at their homes, vying with the returned Long Hunters in repeating the fascinating stories of their experiences in the transmontane wilds. The delay was from no want of fixed resolve, but rather to reconcile their families to the idea of such a change of home, to convert their farms and fixtures, and to gather about them a body of friends willing to share the fortunes of the wilderness with them. All arrangements complete, on the 25th of September, 1773, Daniel Boone, with his own and five other families, set out upon the journey toward Kentucky. He was joined in Powell's valley by forty men, who were willing to accept him as their leader. Driving their cattle and swine in procession, and with bedding and baggage on pack-horses, they pursued their route in buoyant hope, until they neared the pass in the mountains, known as Cumberland Gap. Some young men, with the cattle, had fallen in the rear several miles, when they were suddenly assailed by a party of Indians, and six of them killed and a seventh wounded. The reports of firearms hastened the main body of the whites to the rescue, when the savages were driven off, and the dead buried.[1]

[1] Bartley's Daniel Boone, pp. 71 and 72.

This was a sad day for all, especially for the family of Daniel Boone, for among the slain was a beloved son. This disaster greatly disturbed the plans of the party. The Boones, and some others, were for proceeding onward to Kentucky, but the majority insisted on a return. The former yielding, all retraced their steps to the settlement on Clinch river, in south-west Virginia, about forty miles from the place where the Indians had attacked them. Here Boone remained through the winter, with his family. But the infection had spread far and wide, and moved others to visit Kentucky during this interval. A new impetus was given to this desire of adventure by the provisions of the Virginia government, granting bounties in lands, to be located in the Ohio valley, to the officers and soldiers of her own troops who had served in the British war in Canada, against the French, which terminated in the treaty of 1763, and in which France relinquished all future claim to the country from Canada to the Ohio valley, and back to the Mississippi river, inclusive. In 1773, and previously, adventurers, led by daring men, some of whom became illustrious in after history, explored these valleys, with a view to locating the choicest lands. No less a personage than George Washington surveyed 2,084 acres of land on Great Sandy, now embracing the town of Louisa, about the year 1769, carving his name on the beginning corner. For this land, a patent was issued to John Fry, by the crown of Great Britain, in 1772.

In June, 1773, four parties from Virginia passed down the Ohio, led respectively by Captain Thomas Bullitt, Captain James Harrod, James Douglas, and the McAfee brothers. A most remarkable incident, illustrative of the self-possessed courage and forethought of Captain Bullitt, is authentically given. Landing with his comrades on the north bank of the Ohio, at a convenient point, and instructing his party to await his return, he set out alone for the Shawanee town of Chillicothe. Bullitt had come out to Kentucky with the double intention of surveying lands and of making a permanent settlement. For the first object, he had a special commission from William and Mary College, in Virginia, in the managers of which was vested the right of conferring such authority. He knew that the Miami tribes yet claimed their hunter's rights to this land, although, at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, the Six Nations had ignored such claim in the transfer to the English. His comrades watched his departure, and awaited his return, with doubting anxiety. Bullitt reached the town without being discovered, and made known his presence by waving a white flag, as a token of peace. The astonished Indians gathered about him, and with curious interest asked him how and why he had so suddenly come to them. Bullitt, with ready self-possession, replied that he was from the Long Knife, and as the red men and white men were at peace, he had come among his brothers for a friendly talk about the white men settling on the other side of the Ohio. His own journal gives his speech, and their response:[1]

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 33.

"Brothers: We come from Virginia. The king of my people has bought from the nations of red men, both north and south, all the land, and I am instructed to inform you, and all the warriors of this great country, that the English and Virginians are in friendship with you. This friendship is dear to them, and they hold it sacred. The same friendship they expect from you. The Shawanees and Delawares are our nearest neighbors, and we want them to be our best friends.

"Brothers: You did not get any of the money or blankets given for the land which we are going to settle. This was hard for you. But it is agreed by the great men who own the land, that they will make a present to both the Shawanees and Delawares the next year and the year following.

"Brothers: I am appointed to settle the country, to live in it, to raise corn, and to make proper regulations among my people. There will be some principal men from my country soon, who desire to say more to you. The governor will come out this year, or the next. When I come again, I will have a belt of wampum. This time, I came in haste, and had not one ready. My people want the country, to settle and cultivate. They will have no objection to your hunting and trapping there. I hope you will live by us as brothers and friends. You know my heart, and as it is single toward you, I expect you to give me a kind talk. I will write to my governor what you say to me, and he will believe all I write."

The Indians, as was their custom in council or conference, were grave and deliberative, and this matter concerned their hunting-grounds. They asked a day for an answer, and on the morrow they assembled again, with Bullitt present, and through Richard Butler returned the following response:

"Oldest brother, the Long Knife: We heard you would be glad to see your brothers, the Shawanees and Delawares, and talk with them. But we are surprised that you sent no runner before you, and that you came quite near us, through the trees and grass, a hard journey, without letting us know until you appeared among us.

"Brother: We have considered your talk carefully, and we are made glad to find nothing bad in it, nor any ill meaning. You speak what seems very kind and friendly, and it pleases us well. You mentioned to us your intention to settle on the other side of the Ohio with your people. We are pleased that they are not to disturb us in our hunting; for we must hunt to kill meat for our women and children, and to have something to buy our powder and lead, and to get us blankets and clothing. All our young people are pleased with what you said. We desire that you will be strong in fulfilling your promises toward us, as we are determined to be very straight in advising our young men to be kind and peaceable toward you. This spring, we saw something wrong on the part of our young men. They took some horses from the whites; but we have advised them not to do so again, and have cleaned their hearts of all bad intentions."

Richard Butler was the interpreter, and made Captain Bullitt his guest

while at Chillicothe. The latter, having executed his mission with rare satisfaction to himself, departed to meet again his comrades. All, with light hearts and high anticipations, launched their frail boats for their destinations down the river.

This reception of Bullitt, and the tenor of the talk on both sides, interpret to us the attitude and feelings of these Miami tribes toward the whites. They could not have been blinded to the results of the settlement of their hunting-grounds by the latter, and must have felt the keenest jealousy of such encroachment. But they were expecting some important favors of the whites, and this held them in abeyance. At the treaty of Stanwix, less than five years previous, the English had paid the Six Nations fifty thousand dollars for this country, a part of which the Shawanees once dwelt in, and which they yet claimed as the hunting-grounds of themselves and confederates. Why? Because the Six Nations had, years before, swept down the Ohio, with their firearms against the bows and arrows of the Miamis, and conquered the latter. The Shawanees regaining the occupancy and use of this country still claimed under their old rights. They were discontented with being ignored at Stanwix, and this meant trouble and danger to the whites. For these reasons, no doubt, the Virginia authorities meditated making them presents in addition, which, in goods, trinkets, and ammunition, would purchase good will at small cost. Bullitt hazarded his bold adventure on a knowledge of the situation. The desire of the Indians for the gratuities was stronger than the passion of hatred toward a few enemies in their power. Could they have anticipated the events of the next twelve months, which caused them to assemble an army of fifteen hundred confederated warriors, to invade Virginia and to assail the whites in the desperate and bloody battle of Point Pleasant, the issue might have been far less flattering to Bullitt and party.

The company of whites descended the Ohio to Limestone creek, at which point Robert McAfee separated from the others and made a detour through the country to North Licking, and down that stream some twenty-five miles, and thence through Bracken county to the Ohio river. Here, with tomahawk and knife, he made a bark canoe, and overtook his friends at the mouth of the Licking. All descending farther, they landed and spent the 4th and 5th of July at Big Bone Lick, in Boone county, wondering at the great herds of buffalo and deer which swarmed in the vicinity, and at the huge vertebra, ribs, and tusks of mammoth skeletons, of which they made their seats and tent-poles. Continuing their journey, they separated at the mouth of Kentucky river. Captain Bullitt, with James Harrod, John Smith, Isaac Hite, Jacob Sandusky, and others, reached the Falls of Ohio July 8th, and pitched their camp above the mouth of Beargrass creek.[1] They began their first surveys in this vicinity, and continued exploring and locating lands for some six weeks, southward as far as Salt river, in Bullitt county. This

[1] Butler, p. 22.

river derived its name at this time, from a salt lick, near its banks, which became afterward a noted place in the early history of Kentucky, known as Bullitt's Lick. The scene that mapped out before them as they approached the falls was a blending of the picturesque and unique. Before them, as far as the eye could reach, the bounding and foaming waters of the hitherto placid Ohio leaped angrily away, with a current of ten miles an hour, broken up by dangerous rapids, and offering an impediment to the further progress of their little boats that forced them to turn about for a safe retreat. Fortunately, the mouth of Beargrass tempted them into its quiet harbor, where they secured their boats and proceeded to build a camp upon its inviting banks, yet taking the precaution to retire in their boats at night to a shoal above Corn island. Early in August, they were joined by Taylor, Bracken, and Drennon, from the McAfee party. From notes preserved of Jacob Sandusky, Captain Bullitt, during the same month of August, laid off the town site of Louisville, the first surveyed in Kentucky, within the limits of the plat of the present city.[1] These survey parties were evidently acting with the sanction of Governor Lord Dunmore, of Virginia, as Bullitt avowed for himself; and so charmed was this sagacious and adventurous pioneer, that he determined at once to return to his home and prepare for removal and permanent settlement upon the lands he had located. But sickness and untimely death soon after put an end to all his plans, and lost to the early settlers the services of one whose abilities, enterprise, and fortitude promised to rank him among the most conspicuous characters of Kentucky history. He served in the war against the French and Indians; and was at Braddock's defeat, and other engagements, serving as a captain in Washington's regiment. Had he survived, his experience and ability would have fitted him to be among the greatest of the pioneers.

The McAfee party, left at the mouth of the Kentucky river, consisted of James, George, and Robert McAfee, James McCoun and Samuel Adams, who had come from Bottetourt county, in Virginia, and Hancock Taylor and Matthew Bracken. Turning up the Kentucky, they rowed their light canoes some twenty miles, to the mouth of a creek, where they landed and went out a mile or so to view a great salt lick, with herds of buffalo, deer, and elk dispersed over the valley. Here they fell in with Jacob Drennon, who had crossed the country from Big Bone, and preceded them one day. From the incident and the man, Drennon's creek and Drennon's Lick, in Henry county, were named.[2] Jacob Drennon was with the same parties at Big Bone a few days before, where, bribing a Delaware Indian with a trifle, he obtained information of this lick as a great game resort, and quietly set out through the forests, that he might lay claim to its first discovery. One day an unusual number of buffaloes were ranging at the lick, when Samuel Adams fired his rifle at one. Suddenly startled by the shot, the entire herd stampeded directly toward Adams and James McAfee, and threatened to trample

1 Butler, p. 22. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 607.

them to death under their hoofs. Adams sprang into a leaning tree near by, while McAfee was only able to get behind a tree smaller than his body. The whole herd rushed by in this dangerous position, the horns scraping the tree on either side, and their bodies pushing him to one side or the other, while he aimed to draw himself within his smallest dimensions. After all was over, and the lucky escape made, Adams crawled down from his perch, and attempted to conciliate McAfee. The latter replied, quietly, but meaningly: "My good boy, we are safely over it now, but don't try that again."

After tarrying a week, and gazing in new wonder at the profusion of game of every sort struggling around the lick for the salt, or waiting their turn at a distance, and beholding the country adjacent trodden into roads as wide and beaten as in the vicinty of a great city, the hardy explorers took one of these roads, or *buffalo traces*, as they are called and known even yet, and pursued their way up the west side of the river. This trace was a main way for the passage of these vast herds of wild animals, always traveling in file, to and fro, between Drennon's Lick and the canebrakes and bluegrass lands of Elkhorn plains. It led the adventurers to cross the Kentucky at a ford below Frankfort, which was afterward Leestown station. Entering the valley above on the 16th of July, they surveyed the land which is the present site of Frankfort, for six hundred acres. Passing out by the ridge where the Lexington road runs, they turned southward, and again crossed the river, about seven miles above Frankfort, and encamped at a remarkable spring, not far east of Lawrenceburg, since known as Lillards. Hunting and surveying at intervals, they discovered Salt river, some twenty miles farther on, and near the site of Harrodsburg. On the last day of July the party divided, Taylor, Bracken, and Drennon going to the Falls of Ohio. The McAfees and comrades, directing their course south-eastwardly, crossed Dick's river, and a few days after reached the forks of Kentucky river. Here the mountains appeared next to impassable, while the forest, undergrown with brush and thick laurel, seemed to forbid a passage onward. In this region of barrenness and gloom, no living animal save themselves seemed to dwell, while an oppressive silence reigned everywhere.

It was the drouthy season of the year. Through brush and thorns, over rocks and mountains, and under the shadows of the pitying trees, they wandered for two days without food, their feet blistered and bruised, and their flesh pierced with briars. Nor could they find water. In despair, George McAfee and Samuel Adams, falling upon the ground, declared they could go no farther. In this critical strait, Robert McAfee determined on an effort to rescue and save his companions from the horrible fate of starvation in such a wilderness, and started alone upon a hunt. As by a providence, on reaching a ridge beyond, he espied a buck, and was fortunate enough to bring it down with his rifle. Hearing the report of the gun, the starving men, revived and reanimated with the hope it inspired, rose to their feet again, and, struggling on, gathered around the precious carcass. Slaking their

thirst with its yet warm blood, they then feasted and slept, and the next day resumed their journey. Traveling by what is known as the hunters' path, across the head of Powell's valley, they reached their homes safely. The McAfees were a splendid type of the men of iron-willed resolution and hardy endurance, in the face of perils and misfortunes, which sustained our ancestors through the sacrifices by which the foundations of our homes and civilization were laid. These hard experiences were but the prelude to successive and cruel misfortunes, that finally induced the family to exile themselves from their native land and to seek a refuge in the wilderness of the far West.[1]

James Douglas, of Virginia, leading another survey expedition, shortly followed Bullitt down the Ohio to the falls On the way, he landed and tarried for a considerable time at Big Bone. His description of the scenes and experiences there is full of interest. He found over ten acres, constituting the lick, bare of trees and herbage, and vast numbers of the bones of the mastodon and of the arctic elephant, scattered over the plain. Through the midst of the lick ran the creek, on either side of which were never-failing springs of salt water. To this place of convergence, came roads leading from every point of the compass, beaten down and trodden smooth by the hoofs of countless buffaloes, passing to and fro in their alternating rounds between the lick and the canebrakes and bluegrass plains most convenient thereto. Douglas noticed that the ground of the lick was depressed and worn below the original surface, here and there a knob, or the ground around the trees at the outer edge of the lick, showing the original elevation. This was conclusive that there was a time not far distant in the past when there were no such wearing and depression of the lick. But the sight of the mammoth bones, so surprising in number as well as in their incredible dimensions, most gratified the curiosity of the men, and well justified the appellation given the place by a subsequent writer, as the "*graveyard of the mammoths.*" Future descriptions confirm all, and more, than Douglas said of it. Tusks have been taken from thence measuring eight, nine and some few ten feet in length; thigh bones four and five feet long; ribs five feet in length and five inches broad; teeth seven by five inches on the grinding surface, and weighing ten pounds, and skulls over two feet across the front. Douglas speaks of a certain tusk with one end standing six feet out of the ground, and the other buried in the mud so firmly that the efforts of six men failed to extract it.[2]

These skeleton remains of the giants of the wilderness disappeared over half a century ago, to enrich the museums and to puzzle the naturalists and antiquarians of Europe, as well as of our own country. The adventurous hunters and surveyors of Douglas, designing to camp for some days in the midst of that great game field, constructed their tents of the huge bones that conveniently lay around, and sheltered and slept under the same. Plausibly,

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 608. [2] Collins, Vol. II., p. 52.

we conjecture that these gigantic animals made the licks, and especially this one, their exclusive resorts before the buffalo, the elk, and other hoofed kinds. From their remains, they were of the elephant family, and without hoofs; hence, their soft and cushioned feet, though supporting ponderous bodies, did not wear away the earth, nor did they lick away the ground, and cause the depression below the natural level. We instinctively associate the existence of these prescientific families of the animal kingdom with that of the prehistoric people, of whom we know too little by tradition or remains to safely conjecture. We may plausibly conclude that these mastodons ranged the forests, over which they had exclusive dominion, before the advent and occupancy of man; not only here, but in other parts of the earth where their remains have been found. With the first invasion and habitation of the same country by any race of men, the extermination of such a family of animals would be but a question of short time, whether the people subsisted by hunting or cultivating the soil. The hunter's instinct and calling would lead him to slay such game, with pride in the sport. The tillers of the soil would suffer from the depredations of such monsters on their fields and gardens, as they do from the foraging wild elephants in Ceylon and Africa. Their grinders show that they were herbiverous, and more a terror of the destructiveness of property, than of danger to life or person. The first coming of man upon this part of the earth was the signal for the extermination of all such mammoth species, just as advancing civilization, with superior arms, has successively exterminated the buffalo, the elk, the deer, and the bear, in turn. These mammoths were not ferocious, combative, and destructive, more than our living elephants, and were less capable of defense. They were powerful in physical strength, but ponderous, awkward, and sluggish in their movements; and therefore fell an easy prey to the weapons and arts of even the rudest of men. As the prehistoric people became strong enough in numbers, and skilled by experience in the hunt, they would doubtless seek and attack them in armed bodies, single or in herds, as advantage offered. The gigantic bodies of such quadrupeds made the mammoth a conspicuous object for the assailant, and constantly invited the pursuit of the latter for sport and for food supply.

But why were such vast numbers of skeletons found at the lick? A gentleman who gave much attention and study to these remains computes that the bones of one hundred mastodons and twenty arctic elephants were found at Big Bone. We can conceive of no natural causes for this spot becoming such a charnel house of death. It must have been from preconcerted and violent causes. The prehistoric aborigines, growing bolder and more skillful in the slaughter, and noting the time or season for the congregating of these animals at the lick, may have planned an organized and general assault on them, with a view to extermination; or, as we know that many tribes of people learn in time the use of pitfalls to destroy large and unwieldy game, they may have dug such pitfalls, disguised with brush on top and set in

convenient position, for their destruction at this spot, where they habitually congregated in numbers. Certainly, the first people who found them here slew these leviathans of the land to extinction. From the preserved state of the bones, it can not be many centuries since they perished; and from the adjacent trees and other marks of the depressed surface, it can not be more than a few centuries since the hoofed animals began the process of wearing away this earth. We have no historic knowledge of the mastodon, yet he is obscurely characterized in the language of the Bible. McAfee mentions in his memoirs that a party of Delaware Indians were at Big Bone when he and his companions were there, and that he inquired of one of these Indians as to these remains. He replied that they had been seen very much as they were then, as long as he could remember, and the Indians knew nothing more about them. The Indian seemed to be about seventy years of age.

Kentucky was a part of Fincastle county, Virginia, of which William Preston was surveyor. Hancock Taylor and James Douglas were deputy surveyors under him. Colonel John Floyd was another deputy, and the three were now in Kentucky to locate choice lands for themselves, and for land speculators of capital and influence, whose cupidity was inflamed by the confirmation of the reports of the genial climate and generous soil of the now-famed El Dorado beyond the mountains. Than Colonel Floyd, but few men played a more prominent part in the dramatic events that make up the history of Kentucky, from this date until his tragic death upon the theater of his own acting, nine years later. In cultured intelligence, in noble presence and bearing, and in unselfish and intrepid courage, fewest of his age were his peers; and no one deserves to be held in more grateful remembrance by the posterity of to-day. John Floyd was born in Virginia, in 1750, and was one of five brothers, three of whom and two brothers-in-law were slain by the Indians, illustrating the dangers which beset the lives of our pioneer fathers. His parents, William Floyd and wife, emigrated early to Kentucky, lived in Jefferson county until 1800, and died at the age of ninety years.[1] The maternal grandmother of Colonel Floyd was an Indian squaw, the daughter of a brother of the celebrated chief, Powhatan, so well known in colonial history. Colonel Floyd made his first survey on the Ohio river in Lewis county, May 2, 1773, of two hundred acres, for Patrick Henry, the great patriot orator of Virginia, and continued to locate other tracts, at intervals, down the river until he reached the falls. In person, Colonel Floyd was tall and rather spare, with complexion, hair, and eyes of dark color. In address, he was courteous, with the manners of a well-bred gentleman. His countenance was animated and pleasing, while his disposition was amiable. In any country, he would have been admired for the superior manly virtues and graces which made him the chivalrous defender of the weak, and the fearless soldier at the front in every hour of danger. Like Boone, Clark,

1 Collins, Vol. II., pp. 518–9.

and Kenton, his services endeared him to the early settlers, while his daring and skill made him well known to the Indians, by whom he was much feared.

Of the men who made hunting and Indian fighting an occupation, no one more nearly rivaled Daniel Boone than did Simon Kenton, throughout the pioneer age in the settlement of Kentucky.[1] He was born of an Irish father and a Scotch mother, in Fauquier county, Virginia, April 13, 1755, and at this date of narrative was but eighteen years old. His family obscure, and very poor, his education was neglected, unfortunately for one who to natural vigor and acuteness of mind added so much of enterprise and individuality of character. So conspicuous a part did he act throughout the eventful period of his life, that justice, alike to his memory and to the reader of history, requires more than a passing mention of his name. At the age of sixteen, he fell passionately in love with a bewitching girl of the neighborhood, and was unfortunate enough to have a favored rival, who bore off the prize. Mad with jealousy, and reckless with despair, young Kenton gave such insult and offense to the groom as to provoke a fierce battle between the two. In physical prowess, Kenton overmatched his adversary, and following up his punishment too far, the vanquished young man, bruised and bleeding, fell back insensible. Such conduct was foreign to all Kenton's subsequent nature. Realizing the cruel inhumanity of his deed, his better feelings revolted. He lifted up the head of his unconscious victim and spoke kindly to him, but no answer came, and Kenton believed him dead. Much alarmed, he dropped the lifeless body and fled to the woods.

Feeling that he was a fugitive from avenging justice, and that life at home was ruined, he turned his mind toward the solitudes of the great western wilderness, and determined that there should be found his city of refuge. Pushing on warily for days, with some difficulty he reached Ise's ford, on Cheat river, in April, 1771. Here he changed his name to Simon Butler. At this settlement, he hired himself to work for a rifle and ammunition, after which he joined a party going to Fort Pitt. At the latter place, he first met Simon Girty, afterward held in such infamous notoriety as a leader and instigator of the savages in their cruel warfare on his own people. Kenton here fell in with George Yeager and John Strader, in the autumn of the same year, and the three proceeded down the river, looking for the "cane land" of which Yeager had given glowing descriptions, repeated from the Indians among whom he had been. They went as far down as the mouth of Kentucky river, and then returned to the Big Kanawha, where, in the following winter, they built a camp, and hunted and trapped until the spring of 1773, when Yeager was killed by the Indians while lying in camp with his companions. Kenton and Strader fled to the woods, barefooted and naked, except their shirts. Without food, or guns to procure it, they wandered, with incredible hardships and sufferings, until the sixth day, on which they several times in despair laid down to die; but struggling on again, they at

1 Collins, Vol. II., pp. 442–3.

last reached the Ohio and found some hunters, who fortunately relieved them, perhaps from a premature death by famine.

In the summer of 1773, Kenton joined a party going down the Ohio in search of Bullitt. Pursuing as far as the mouth of the Big Miami, and finding Bullitt's camp deserted, they apprehended that he had been murdered by the Indians. Uneasy as to their own safety, they destroyed their canoes and, under the pilotage of Kenton, retraced their way through the wilderness to Virginia; doubtless the first trip from Northern Kentucky to Virginia by land, if we except the wonderful escape of Mrs. Ingles and the Dutch woman from Indian captivity at Big Bone Lick, in 1756.

[1]This incident, so characteristic of the vicissitudes of frontier life, deserves fuller mention, and there will be no fitter place than here. Mrs. Mary Ingles, her two little boys, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Draper, were taken prisoners by the Shawanee Indians, at their homes in what is now Montgomery county, Virginia, in 1756. They were carried down the Kanawha, and to the mouth of the Scioto, where Portsmouth now stands. She here became popular among the Indians by making superior garments out of some fancy goods brought in by French traders. She escaped running the gauntlet, which Mrs. Draper was compelled to do. She was cruelly separated from her children, and resolved to escape, if opportunity came. An Indian party setting out for Big Bone Lick to make salt, she was taken along, together with an old Dutch woman, who had been years a captive. Though over one hundred miles farther from home, she obtained the consent of her captive companion to a plan of escape. Obtaining the privilege of going to the woods for grapes, the two women managed to secure blankets, a tomahawk, and a knife. Finding the Ohio river, they followed up the valley of the same and passed the mouth of Scioto, on the opposite side, after five days. Finding a horse browsing, and some corn raised here by the Indians, they put a sackful on the horse and continued on to the Big Sandy. This river being too deep to ford, they followed up its banks until they made a crossing on the drift-wood. The horse, unfortunately, fell among the logs, and they were compelled to leave him to his fate. All stores soon were exhausted, and they were reduced to a diet of wild grapes, walnuts, and pawpaws. Their privations and sufferings increased, until the old Dutch woman, becoming frantic with hunger and exposure, threatened, and did attempt, the life of Mrs. Ingles. Escaping her fury, she kept herself from view under the banks of the Kanawha. Luckily, she found an old canoe, and managed to paddle across to the other bank, in sight of her dangerous companion, who now implored her to return to her rescue with beseeching promises, but in vain. Exhausted and weary, she bent her tired steps toward home, and finally, at the end of forty days of indescribable peril and privations, she reached the friendly cabin of an old neighbor, where tender sympathy and care put an end to these. A party went out and brought in safely the old

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 53.

Dutch woman to the settlement. Mrs. Ingles died in 1813, aged eighty-four years. Her family was most noted; her daughters married men of distinction, and a numerous posterity yet hold her in honored remembrance.

There were probably other adventurers in Kentucky during this eventful year of 1773 whose names and deeds have escaped the pen of the historian. We have introduced to the reader the honored names, and recorded the heroic devotion and deeds, of the representative pioneers who formed the vanguard, and who *blazed* the way to future conquest and empire of the first civilization, whose germs were planted amid travails and watered in tears, in the great valley of the Mississippi, beyond the mountain barrier.

With the close of 1773, we will be surprised to find the most radical changes in the current of events, which in a few months drove homeward from her borders all the hunters, surveyors, and other adventurers who had come out during that year to Kentucky. The premonitions of war with England, which was soon to be anticipated with actual Indian hostilities of a formidable character, were heavy upon the spirits of the people. What effect were these cumulative troubles to have on the destinies of the new El Dorado of the western world, lying far away to the west? We pass into the revelations of 1774, and find an answer there, in part, to these inquiries.

CHAPTER VI.

Captain James Harrod leads a party of forty, and they "improve" at Harrodsburg and vicinity.

Indian attack on these.

Hancock Taylor mortally wounded by Indians.

Miami tribes threaten to invade Virginia.

Boone and Michael Stoner sent by Governor Dunmore to warn in all frontiersmen from Kentucky.

Harrod, Boone, and comrades return to Virginia and join the army to repel the Indians.

Defeat of the latter in a decisive battle at the mouth of Great Kanawha.

Many prepare to visit Kentucky in the spring of 1775.

The spring of 1774 opened with promise that the advance parties of the previous year would be sustained by yet a larger following for the current year. [1]In May, Captain James Harrod, with Abram Hite and James and Jacob Sandusky, led about forty men from the Monongahela country, in Virginia, down the Ohio river, and transiently camped on the present site of Cincinnati, and there felled the first tree known to have been cut down on that spot by the ax of a white man. Continuing their adventurous journey to the mouth of Kentucky river, they turned the prows of their little fleet into that stream and ascended the same to what is now Oregon Landing, in Mercer county. Disembarking there, they made their way through the forest to a point near Salt river, where the McAfee party had made their first surveys on that river, and proceeding up the east side of same, they built a permanent camp on the present site of Harrodsburg, one hundred yards below the Big Spring, beneath the branches of an elm tree familiar to many persons of to-day.

From this rendezvous, the men dispersed in small squads, to select for themselves suitable settlements, and to build on such locations improvement cabins. These latter were known as "lottery cabins," as they were apportioned among the men by lot. Thus, John Crow, James Brown, and others secured lottery cabins in the vicinity of Danville; James Wiley three miles east of Harrodsburg, and James Harrod at Boiling Spring, six miles south. On the 16th of June, Harrod's and Hite's men together laid off a town site at Big Spring camp, where they had before erected the first log cabin built in Kentucky; giving to each man a half-acre lot and a ten-acre outlot. The first name given to this place was Harrodstown, and finally it became known as Harrodsburg. Near the east end of the town, John Harman made a clearing, and there planted and raised the first corn that was known to have grown in Kentucky. About the 20th of July, three or four of Harrod's

1 Collins, Vol. II., pp. 605, and 517-18.

men, who seem to have been out on a survey, were resting and refreshing themselves at a large spring, some three miles below Harrodstown, when they were ambushed and fired on by Indians. Jared Cowan was killed, while Jacob Sandusky and a comrade, believing that the whole command had been surprised, made their way to the falls. Descending the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in a bark canoe, they returned to Philadelphia by sea, and thence home. A fourth man of the party got back to camp with the intelligence of the attack. Captain Harrod, at the head of a company, went down and buried Cowan, and secured his papers.[1]

About the same period, Douglas, who had returned to Kentucky with his men, was engaged surveying lands on Elkhorn, Hickman, and Jessamine creeks, on the opposite side of Kentucky river. Also, John Floyd and Hancock Taylor led survey parties, locating lands by virtue of military warrants, in Woodford and Fayette counties, and along the Ohio river to the falls. In the latter part of July, Hancock Taylor, whose brother Richard was the father of President Zachary Taylor, while surveying near the mouth of Kentucky river, was shot and seriously wounded by the Indians.[2] He died a few days after, while being borne back on the return to Virginia, and was buried two miles south of the present site of Richmond. Thus early, amid the opening incidents of pioneer days, was offered up to the atrocious spirit of savage warfare one of the noblest, most enterprising, and promising men of the heroic period that gave germ and birth to transmontane civilization. He was an honored member of a distinguished family that, from its numerous branches, has given to both Virginia and Kentucky many worthy citizens, who have reflected honor upon their generation in varied responsible callings of life. His memory deserves the tribute of our praise, though his dawning reputation and his chosen mission found a tragic end, almost at their inception.

In the drift of events which have made up the narrative of history for 1774, a storm-cloud had gathered, whose ominous threatenings aroused the colonial government of Virginia to a sense of impending danger, and whose fury was destined to be spent on the border settlements in the Ohio valley. The Miami tribes of Indians, on the north side of the river, watched with angry jealousy the continued intrusion and usurpation by the whites of their favorite hunting-grounds. This passionate feeling was warmed into a spirit of violent resistance by the irritating remembrance that they had been ignored in the treaty of Stanwix, under the demands of the Six Nations, and that both their tribal dignity and rights had been humiliated; and that, so far, the white party to the treaty had failed to appease with the gratuities which had been promised and were expected. Some massacres of peaceful Indians on the upper Ohio were reported, and this served the pretext of preparation for open hostilities. Around the powerful Shawanees, as the central figure, and under the principal lead of the great chief, Cornstalk, a north-western

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 518. [2] Marshall, p. 133; Collins, Vol. II., p. 218.

confederation was formed, and fifteen hundred warriors, painted and armed for war, rendezvoused at the towns on the Scioto. The recent individual massacres in Kentucky and elsewhere were but the isolated raindrops that precede the emptying of overhanging clouds.

[1]Amid the preparatory measures for inevitable hostilities, Governor Dunmore called upon Daniel Boone, whose fame as a frontiersman and scout was everywhere known, to undertake a journey through the wilderness, and, with warning of the dangers at hand, recall all hunters and survey parties from Kentucky. Boone selected Michael Stoner for his companion in this hazardous service. The latter was already trained in the arts and experience of backwoods life. Isaac Lindsay, with four others from South Carolina, made record of a visit to Kentucky in 1767, and following the waters of Cumberland to the mouth of Stone river, in Tennessee, there met Stoner and James Harrod, who had come down the Ohio from Fort Pitt, and reached that point, on a long hunt. From that time, Stoner seems to have been an active, though an unobtrusive, participant in the adventures and perils of the pioneer scenes that make up the early history of Kentucky.

Boone and Stoner set out in June, through the pathless wilderness, and with that energy and endurance which marked their careers, pushed on to the falls of Ohio. Visiting and warning the explorers in turn, they reached Harrodstown on their route at the time the town plat was being laid off. In this work Boone seems to have taken an interest, as a lot was assigned to him, adjoining one to Evan Hinton, and on these two lots a double cabin was built, which was known indiscriminately as "Boone's cabin," or "Hinton's cabin," until it was burned, with others, by the Indians, in March, 1777. Admonished by the raiding bands of savages, the murders of some of their comrades, and finally by the warning message of Lord Dunmore through Boone and Stoner, Harrod and Hite, with all their comrades, by the closing days of July were on their return march to Virginia. They buried their hopes and ambitions for a brief while, and left the untamed wilderness once again to the solitudes of centuries, which they had so lightly and so briefly disturbed with the crack of the rifle and the ring of the ax. Should they ever come again?—to conquer, to possess, to enjoy?

The latter part of August, Boone and his returning friends reached Virginia, he and Stoner having made the trip, twice through the wilderness and twice over the mountains, of eight hundred miles, in sixty days. At this time, Governor Dunmore had called into the field a force of three thousand regulars and volunteers, to meet the Indian army threatening to cross the Ohio and invade Virginia. The governor commissioned Captain Boone to take charge of three forts on the Kanawha frontier. Dunmore, as chief in command, concentrated the main army at Fort Pitt. General Andrew Lewis, skilled in border warfare, led eleven hundred men of the left wing, composed of veteran pioneers and Indian fighters, made up mainly of the

[1]Butler, p. 27; Hartley's Daniel Boone; Boone's Narrative; History of the Backwoods.

settlers, across the mountains to the mouth of Great Kanawha. Here he met the invading army of the Indians, fifteen hundred strong, and defeated them in the sanguinary battle of the Point, on the 10th of October. The vanquished warriors retreated across the Ohio, and to their towns on the Scioto. The McAfees and their men, Harrod and Hite and their men, and most of the Kentucky explorers, were actively engaged as volunteers in this short campaign. Their unerring rifles did execution in the sanguinary battle which had such important bearing on the future of the great West. The disaster of Braddock's defeat, near Fort Pitt, but a few years before, brought about by foolish pride and conceit of a military martinet in refusing the warnings and counsels of Washington, and the inefficiency of unpracticed regular troops against the tactics of savage warfare, was yet fresh in the memories of the colonists. They apprehended a like possible result under the lead of Lord Dunmore and the regulars under him. This feeling hastened the march of General Lewis across the mountains, and precipitated the battle by the backwoods veterans of the left wing. Governor Dunmore, soon after the defeat, crossed his army below Pittsburgh and marched to the Indian towns, and there received their capitulations. A treaty was negotiated, in which the Shawanees and their confederates again agreed to give up all title to the country south of the Ohio, and all claim to it as a privileged hunting-ground.

The results of this short war in several ways promised most auspiciously to the future colonization of Kentucky. The men of the hunting and survey parties became, for some months, the army comrades of many colonial citizens, to whom they pictured, in radiant colors, the beauty and attractions of the new land of their adoption and adventure. The fever of emigration again became epidemic, and many new recruits began their preparations to follow the dim trail of the first pioneers, who had *blazed* the way, in the coming spring. Again, now that the Indians were signally defeated, and a treaty of peace made, they hoped that the settlers would in future build their homes and fortunes without the hazards and dangers of savage assaults. Vain hope! Well for the posterity of to-day, that the veil of mystery and silence that obscured the future was silver lined with cheerful hues, and that there were hearts of faith and stern resolve to lift it to the view of history in the fullness of time.

CHAPTER VII.

Obstructions removed, and new inducements attract many toward Kentucky.

Treaties with Ohio tribes proclaimed; also with the southern tribes.

Transitory nature of Indian titles.

Indecisive results of tribal wars illustrated in the Mohawk conquests.

Kentucky a ground of dispute among all tribes from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

The Transylvania Company purchases Kentucky from the Cherokees.

Judge Richard Henderson, the leader.

A powerful land company.

Boone negotiates the treaty of Wataga with Chief Oconistoto.

"Boone's Road" made into the heart of Kentucky.

He leads his party to Madison county.

Attacked by Indians.

Locates and founds Boonesborough.

Urges Henderson to come on with aid.

Many adventurers alarmed, leave Kentucky.

Meet Henderson coming in.

Some return with him.

His diary.

Enlarges and strengthens Boonesborough.

A city plat laid off.

The birth-place, the early life and characteristics of Daniel Boone.

Born at Exeter, Bucks county, Pennsylvania.

Boyish passion for hunting.

School-boy incidents.

Removed to North Carolina, on Yadkin river.

Born for an adventurous life.

The hunter's adventures there.

Disturbed state of the country.

Extortions and insults of the English officials.

"Regulators" resist these.

The collision at Alamance, North Carolina, the first blow of the revolution.

Boone's trust in God.

Eulogy of him.

Kentucky remained almost deserted until the early months of the spring of 1775, after the recall of the explorers and settlers by Governor Dunmore, the year previous; yet the outlook was more inviting to emigration and enterprise than ever before, and busy notes of preparation engaged the attention of many during their stay in winter quarters for the time. Not only did the desire of the hunt, and of the founding of a new home and fortune in the cheap and fertile lands of the West, form the inspiration of motive to individual citizens; but persons of bold conception of plan and ability in execution began to confederate together and organize men and capital for vast land enterprises, looking to the amassing of great wealth with some, and most probably with a few, to the dream of empire itself. The treaty at Chillicothe, but a few months before, gave assurance that there would, for a time at least, be immunity from the incessant murders and pillage of savage incursions. In January, 1775, Governor Dunmore, by proclamation, announced that "the Shawanees, to remove all ground of future quarrel, have agreed not to hunt on this side of the Ohio river."

These tribes of the north were now doubly pledged to abstain from hostilities in the future.

But the Cherokee nation, whose habitations were on the upper Tennessee waters, yet made claim, under the treaty of Hard Labor, in South Carolina, October 14, 1768, to this same territory, which the Six Nations had ceded to the English crown at Stanwix, they assuming the right of conquest over the Cherokees, as over the Shawanees.[1] The treaty of Lochaber, in South Carolina, with the Cherokees, October 18, 1770, confirmed this asserted right of the nation to the territory south of the Ohio and west of the Kanawha as their hunting-grounds. Out of the apparent conflict and confusion of these triangular title claims of different tribal confederacies to the territory of Kentucky, it is sufficient to the purposes of our State history to know that the issue was an ancient and unsettled dispute between the Cherokees of the South and the Miamis of the North-west. The Mohawk confederacy, or Six Nations of the North-east, composed of the Mohawks, Tuscaroras, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, claimed over both by virtue of conquest. During the treaty at Fort Stanwix, now Rome, New York, the Six Nations declared to Sir William Johnson, the English agent, who was eminent for his knowledge of Indian matters, that, "you who know all our affairs must be sensible that our rights go much farther to the South than the Kanawha; and that we have a very good and clear title as far south as the Cherokee (Tennessee) river. This we can not allow to be the right of any other Indians without doing wrong to our posterity, and acting unworthy of those warriors who fought and conquered it. We expect, therefore, that this, our right, will be considered."[2] At this treaty were present representatives from both the Cherokee and Miami tribes, who acquiesced in the agreed stipulations, thus consenting to the superior claim of their former victors in war. Indeed, Hayward, in his history of Tennessee, relates an anecdote of the Cherokees who attended this treaty convention. Having killed some game for their support while on the route, on arrival at the treaty ground, they tendered the skins to the Six Nations, saying, "*These are yours; we killed them after passing the Big River*"—the name they gave the Tennessee.

But we must not estimate the conquests of tribes of savages by other tribes, by the results of similar conquests among the civilized nations. The Indians seldom made provisions to occupy and hold lands from which they might drive out other tribes. By habit, and from necessity, they were shifting and transitory in their war expeditions. Accustomed at such times to depend on such game as they could procure for their food supplies, a few days halting in any one locality served to destroy or drive off the wild game, and compel a change to new fields and fresh supplies. In that mutability so incident to Indian life, permanent order and stability must not be anticipated in their tribal conditions and relations. The dominion of one nation over another was often relaxed or removed by the shifting events of a few years.

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 436. 2 Butler, pp. 51 and 378-384.

The victor tribe in campaign and battle could at best do little more than kill a number of the vanquished hostiles, and disperse the great body of the surviving warriors to the sheltering and safe retreats of the forest. As soon as the victorious army was withdrawn upon the countermarch homeward, the scattered forces of the dispersed hostiles emerged from the forest recesses, and resumed their tribal force and habits again. Thus, the dominancy of the Mohawk tribes of the North-east, which was asserted with so much emphasis and effect twenty years before, was at this date virtually extinct in all but the name. The Miamis on the north, and Cherokees on the south, had resumed possession and held sway practically as unquestioned as before the invasion of the Mohawks. Then, also, the encroachment of the white settlements, upon the vicinage of these latter Indians in western New York and Pennsylvania, had the usual effect to divert and enfeeble, and at the same time to dishearten them as assumed conquerors, by contrast with the presence of a people superior to themselves in numbers, in prowess, and in the resources of war.

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Kentucky, by these coincidences of tribal wars and title claims, is thus presented to us as the converging point of rival contestants over the entire region from the Alleghany mountains to the Mississippi river, and from the lakes and St. Lawrence river to the gulf. In this trinity of disputed titles, there was enough to constantly irritate the jealous and passionate natures of the savage nations who were the defiant rivals, and to continue those fierce raids and bloody strifes throughout Kentucky which yet signalized her, as in the traditional past, as the "Dark and Bloody Ground."

Of the many expeditionary measures for the colonization of Kentucky in inception and process of execution for the early spring of 1775, that organized under the name and style of the "Transylvania Company" was most conspicuous in the magnitude of its proportions, in the ability of its management, and in the means for its successful prosecution. During the previous autumn, Judge Richard Henderson, Nathaniel Hart, and several others of Granville and vicinity, North Carolina, gentlemen of large and varied resources, associated themselves into a land and improvement company with the above title, for speculative venture on a gigantic scale in the new and expansive empire of the West.

[1]This association had the advantage of a personal leadership of some political experience, well sustained by bold originality, that dared nothing less than the creation of power, of fortune, and of empire out of the boundless waste and chaos of unsubdued nature. Quickly perceiving that the treaty with the Mohawks in 1768, and that just negotiated with the Miamis, left no Indian claimant to the territory of Kentucky but the Cherokees; and that the alienations between Great Britain and her colonies must soon result in war, thus leaving in doubt whether there would be again a jurisdiction more than in name to either over the vast transmontane wilderness, Judge Hen-

[1] Trans. purchase – Marshall, Vol. I., pp. 13–15; Collins, Vol. II., pp 337 and 496.

derson determined to base a purchase and transfer of an immense territory in Kentucky on the title yet remaining in the Cherokees. In furtherance of this plan, he commissioned Daniel Boone to visit these Indians at their towns on the upper Tennessee waters, and open negotiations. Boone was successful in bringing about a favorable understanding and an early consummation. By appointment, Henderson, Boone, and friends met the Cherokee delegation led by Oconistoto, the first chief of the tribe, at Sycamore shoals, on the Wataga, a tributary of Holston river. The negotiations extended through twenty days, when, on the 17th of March, 1775, for ten thousand pounds sterling, there was ceded to the company all the tract of lands afterward called by the name of *Transylvania*, and bounded as follows: "Beginning on the Ohio river at the mouth of Cantuckey, Chenoca, or what the English call Louisa river, thence up said river and most northwardly fork of the same to the head spring thereof; thence, a south-east course to the top of Powell's mountain; thence westwardly, along the ridge of said mountain, unto a point from which a north-west course will strike the head spring of the most southwardly branch of Cumberland river; thence down said river, including its waters, to the Ohio river; thence up said river, as it meanders, to the beginning—which tract or territory of lands was, at the time of said purchase, and time out of mind had been, the land and hunting-grounds of the said Cherokee tribe of Indians." [1]

Thus was it attempted to convey to the sovereign jurisdiction and control of a few individuals by this treaty seventeen million acres of land in one body, or an area equal to two-thirds of the present territory of Kentucky. It embraced about all except that part lying north and east of Kentucky river, and which was most subject to be disputed and raided by the restless and warlike Miami tribes across the Ohio. An arrangement was effected with Boone by the proprietors of Transylvania for the opening of a *trace* or road for the travel of men and pack-horses from a point on Holston river, not far from Wataga, to the mouth of Otter creek, on Kentucky river, the future site of Boonesborough. He, with a party composed of Squire Boone, Colonel Richard Callaway, John Kennedy, and eighteen others, was joined by Captain William Twetty and his company of eight men, making thirty in all. With ax and tomahawk, they began the toilsome work of carving out the path through the wilderness. The narrative of one of the party, young Felix Walker, says: [2] "We marked the track with our hatchets until we reached Rockcastle river. Thence, for twenty miles, we had to cut our way through a country entirely covered with dead brush. The next thirty miles were through thick cane and reed, and as the cane ceased, they began to discover the pleasing and rapturous appearance of the plains of Kentucky. So rich a soil we had never seen before, covered with clover in full bloom, while the woods abounded in wild game. It appeared that nature, in her

1 Butler, p. 13; Boone's Narrative; Henderson's Journal March, 1775.

2 Boone's Narrative; Peck's Life of Boone; Collins, Vol. II., p. 498.

profusion, had spread a feast for all that lived, both for the animal and rational world." It was cruel to so suddenly dispel the charm of these realities in view, and the visions of delight they promised in the future.

The party had proceeded unmolested with their pioneer work until the morning of Saturday, the 25th day of March. Unconscious of danger, while lying asleep in camp at a point in Madison county, about fifteen miles south of Boonesborough, they were surprised and fired into by Indians just before the dawn of day. Captain Twetty was mortally wounded and his negro servant killed, and Felix Walker very seriously wounded. Captain Boone rallied his men and held his ground until daybreak, losing no property. On the 27th, two days after, an Indian party, perhaps the same, fired on a camp of six of Boone's men, killing two and wounding three, only a few miles distant from the first point. These unfortunate events necessitated the building of the first fort in Kentucky, five miles south of the present site of Richmond. The wounds of Twetty and Walker were too serious to admit of their removal. Boone and party hastily erected a stockade fort, or bullet-proof shelter, of logs, as a protection against further assaults of the savages, and placed the wounded men inside, and there nursed them until the 28th, when Captain Twetty died of his wounds and was buried in the enclosure. On the 1st of April, they moved on to the Kentucky river, to the point selected to be fortified, bearing the wounded Walker between two horses.[1] On the fourth day after their arrival, another of Boone's men was killed by the ambushed savages.

On the day of leaving Fort Twetty, as they had named this hasty structure, Boone wrote to Colonel Henderson, urging that if he would thwart the designs of the Indians and hold the country, to hasten his presence with all the forces he could command to the aid of the men now in Kentucky. Henderson had left Wataga on the 20th of March, and in his journal, which he kept, shows strikingly the demoralizing effects these Indian butcheries were having upon the emigrants who had already set out to follow "Boone's Trace" into Kentucky. We quote from his diary:

"*Saturday, April 8th.*—Started about ten o'clock. Crossed Cumberland Gap. About four miles from it, met about forty persons returning from the Cantuckey on account of the late murders by the Indians. Could prevail on only one to return. Several Virginians who were with us turned back from here.

"*Sunday, 16th.*—About twelve o'clock, met James McAfee, with eighteen others, returning from Cantuckey. Of these, Robert McAfee, Samuel McAfee, and several others, were persuaded to turn back and go to Boonesborough."

This was most discouraging, but did not dishearten or deter the men of resolute will, who had planned and were executing their mission. They were too much the men of destiny to pause upon the threshold.

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 496.

Boone and his companions, on arrival at the point selected, vigorously undertook the construction of two cabins, so connected with palisades as to give it the defensive character of a stockade fort, locating the structure near an ancient and widespreading elm tree that became of historic note in after days.[1] Henderson and party arrived on the 20th, swelling the forces to *sixty guns*, in pioneer phrase. After a survey of the ground by Colonel Henderson, the site and plans for more extensive works of defense were determined on, and all available forces set to work in the rapid construction of the same.[2] With so much energy did the men work that the main fort and its defenses were all complete on the 14th of June, less than two months after the arrival of the re-enforcements. At the instance of Judge Henderson, the first fortified camp ever built in Kentucky was christened "*Boonesborough*," in honor of the intrepid leader who had selected the site and pioneered the way to its settlement. As described by Collins, "It was situated adjacent to the river, with one of the angles resting on its bank near the water, and extending from it in the form of a parallelogram. The length of the fort, allowing twenty feet for each cabin and opening, must have been about two hundred and sixty, and the breadth one hundred and fifty feet." The main houses were of hewn logs, and bullet-proof. They were square in form and two stories in height, and one of these projected from each corner of the fort, the spaces between being occupied with intervening cabins and palisades, thus protecting the four sides. The gates were on opposite sides, made of thick slabs of timber, and hung on wooden hinges.

The site of the fort is now better indicated as near the crossing of the Kentucky river by the railroad recently constructed from Winchester to Richmond, though it has long since lost importance as a trading point. Twenty acres were laid off into lots and streets, and fifty acres more were directed to be laid off, out of the full survey tract of six hundred and forty acres. Henderson found himself very much embarrassed on his first arrival, on this account. In his diary for April 21st, he says: "Captain Boone's company having laid out most of the adjacent good lands into lots of two acres each, and taking it as it fell to each individual by lot, was in actual possession of them. After some perplexity, I resolved to erect a fort three hundred yards from the other, and on the opposite bank of a large lick."

Boonesborough was only established as an incorporate town, however, by act of the Virginia Legislature, in October, 1779, "on the Kentucky river, in the county of Kentucky, for the reception of traders." At the same time, the Legislature established "at the town of Boonesborough, to the land on the opposite shore, a ferry over the Kentucky river. The price for a man, three shillings, and for a horse, the same; the keeping of which ferry, and the emoluments of the same, are hereby given and granted to Richard Calloway." Thus was projected the foundations of a city in vision, not to be realized in the future."

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 520. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 520.

The brightest dream of ambitious hope had now materialized to Daniel Boone. It is fit and opportune that we should pause here, and dwell for awhile upon the early life and incidents which form the mold in which was cast the character of a man, unsurpassed in history in simple heroism of unselfish purpose and action, in the modest sphere of life to which designing Providence undoubtedly called him. On the future page, as on the past, the name and deeds of this remarkable man must be prominent to the close of the pioneer era, or the history of Kentucky can not be written. Daniel Boone was born at Exeter, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, on the 14th of July, 1732, according to the family record in the handwriting of his uncle, James Boone.[1] His parents were Squire and Sarah Boone, and he was one of eleven children, seven sons and four daughters. George and Mary Boone, the grandparents of Daniel, emigrated to America and arrived at Philadelphia in October, 1717, from the vicinity of Exeter, England, bringing with them eleven children, nine sons and two daughters. He purchased a large tract of land in Bucks county, when it was yet on the frontier, and gave the name Exeter to it, after his native place in England, and by which the township in Bucks county is yet known. Here, on the right bank of Delaware river, amid the almost unbroken forests, Boone learned his first lessons and acquired that passion for adventures of the hunt and the solitudes of the wilderness which was the ruling impulse of his life. Family reminiscence confirms the natural conjecture of the mind, that in earliest boyhood days, when he was able to shoulder the old flint-lock rifle, and to sight it at arm's rest at an object in view, he daily roamed the woods in search of sport and game. In boyish pride, he one day came in exulting, with the skin of a ferocious panther which he had brought down, just couched to spring upon him. While yet in early teens, he ventured to prolong his absence on the hunt for two days and nights. The alarmed family, joined by sympathizing neighbors, traversed the woods in search of the lost boy. They at length saw smoke rising from a rude structure in the distance, and on reaching it, found young Boone, *in camp*.[2] The floor was covered with the skins of such animals as he had slain, while pieces of meat were roasting at the fire. Such was his beginning.

His education was scant, indeed. We have the tradition of the border school-house of rude logs and puncheon seats on the dirt floor; of the schoolmaster of fickle humors, and given to frequent use of the bottle for himself and of the rod for the children. Boone one day, chasing a rabbit into the hollow root of an old tree, thrust in his hand and brought out the dominie's bottle. Preparing himself by the next day, he put in it a powerful emetic, and quietly prepared the older boys for the crisis. They had all suffered from his cruel temper, and they now knew the cause of it. The result was a day of distressing sickness to the master, of disgust and revolt among the

1 Hartley's Daniel Boone; Peck's Boone.

2 Adventures of Boone, the Kentucky Rifleman; Collins, Vol. II., p. 520.

boys, and of the disruption of the school. In some way, Boone learned to read and write. Beyond this, his education was in that school of accomplishment for his life-work — experience. In this, he graduated with the honors of his class. He was no truant or idler. Indolence and indifference never wrought out of crude humanity such a character as Boone, or Kenton, or Tecumseh!

About the year 1752, Boone's father moved the family to North Carolina, and settled on Yadkin river, near Holman's ford, some eight miles from Wilkesboro. Says the historian of that State:[1] "In North Carolina, Daniel Boone was reared. Here his youthful days were spent; and here that bold spirit was trained which so fearlessly encountered the perils through which he passed in after life. His fame is part of her property, and she has inscribed his name on a town in the region where his youth was spent. His character was peculiar, and marks the age in which he lived." In the year 1755, Boone was married to Rebecca Bryan, a pretty, rustic maiden of the country, with whom he became enamored. To this wedlock were born nine children, five sons and four daughters. Of the sons, James and Israel fell in battle, slain by the hands of the common Indian foe; the latter at Blue Licks.

The period of Boone's residence on the Yadkin was one of continued turbulence and unrest. The seven years' war with France, terminating with the capture of Quebec and the cession of Canada, in 1760, subjected the borders of Virginia to the horrors of Indian warfare from the Miami tribes, and of North Carolina to the same from the Cherokees of the South, all being allies of the French. Following the comparative quiet which for a time succeeded this treaty of peace and partial immunity from savage hostilities, "the colonists of the Carolinas, and of Virginia, had been steadily advancing to the West, and we can trace their approaches in the direction of the boundaries of Kentucky and Tennessee, to the base of the great Appalachian range."

From Ramsey's annals of Tennessee, we have the historic account of the earliest known venture of Boone to the forests of the great West, in 1760. "At the head of one of the companies that visited the West this year came Daniel Boone, and traveled with them as low as where Abingdon now stands, and there left them." How far he penetrated the forest is not recorded; but "there is still to be seen on a beech tree standing in sight and east of the present stage-road leading from Jonesboro to Blountsville, and in the valley of Boone's creek, a tributary of Watauga, Tennessee, the following words, carved into the bark: '*D. Boone CillED A. BAR On Tree in ThE yEAR 1760.*'"

Before the period of Boone's first long visit to Kentucky, the effervescence of discontent and irritant protest against the tyrannical exactions of the British crown, and the insulting intrusions and petty extortions of the foreign

1 Wheeler's "Historical Sketches of North Carolina."

parasites of royalty who were placed in official authority over the colonists, were rife from New England to Georgia. The initial elements needed but time and extended power to formulate an exclusive aristocracy of an association of moneyed fortune, of official power, and of titled lineage, to live in luxury and usurpation by oppression and robbery of the people.

They were already introducing the ostentatious style of living, in contrast to the simplicity of the citizenship. To support their extravagance of style, and their offensive and vulgar aping of the airs of aristocracy, these minions of power—magistrates, lawyers, clerks of courts, and tax-gatherers—imposed enormous fees for their services.[1] The Episcopal clergy, supported by a legalized tax on the people, as in England, not content with their salaries, charged extraordinary fees for special services. For a simple marriage service, the poor farmer was required to pay fifteen dollars, equal to fifty dollars now. Tax collections were enforced with extortionate expenses of litigation; while executions, levies, and distresses were of daily occurrence. Sheriffs demanded often more than double and treble the original debt, under threats of sheriffs' sales, and pocketed the gains. Scarcity of money is always incident to a new country, and the cruel extortions became intolerable.

Petitions to the governing powers for relief were treated with contempt, and in desperation, the people banded together for self-protection. The organizations were known as "Regulators," and they *resolved* "to pay only such taxes as were agreeable to law and applied to the purposes therein named, and to pay no officer more than his legal dues." Out of this came strife and resistance to official proceedings, and finally, actual collision between the Regulators and an armed force led by Governor Tryon, on the 16th of May, 1771, at Alamance, in which the former were worsted. Thus, four years before the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, the war for independence may be said to have practically begun in North Carolina.[2] There was no abatement to the outbreak of 1775.

To the restless, daring, and independent spirit of Boone, these petty tyrannies and outrages were intolerable, and doubtless had much to do in leading him and many comrades to seek liberty and immunity in the far-off refuge of the inviting wilderness. Through all the words that he has spoken or dictated to writers, there is an expression of trust in an over-ruling God, that leaves no doubt that the famous pioneer believed himself an agent in the hands of Providence for His work. Toward the close of his narrative, as dictated to and written by John Filson, in 1784, he says: "I can now say that I have verified the saying of an old Indian, who signed Colonel Henderson's deed at the Wataga treaty. Taking me by the hand, at the delivery thereof, he said, 'Brother, we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it.' My footsteps have often been marked with blood; and therefore, I can fully subscribe to its original name. Two

1 Wheeler's Historical Sketches; Hartley's Boone, pp. 27–28.

2 Hartley's Boone, pp. 43–46; Wheeler's Sketches of North Carolina.

darling sons and a brother have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty horses and an abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, and often scorched by the summer's sun and pinched by the winter's cold—an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness."

We would deem it incomplete to close this brief biographic sketch without introducing the fine passages of Marshall in eulogy of Boone and the noble comrades, who together passed through the crucial trials and perils of that pioneer experience which won from savage resistance an empire of crude territory, and wrought out from its exuberant chaos the six illustrious Commonwealths that lie upon either side of the Ohio river, and within the valley of the Mississippi. These were the toilers who established the foundations for the peaceful homes of millions of posterity, and the State-builders who erected empire and authority for the guardianship of society's most sacred trusts.

Says the historian:[1] "To appreciate the merit of an enterprise, we should have in view the difficulties which opposed its execution. Thus, we judge of Cecrops, the founder of Athens; of Cadmus, the founder of Bœtia; of Danaus, the founder of Argolis. Thus, also, eulogiums have been multiplied and enhanced on Romulus and his hardy followers. In a similar manner, we speak of the first settlers in America. No less than these, have Boone, and others hereafter to be named, merited the appellation of founders; and no less do they deserve the notice of posterity.

"Among the first of these was Daniel Boone, who did not, like Moses of Egyptian memory, find himself the leader of a host of armed followers, impelled by fear or love of the Lord to obey His commands in a journey through the wilderness, though he traversed one equally as extensive and as savage as that of Zin. His attendants were his voluntary comrades, who, without a miracle, reposed their confidence in his sagacity and fortitude. Besides, the names of those heroes and legislators of antiquity have been transmitted to us by the pens of profane historians and poets who, availing themselves of the fictions of past times, have amplified and embellished their subjects with all the inventions of genius, the graces of oratory, and imagery of poetry; or else, under the influence of divine inspiration, the Prophet of Israel has astonished us with the narrative of the wonders he wrought, and which have come down to posterity as miracles. But Daniel Boone, yet living (1812), is unknown to his full fame. From the country of his choice, and of his fondest predilection, he has been banished by difficulties he knew not how to surmount, and is now a resident of Missouri, a Spanish territory. Nor will the lapse of brief time, in which fancy often finds her storehouse of materials for biography, permit the aid of imagination to illustrate his name with brilliant epithets, or otherwise adorn a narrative of simple facts. Yet history shall do him justice, and those who come after him may balance

1 Marshall, Vol. I., pp. 16–18.

his relative claims to the regards of posterity. Without the incumbrance of worldly goods to give him local attachments, and without the illumination of science to enable him to shine in society, at the age of eighteen he found himself possessed of high health and a vigorous constitution, supported by great muscular strength and nervous activity. His sole reliance was on his own arm, and that had been taught to poise the rifle, rather than to use the plow. He delighted to chase on foot the wild deer, and this propensity often led him to places remote from the habitations of men. Accustomed to be much alone, he acquired the habit of contemplation and of self-possession. His mind was not of the most ardent nature, nor does he ever seem to have sought knowledge through the medium of books. Naturally, his sagacity was considerable, and as a woodsman he was soon expert, and ultimately pre-eminent. Far from ferocity, his temper was mild, humane, and charitable; his manners gentle, his address conciliating, and his heart open to friendship and hospitality. Yet his most remarkable quality was an enduring and imperturbable fortitude." The writer was familiar with Boone.

Such is a portraiture of the modern Nimrod and dauntless warrior who for over fifty years led the vanguard of the pioneers of civilization from the slopes of the Alleghanies westward across the waters of the majestic Mississippi, and on to the plains beyond that stretch away to the base of the Rocky mountains. Of the toilers who have builded empires and borne forward the advancing wave of civilization, history records no greater man or truer hero, within his sphere, than simple, unostentatious Daniel Boone.

CHAPTER VIII.

Judge Richard Henderson.
Life and character.
Opens a land office at Boonesborough.
He issues patents in the name of the Transylvania Company.
A great land monopoly designed.
Henderson's diary.
Plan of government by delegates arranged.
The grand old elm.
Delegates assemble under its shade.
First legislation in Kentucky.
Code of laws passed.
First divine service under the elm.
Reduced to a diet of wild game.
Journal of the proceedings of the delegates.
Compact between the proprietors and the people.
Lordly and crafty usurpations.
Protest by the people.
Defense of the company.
The veto power.
Disputed jurisdiction of Virginia after the Declaration of Independence.
Delegate assembly never meets again.
The Transylvania Company usurpation disintegrates under the growth of opposing sentiment and interest.
They fail of recognition by the Continental Congress.
Remarkable scene at Wataga.
Origin of the title, "Dark and Bloody Ground."
Governors of Virginia and North Carolina issue proclamations against the company.
Each of these States grants the company a bonus of two hundred thousand acres.
Alienation of Kentucky from Virginia and the Confederation of States, thus defeated.

Our narrative introduces to us here a character very different from that of Boone, but an associate of the latter who made himself a most prominent and important factor in the settlement of Kentucky. Richard Henderson was born in 1735, in Hanover county, Virginia, and emigrated with his parents to Granville county, North Carolina He was reared in poverty, and his education was neglected almost wholly. Possessed of natural brightness and vigor of mind, and ambitious for preferment, he improved every opportunity with remarkable energy. From the position of constable, he succeeded to that of deputy sheriff under his father, and in the faithful and diligent discharge of the duties of these offices, he acquired that experience that made him distinguished in after life. He prepared himself for the profession of law, and was admitted by Chief-Justice Berry to practice at the bar. Of his career, Collins says:[1] "His energy and spirit knew no rest. He soon rose to the highest ranks of his profession, and honors and wealth followed. Under the law of 1767, providing for a chief-justice and two associates for the province, Governor Tryon the next year appointed Henderson one of the associate justices. While holding the Superior court at Hillsboro, in September, 1770, the 'Regulators' assembled in the court-yard, insulted some

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 337.

of the gentlemen of the bar, and in a riotous manner went into the court-house and forcibly carried out and cruelly beat some of the attorneys. Judge Henderson, finding it impossible to hold court, left Hillsboro in the night. The troubled times shut up the courts."

Such are the antecedents of the bold and adventurous spirit who conceived and planned the gigantic enterprise of purchasing, through an only remaining and shadowy Indian title, over two-thirds of the territory of Kentucky, of colonizing it with emigrant settlers, and of founding on its jurisdiction a sovereignty of government midway between the claims of Great Britain on the north, of colonial Virginia on the east, and of the Spanish Government on the south and west. The impending declaration of independence by the thirteen colonies, and the issues of the inevitable war of the Revolution, made a golden opportunity of the hour and the occasion, and Henderson and his associates hazarded fifty thousand dollars on the purchase of the seventeen millions of acres.

Colonel Henderson, soon after his arrival in the spring of 1775, opened a land office at Boonesborough, and began the issuance of warrants, or orders of survey, under the purchased title and in the name of the "Proprietors of the Colony of Transylvania." The price of lands, until June 1, 1776, was fixed at thirteen and one-third cents per acre. Besides this there was an annual quit-rent of half a cent per acre reserved, but not to begin until 1780. At these rates, any settler before June, 1776, was privileged to take up not over six hundred and forty acres for himself, and for each taxable person he might take with him and settle there, three hundred and twenty acres more. Any person who should not immediately settle might buy not over five thousand acres at seventeen cents per acre.[1]

The effect of these provisional measures was to encourage and largely increase the little stream of immigration that had set in during this spring to Kentucky. It is estimated that there were about three hundred men at and in the vicinity of Boonesborough, St. Asaphs, Harrodsburg, and other points convenient, by June. The title of Henderson & Company seems to have been at first very generally recognized, though there was manifested some jealousy and dissatisfaction at what was deemed usurpation. By December following no less than five hundred and sixty thousand acres of land were entered in the company's office at Boonesborough. All mineral lands were reserved by the company, and in every deed the grantee bound himself to pay "one moiety or half part of all gold, silver, copper, lead, or sulphur mines, etc."

Butler says:[2] "Had this company retained its title, Kentucky would, within their jurisdiction or purchase, have been under a quit-rent forever. The penalty for default of paying the annual rent was a forfeiture of the land, and the right reserved by the company to re-enter said land and regrant the same to any other person. It is much to be doubted whether the high

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 512. 2 Butler, p. 31.

temper of the Western people would have submitted to a state of things which had been a constant source of heart-burnings in the elder colonies. At the same time, in justice to this great company, it must be observed that it furnished, although for sale, all the supplies of gunpowder and lead with which the inhabitants defended themselves and their families. Indeed, the books of Henderson & Company exhibit accounts for these articles with all the inhabitants of the country, in the years 1775–6, while they are credited with various items, as cutting the road to *Cantuckey*, hunting and ranging, etc. The prices of articles in these accounts afford some curious comparisons with those of the present times. Powder was charged at two dollars and sixty-six cents per pound, and lead at a shilling, while labor was credited at thirty-three or fifty cents per day for ranging, hunting, or working on roads. These accounts remain unclosed upon the books in every instance, showing a condition of no little indebtedness for the colonists of Transylvania to the great proprietors."

We can not make this episode of our history, which records the first attempt at an independent government westward of the Alleghanies, more interesting than to quote from Henderson's journal, embracing the brief incidents of its formation, and which introduces us very naturally to the living details of incidents which characterized the men and events of the day:

"*Wednesday, May 3, 1775.*—Captain John Floyd arrived here, conducted by one Joe Drake, from a camp on Dick's river, where he had left thirty of his company from Virginia, and said that he was sent by the company to know on what terms they might settle our lands. Was much at a loss on account of this gentleman's arrival and message, as he was surveyor of Fincastle county under Colonel Preston (a rival jurisdiction).

"*Sunday, May 7th.*—Went into the woods after a stray horse; staid all night, and on our return found Captain Harrod and Colonel Slaughter, from Harrodstown, on Dick's river. It is, in fact, on Salt river, and not on Dick's river. Slaughter and Harrod seemed very jocose, and in great good humor.

"*Monday, 8th.*—Was very much embarrassed by a dispute between the above. The last-mentioned gentleman, with about forty men, settled on Salt river last year (1774), was driven off by Indians, joined the army under Colonel Lewis that fought the battle of Point Pleasant, October 10th, with thirty of his men, and being determined to live in this country, had come down this spring from the Monongahela, accompanied by about fifty men, most of them young men without families. They had come on Harrod's invitation, and had possession some time before we got here.

"After much dispute about the respective claims of Slaughter and Harrod for lands to be apportioned to their respective companies, in order to divert the debate on this irritating subject, a plan of government by popular representation was proposed.

"The reception this plan met with from these gentlemen, as well as Captain John Floyd, a leading man on Dick's river, gave us great pleasure, and therefore we immediately set about the business.

"Appointed Tuesday, May 23d, at Boonesborough, for the meeting of delegates, and accordingly made out writings for the different towns or settlements to sign. For the want of a little obligatory law, or some restraining authority, our game soon—nay, as soon as we got here, if not before—was driven off very much. As short a distance as good hunters thought of getting meat was fifteen or twenty miles; nay, sometimes they were obliged to go thirty miles, though by chance, once or twice a week, buffalo was killed within five miles of the camp. The wanton destruction of game gives great uneasiness.

"*Saturday, May 13th.*—No scouring of floors, sweeping of yards, or scalding bedsteads here.

"About fifty yards from the river (Kentucky), behind my camp, and a fine spring a little to the west, stands one of the finest elms that perhaps nature has ever produced. The tree is produced on a beautiful plain, surrounded by a turf of fine white clover, forming a green to the very stock. The trunk is about four feet through to the first branches, which are about nine feet from the ground. From thence, it regularly extends its large branches on every side, at such equal distances as to form the most beautiful tree the imagination can suggest. The diameter of the branches from the extreme ends is one hundred feet, and every fair day it describes a semicircle on the heavenly green around it of upwards of four hundred feet in circuit. At any time between the hours of ten and two, one hundred persons may commodiously seat themselves under the branches. This divine tree, or rather, one of the many proofs of the existence from all eternity of its Divine Author, is to be our church and council chamber. Having many things on hands, we have not had time to erect a pulpit and seats, but hope, by Sunday sevennight, to perform divine service in a public manner, and that to a *set of scoundrels* who scarcely believe in God or fear a devil, if we are to judge from most of their looks, words, or actions.

"*Tuesday, May 23d.*—Delegates met from every town (Harrodsburg, Boiling Spring, St. Asaphs, and Boonesborough), pleased with their stations, and in great good humor.

"*Wednesday, 24th.*—Convention met (under the divine elm) for the colony of Transylvania; sent a message acquainting me that they had chosen Colonel Slaughter chairman, and Matthew Jewett clerk, of which I approved, and went and opened business by a short speech.

"*Saturday, 27th.*—Finished the convention in good order. Everybody pleased.

"*Sunday, 28th.*—Divine service, for the first time in Kentucky, was performed by the Rev. John Lythe, of the Church of England. Most of the delegates returned home.

"*Monday, June 5th.*—Made out commissions for Harrodsburg, Boiling Spring settlement, and St. Asaphs, both military and civil.

"*Friday, 16th.*—Continue eating meat, without bread.

"*Saturday, 17th.*—Michael Stoner, our hunter, not returned; was expected yesterday. No meat."

There is preserved to us a copy of the original [1] "*Journal of the Proceedings of the House of Delegates or Representatives of the Colony of Transylvania, begun on Tuesday, the 23d of May, in the year of our Lord, 1775, and in the fifteenth year of the reign of his Majesty, King of Great Britain.*"

From this journal, we quote: "It being certified to us here this day, by the secretary, that the following persons were returned as duly elected for the several towns and settlements, to-wit: *For Boonesborough*—Squire Boone, Daniel Boone, William Cocke, Samuel Henderson, William Moore, and Richard Callaway; *For Harrodsburg*—Thomas Slaughter, John Lythe, Valentine Harman, and James Douglas; *For Boiling Spring*—James Harrod, Nathan Hammond, Isaac Hite, and Azariah Davis; *For St. Asaphs*—John Todd, Alexander Spottswood Dandridge, John Floyd, and Samuel Wood. All answering on roll-call at the assembling of the delegates, with the exception of William Cocke, the House unanimously chose Thomas Slaughter chairman and Matthew Jewett clerk. After divine service was performed by Rev. John Lythe, the Assembly formally proceeded to business."

On the 25th to the 27th, the following bills were passed and signed by the proprietors of Transylvania on behalf of the company, and by the chairman, Colonel Thomas Slaughter, on behalf of himself and the other delegates:

First—An act for establishing courts of judicature, and regulating the practice therein.

Second—For regulating the militia.

Third—The punishment of criminals.

Fourth—To prevent profane swearing and Sabbath-breaking.

Fifth—For writs of attachment.

Sixth—Ascertaining clerks' and sheriffs' fees.

Seventh—To preserve the range.

Eighth—Improving the breed of horses.

Ninth—For preserving game.

Then it was "*Ordered:* That the convention be adjourned until the first Thursday in September next, to meet at Boonesborough."

By far the most ominous proceeding of the convention was the action of a committee appointed to determine the compact between the proprietors of Transylvania and the people, which was drawn and signed as follows:

"WHEREAS, It is highly necessary for the peace of the proprietors and the security of the people of this colony, that the powers of the one and the liberties of the other be ascertained, we, Richard Henderson, Nathaniel

[1] Henderson's Journal.

Hart, and John Luttrell, on behalf of ourselves and the other proprietors of the colony of Transylvania, of the one part, and the representatives of the people of said colony, in convention assembled, of the other part, do most solemnly enter into the following contract and agreement, to-wit:

"*First*—That the election of delegates in this colony be annual.

"*Second*—That the convention may adjourn and meet again on their own adjournment; provided, that in cases of great emergency the proprietors may call together the delegates before the time adjourned to, and if a majority be not in attendance, they may dissolve them and call a new one.

"*Third*—That to prevent delay of business and dissension, one proprietor shall act for the whole, or some one delegated by them for that purpose, who shall always reside in the colony.

"*Fourth*—That there be perfect religious freedom and toleration, provided, that the propagation of any doctrine or tenets, evidently tending to the subversion of our laws, shall for such conduct be amenable to and punished by the civil courts.

"*Fifth*—That the judges of the superior or supreme courts be appointed by the proprietors, but be supported by the people, and to them be answerable for their malconduct.

"*Sixth*—That the quit-rents never exceed two shillings per hundred acres.

"*Seventh*—That the proprietors appoint a sheriff, who shall be one of three persons recommended by the court.

"*Eighth*—That the judges of the superior court have, without fee or reward, the appointment of the clerks of this colony.

"*Ninth*—That the judges of the inferior courts be recommended by the people and approved of by the proprietors, and by them commissioned.

"*Tenth*—That all other civil and military officers be within the appointment of the proprietors.

"*Eleventh*—That the office of surveyor-general belong to no person interested or a partner in this purchase.

"*Twelfth*—That the legislative authority, after the strength and maturity of the colony will permit, consist of three branches, to-wit: The delegates or representatives chosen by the people; a council not exceeding twelve men, possessed of landed estate, who reside in the colony; and the proprietors.

"*Thirteenth*—That nothing with respect to the number of delegates from any town or settlement shall hereafter be drawn into precedent, but that the number of representatives shall be ascertained by law, when the state of the colony will admit of amendment.

"*Fourteenth*—That the land office be always open.

"*Fifteenth*—That commissions without profit be granted without fee.

"*Sixteenth*—That the fees and salaries of all officers appointed by the proprietors be settled and regulated by the laws of the country.

"*Seventeenth*—That the convention have sole power of raising and appropriating all public moneys and electing their treasurer.

"*Eighteenth*—That for a short time, till the state of the colony will permit to fix some plan of holding the convention which shall be permanent, the place of meeting shall be agreed upon between the proprietors and the convention.

"To the faithful and religious and perpetual observance of all and every of the above articles, the said proprietors and the chairman of the said convention have hereunto interchangeably set their hands and affixed their seals, the 27th day of May, 1775.

"RICHARD HENDERSON [*Seal*],
"NATHANIEL HART [*Seal*],
"JOHN LUTTRELL [*Seal*],
"THOMAS SLAUGHTER, *Chairman* [*Seal*]."

Throughout, these proceedings evince the spirit of lordly assumption and crafty self-seeking, which were instinctive with royalty and its patronizing favoritism to an exclusive few. It manifested itself in the extortions and wrongs with which the minions of the English Government outraged the colonists, and finally drove them into the war of the Revolution. Too many rights and powers were reserved in this compact to admit of a government of the people and by the people; the pervading principle of republicanism, which alone could satisfy the common sentiment of personal and civil liberty.

Only a little time and reflection were needed to awaken discontent among the settlers. By that fatality which seems ever coincident with enterprise founded in uncertain justice and unstable tenure, the advantages gained by this concession of the delegates to the proprietors tempted the latter to the imprudent step of announcing the increased rates for lands, and for the fees of entry and survey, by an appreciable percentage.



"UNCLE DICK."

[*The first slave brought to Boonesborough, by Colonel Nathaniel Hart: from a portrait by Beard, and kindly loaned the author by Mrs. Rebecca Hart, Woodford county. Uncle Dick long lived, and died and was buried at "Traveler's Rest," the old Governor Shelby homestead, yet owned by Mrs. Hart. By white and colored, he lived and died honored and respected.*]

These and other irritant causes led the settlers to open protest. Virginia had, on the 4th of July, united with the other colonies in the Declaration of Independence, and all were at war with Great Britain. Yet Kentucky was held by many to be as much a part of Fincastle county, Virginia, now as before separation from the mother country. Under this jurisdiction of Virginia, the discontented settlers sought for a refuge. Feeling and action culminated in December in a formal petition to the General Assembly of Virginia, signed by eighty-four of the

settlers, protesting against the usurpations of the proprietors, and setting forth grievances on account of the extortions of the same, and asking the Government of Virginia to assert and maintain its jurisdiction over this part of Fincastle county. Many of these signers were the best men among the settlers, and some even were delegates in the Boonesborough convention. From the petition, we quote in part as follows:

"But your petitioners have been greatly alarmed at the late conduct of those gentlemen in advancing the price of the purchase money from twenty to fifty shillings per hundred acres. At the same time, they have increased the fees of entry and surveying to a most exorbitant rate, and by the short period fixed for taking up the lands, even on these extravagant terms, they plainly evince their intention of rising in their demands as settlers increase, or their insatiable avarice shall dictate. * * * As we are anxious to concur in every respect with our brethren of the united colonies for our just rights and privileges, as far as our infant settlement and remote situation will admit of, we humbly expect and implore to be taken under the protection of the honorable convention of the colony of Virginia, of which we can not help thinking ourselves still a part, and request your kind interposition in our behalf, that we may not suffer under the rigorous demands and impositions of the gentlemen styling themselves proprietors." [1]

The animus of resistance, as well as the earnestness of protest, is breathed throughout. It is but the part of justice to permit the friends of Henderson to offer their defense against the charge in this petition, that the promoters of the Transylvania colony "plainly evince their intention of rising in their demands as the settlers increase or their insatiable avarice shall dictate." In the Virginia Calendar, John Williams is shown to have replied to this allegation, that the original purposes and propositions of the Transylvania Company were not changed. They had originally offered their lands to first settlers and improvers at minimum prices; but that privilege was announced to expire by limitation. With the increase of settlers, the assurance of greater safety, and the growing attractions of the country, the value of lands would naturally be enhanced, and this they had anticipated and set forth from the first. This statement of Williams was confirmed by Colonel John Floyd, which entitles it to great weight and respect.[2]

In the matter of *Virginia vs. Henderson*, from the same authority, Nathan Henderson, brother of Richard, stated in his deposition that the Transylvania Company reserved the right of veto over any act of the improvised Legislature, and gave as a reason for it that it would be dangerous to their rights and interests in the property purchased at the Wataga treaty to surrender the final and sovereign power of legislation to the people or their delegates.[3] Whether he referred to the provision in the compact between the company and the people, by which the proprietors were made a third

1 Hall's Sketches of History in the West, Vol. II., pp. 236–9.
2 Virginia Calendar, Vol. I., p. 275.
3 Virginia Calendar, Vol. I., p. 307.

arm of government, beside the Legislature and council, with power to concur or not in all acts, or to some further agreement not mentioned in the earlier histories, is not determined with certainty.

There is a remarkable episode brought out in this same case of *Virginia vs. Henderson*, in the deposition of Sam Wilson.[1] There was much contention and dissent on the part of some of the Indians at Wataga, as to concessions to the Transylvania Company, and especially when the latter insisted on including all the territory south of the Kentucky river to the Cumberland. In the proceedings of the council, Dragging Canoe, a noted chief, arose and made an impassioned speech, in the delivery of which he turned to the white party, and lifting his arm and pointing his finger ominously to the north-west, sternly said: "*Bloody ground!*" and then pausing a moment, he stamped his foot violently on the earth and continued, "*and dark and difficult to settle!*"

In a few minutes, Oconistoto's squaw, whose suspicions were intensely excited by some person telling her that a dangerous advantage was being taken of her tribe in the terms urged, rushed frantically into the midst of the assembly, and by her wild and hysteric cries produced a panic in the proceedings. In a babel of confusion, the council was adjourned to another day.

With some delay and trouble, confidence was enough restored to reassemble the parties and resume negotiations. Henderson boldly warned the Indians that unless *Chenoca*, or all the land south of Kentucky to the Cumberland river was embraced, he would not open the goods for distribution as presents. The majority of the Indians yielded assent, and the treaty was finally concluded and duly ratified.

We here recall the coincidence of the passage in the closing sections of Boone's autobiography, where he relates that at Wataga an old Indian chief, who signed Colonel Henderson's deed, took him by the hand at the delivery of the same, and said: "Brother, we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it." This evidence of new light upon the question of the origin of the phrase, "Dark and Bloody Ground," brought out in the State papers as published in the Virginia Calendar, is interesting. It affords strong presumptive evidence to the minds of some of the most learned in this literature, that the significant appellation crystalized into this form from the frequent utterances of a current sentiment among the Indians at Wataga.

The Boonesborough convention never reassembled, and the rights and powers claimed by the proprietors of Transylvania were more and more feebly asserted. Dissensions among themselves sprang up, and the ambitious dream of an independent and sovereign government west of the Alleghanies, to be molded and destined amid the confusion and doubt of jurisdictions for the future, was not now to be realized.

1 Virginia Calendar, Vol. I., p. 283.

The proprietors met at their old home, in Oxford, North Carolina, on the 25th of September, and appointed James Hogg to represent the colony of Transylvania in the Continental Congress, then sitting at Philadelphia, and to request "that Transylvania be added to the number of the united colonies, and that Mr. Hogg be admitted to a seat as their delegate." [1] He was refused the honor of such admission. Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson failed to encourage their advances toward gaining the acquiescence of Virginia; and Governor Martin, of North Carolina, early in this same year of 1775, issued his proclamation declaring illegal the Wataga purchase from the Cherokees, so far as it embraced lands now in Tennessee; and Governor Dunmore did the same for the territorial jurisdiction of Virginia. Soon after, the transaction was made null and void by statute.

As a measure of equity, on November 4, 1778, the Virginia House of Delegates formally

"*Resolved*, That the purchases heretofore made by Richard Henderson & Company, of that tract of land called Transylvania, is void. But as the said Henderson & Company have been at very great expense in making the said purchase and in settling the said lands, it is just and reasonable to allow the same a compensation."

Soon after, it was

"*Enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia*, That all that tract of land situate and being on the waters of the Ohio and Green rivers, to-wit: Beginning at the mouth of Green river, thence up the same twelve and a half miles, when reduced to a straight line, thence running at right angles with the said reduced lines twelve and a half miles on each side the said river, thence running lines from the termination of the line extended on either side the said Green river, at right angles with the same, until the said lines intersect the Ohio, which said Ohio shall be the western boundary of the said tract, be, and the same is, hereby granted the said Richard Henderson & Company—two hundred thousand acres at the mouth of Green river, and on both sides of same." [2]

In the like spirit of justice, the Assembly of North Carolina granted to the company two hundred thousand acres more, lying within its jurisdiction. Thus ended, in compromise and concession, the first bold attempt to separate Kentucky from her natural alliance with Virginia. Whether England or Spain secretly connived at this movement at a time most opportune, we may conjecture, but will never know. If it was the first, it was certainly not the last, interference by retainer and intrigue upon the same theater. Had the proprietors been less extortionate and more conciliatory, the future of Kentucky might have been different.

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 511.

2 Littell's Laws of Kentucky, and Virginia Appendix, Vol. III., p. 5.

CHAPTER IX.

Harrod, McAfee, and others lead in one hundred men.

Many return home from fear of the Indians.

First crops raised.

Harrodstown fortified.

Life and services of Captain James Harrod.

His untimely death.

Other gallant spirits at Harrodstown.

St. Asaphs settled by Colonel Benjamin Logan.

Person and qualities of Logan.

Rejects the rights of primogeniture, and divides his property with his brothers and sisters.

His military spirit.

Comes to Kentucky.

Other daring adventurers enter upon this theater of action.

Simon Kenton leaves Fort Pitt to join Lewis' army as a scout and spy.

After the battle of Point Pleasant, he resumes a hunter's life in Kentucky.

Finds the "Caneland" at last.

Builds a camp at Washington, Mason county, clears and plants an acre in corn, and eats the first roasting-ears.

The Blue Licks a great rendezvous of game.

Meets there two wandering white men.

Hendricks captured in camp and burned at the stake.

Accompany Michael Stoner to Hinkson's station.

Other settlements and surveys in Mason county.

Settlement of McClelland and others at Royal Spring, Georgetown, becomes McClelland's station.

Other settlements at Hinkson's, Bourbon county, and Drennon's Lick, Henry county.

Three hundred explorers in Kentucky this year.

Over two hundred acres of corn planted, besides gardens and orchards.

Stories of the New Canaan.

The First women in Kentucky come to Boonesborough and Harrodstown.

Origin of the name of Lexington.

Hinkson and Haggin make settlements on Licking.

Miller's follow these.

Douglas', Gist's, and other survey parties.

Three weeks in advance of Boone's arrival at the mouth of Otter creek, on the Kentucky river, early in April, nearly one hundred men, in separate parties, had arrived at Harrodstown and vicinity, the vanguard of immigration for 1775. Captain James Harrod and his comrades, after the campaign and great battle of the Kanawha, not only held firmly to their purpose of settling in Kentucky, but were re-enforced by others who volunteered to share the dangers of the wilderness with them. Harrod and Hite led about fifty men on their return, and this party reached the site of their cabin improvements, near Salt river, on the 15th of March, and finding them yet standing, at once reoccupied them. On the 11th of March, four days before, the McAfee company had preceded them, and located at their old survey, a short distance below, on Salt river, and at what was afterward known

as McAfee's station, a few hundred yards above old Providence Church, in Mercer county. The latter remained only long enough to clear up and plant in peach-stones and apple-seeds two acres of ground. On the 11th of April, they started with the purpose of returning to Virginia for a time, and left two of their men, Higgins and Poulson, with Harrod, to care for their property and to prevent any intrusion upon the same. They followed in the wake of quite a number of Harrod's men and others, who were leaving Kentucky with even more alacrity than had hastened them in. From Colonel Henderson's journal, we read of date, "*Saturday, April 8th.*—About four miles north of Cumberland Gap, we met about forty persons returning from the Cantuckey on account of the late murders by the Indians." And again, "*April 16th.*—Met James McAfee, with eighteen others, returning from Cantuckey."

After the attacks by the Indians on Boone's party, near the site of Richmond, March 25th and 28th, Captain Boone dispatched a messenger to Colonel Henderson with the following letter:

"APRIL THE 1ST, 1775.

"*Dear Colonel:* After my compliments to you, I shall acquaint you of our misfortunes. On the 25th, a party of Indians fired on my company about half an hour before day, and killed Mr. Twetty and his negro, and wounded Mr. Walker very deeply, but I hope he will recover. On the 28th, as we were hunting for provisions, we found Samuel Tate's son, who gave us an account that the Indians fired on their camp on the 27th. My brother and I went down and found two men killed and scalped, Thomas McDowell and Jeremiah McPheeters. I have sent a man down to all the *lower companies*, in order to gather them all to the mouth of Otter creek.

"I am, sir, your most obedient, DANIEL BOONE."

The "lower companies" were those at Harrodstown and vicinity. Instead of rendezvousing at Otter creek with Boone, a large number made a hasty retreat toward the old colonies, alarmed at such demonstrations of hostilities least expected. The disastrous defeat of the Indians at the Kanawha but a few months before, the treaty of peace negotiated at Chillicothe, and the proclamation of assurance by Governor Dunmore, quieted all fears of danger from that quarter, and had largely to do with inducing so early and numerous an emigration at the first dawn of spring to Kentucky.

There were doubtless numbers among these who were of roving and restless spirit, with little purpose for the future, and whose only compensation was the pleasure and novelty of adventure, without much aim for permanent stay or established interest in the country. Such persons cared to risk little of such dangers for the compensation, and hence were quick to leave on the first appearance of savage hostilities. Of those whom Colonel Henderson met, Robert and Samuel McAfee, and a number with them, readily turned back on his invitation, and accompanied him to Boonesborough. Harrodstown was still occupied by Holmes, Benson, Lynch, Cartwright, Linn, and others

after this exodus of so many comrades. Captain James Harrod, Isaac Hite, and others had settled at and in the vicinity of Boiling Spring, six miles south-east of Harrodstown, now on the turnpike to Danville.

In a letter dated June 12th, at Boonesborough, Colonel Henderson writes: "To the west, about fifty miles from us, are two settlements within six miles of each other, Harrodstown and Boiling Spring. There were, some time ago, about one hundred men at the two places, though now, perhaps, not more than sixty or seventy, as many of them are gone up the Ohio for their families, and some returned by the way we came, to Virginia and elsewhere." It is of record, that at least fourteen of the settlers of this vicinity planted and raised corn within a few miles of Harrodstown this season, and two near Lexington. On May 8th, Henderson's journal mentions that Colonel Slaughter of Harrodstown, and Captain Harrod of Boiling Spring, who that day arrived at Boonesborough to confer concerning the titles to lands, had with him "much dispute about the respective claims of the two for lands to be apportioned to their respective companies."

The exact date and circumstances of the building of the fort at Harrodstown are matters not of record so well preserved as at Boonesborough. Collins says: "The north line of the fort is supposed to have been about two hundred and fifty feet south of the old spring, on the brow of the hill where it rises to a comparative level. The number of cabins in it, or its dimensions, is nowhere preserved. The old graveyard, which stands five hundred feet nearly south-east from the former, is full of head-pieces of rough limestone, without any letters even to indicate the names of the pioneers sleeping beneath."

The representative man and the moving spirit whose indomitable will, prudential instinct, and unfaltering courage gave life and leadership to the community of settlers at Harrodstown and vicinity, was Captain James Harrod, a noble type of that manhood which distinguished the pioneer deeds and incidents of our earliest history. But a year before, gathering around him a band of thirty men, he penetrated to its central depths the great wilderness, and made the first "cabin improvements" ever built in Kentucky, at the site of his own choosing.

[1]Late in summer, he was summoned by Governor Dunmore's messengers to hasten back to Virginia, in view of the invasion of that colony by the confederated Indian army. Summoning his little band, he marched them four hundred miles through the unbroken forests and across the mountains, joined in General Lewis' campaign at the mouth of Kanawha, and there participated in the battle fought and victory won. Tarrying only through the severest winter months, Captain Harrod, with his company re-enforced to fifty men, started back to Kentucky, repeating the long and perilous march through the wilderness for the third time in twelve months. From sketches of him by Marshall, we learn that James Harrod was a man six feet in height,

1 Marshall, pp. 23-25; Morehead's Address

well proportioned, and finely constructed for activity and strength. His complexion was dark, his hair and eyes black, his countenance animated, and his deportment grave. His speech was mild and his manners conciliating, rather by the confidence they inspired than any grace or elegance they displayed. Yet was he but imperfectly educated, even in the elements of the English language. Indeed, it was not letters he learned, or books he studied; and without the culture of these, he knew how to be kind and obliging to his fellowmen, and active and brave in their defense. To breathe the fresh air of the forest, to range the country on hunting and trapping excursions, and to provide his comrades with the spoils of the camp, were far more congenial to his tastes. He was actively engaged in the defense of the country, on scouts on the frontier, and with several expeditions into the Indian country. On such occasions, the dexterity of the woodsman and the bravery of the soldier were as conspicuous as useful. He seemed to be free from ambition, though by instinct a leader. Simple in manner and frugal in diet, independent in sentiment and open in council, destitute of art and without public authority, Captain Harrod nevertheless had a party; not so much that he wanted one, but because the party wanted him. Wherever the social principle exists, when in the midst of danger men instinctively seek a leader to concentrate their force and direct their enterprise, especially of protection and defense. Such a leader is usually the favorite in companionship, and a man in whose courage, skill, and devotion they have the most implicit faith. He lived in the affections and confidence of all around him, and died lamented by surviving friends.

After the country became more populous, Harrod would leave home and domestic comforts and repair to distant unsettled parts and remain for weeks at a time, to gratify the hunter's longing for the forest and the camp. On one of these expeditions he lost his life, some eighteen years after the date of his final settlement, and as his wife testified, by treachery and assassination, by one Bridges, who became offended at him about a lawsuit over property, and under pretense of conciliation, lured him to the forests. After murdering him, Bridges fled the country.[1] The rank of colonel was conferred on Harrod, as a testimonial of his qualities as a soldier and officer.

Besides that of Harrod, the names of impetuous McGary, of ever vigilant and daring Ray, of brave, expert, and devoted Chapline, McBride, Harlan, and others, will not be forgotten, though their deeds of valor were better known than their names in history.

The third important settlement during the spring of 1775 was made at St. Asaphs, more popularly known after as Logan's Fort. This was located near one of those large, flowing springs which were often found in the limestone region of Kentucky, and here forming the head of St. Asaphs run. The site is about one mile west of the present town of Stanford, in the midst of a fine cane and bluegrass country. The settlement here owed its existence

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 614.

and permanent success to the courage and enterprise of Colonel Benjamin Logan, one among the earliest and most distinguished of those bold pioneers, says Collins, who, penetrating the western wilds, laid the foundation of arts, civilization, and religion in the solitudes of the boundless forests. It is among the proudest of those distinctions which have exalted the character of our venerated Commonwealth, that it numbers among its founders men beneath whose rough and homespun hunting-shirts, there dwelt qualities of heroism which would have made them immortal to the historian or poet in Greece or Rome. As the eye wanders along the serried ranks of those stern and iron men, who stood firm and fearless under the gloom of the overshadowing forest, it will rest awhile on a commanding form that towers conspicuously above them all, tall, manly, and dignified; a face cast in the finest mold of manly beauty, dark, grave, and contemplative, and which, while it evinces unyielding fortitude and impenetrable reserve, invites to a confidence that never betrays. Such a man was Benjamin Logan.[1] He was born in Augusta county, Virginia, of Irish parents. At fourteen years of age, he lost his father, and found himself prematurely at the head of a large family. His surroundings had not been favorable to his education, and the widowhood of the mother is not presumed to have added to his opportunities. To his limited knowledge of books, however, he studied in the school of rough experience, and became an adept in the knowledge of men and things.

His father died intestate, and by the laws then in force, the lands were his by primogeniture, to the exclusion of his younger brothers and sisters. He scorned to avail himself of this legalized robbery, and with his mother's consent sold the land not susceptible of partition, and divided the proceeds to those whom a vicious law had disinherited. To provide for his mother a comfortable residence, he united his funds to those of one of his brother's, and with this purchased another tract of land on a fork of James river, and secured the title to her for life, if so long she chose to remain on it, with the remainder to his brother in fee. Having done this, he next determined to provide a home for himself. With tearful farewell, and a mother's "God bless you," Logan turned his steps to the cheap lands of the West, and with his little remnant of money purchased a home on Holston river, married, and settled down to farming.

At an early age, he had shown a predilection for military life, and at twenty-one had accompanied Colonel Bosquet in his expedition against the Indians of the north, as a sergeant. In 1774, he was with Dunmore, in the campaign against the Miami confederation. In 1775, he resolved to come to Kentucky, and with but two or three slaves set out to see the land and lay the foundations for a settlement. In Powell's valley, he met with Boone, Henderson, and others, on their way to Kentucky. With them he traveled through the wilderness, but not approving of their plan of settlement, he separated from them on their arrival in Kentucky, and turning

1 Marshall, Vol. I., pp. 29–30; Collins, Vol. II., p. 469.

westwardly, after a few days' journey, pitched his camp in the present county of Lincoln, where he afterward built his fort. Here, during the same year, he and William Galaspy, with several servants, raised a small crop of Indian corn. In the latter end of June, he returned to his family, on the Holston.

In the fall of the same year, he removed his cattle and the residue of his slaves to the camp, and leaving all in the care of Galaspy, returned home with a view of moving out his family, which was done the next year. These journeys and the exposure in camp to continued peril and privation show the hardihood and energy of his mind, as well as his physical endurance and vigor. Though on his first entrance into Kentucky he met the returning explorers, and heard the stories of Indian massacres and perils, his dauntless spirit led him forward with his little band of comrades, with that determination of will that characterized him throughout his eventful life. Whether Logan took active part for or against the plans of Henderson & Company or not, does not clearly appear. In the Boonesborough Convention the names of Todd, Dandridge, Floyd, and Wood appear as delegates from St. Asaphs, but no mention is made of Logan in this connection. Bold as he ever was in the hour of necessity and duty, severe experience had taught him the value of discretionary reserve.

Other bold adventurers appeared at remoter points in Kentucky during this same year of 1775. Simon Kenton, after spending the winter of 1773–4 in his favorite role of border life—a hunting camp on the Big Sandy—sought refuge in Fort Pitt on the breaking out of the Miami Indian war.[1] Volunteering in person, he performed active and invaluable services as a spy, shifting his movements between the armies of Lord Dunmore and General Lewis, and adroitly moving along the picket lines of the advancing Indian army, for information as a spy. After an honorable discharge from service, he returned to his former camp and hunting-ground, on the Big Sandy, in the autumn of 1774, with Thomas Williams. The old yearning for the "caneland" came over them. Disposing of their furs, they embarked down the Ohio, and one night put in their canoe at the mouth of Cabin creek, Mason county, about six miles above the site of Maysville. Next day, while hunting out from the river, the sight of the longed-for cane-brakes burst on the enraptured vision of Kenton, who had come to be incredulous of the stories of his old comrade, Yeager, of what he had seen in the mystic interior of Kentucky. Here was land richer than he had ever seen before, perennial herbage, and limpid springs. He was entranced, and bearing the cheering news to Williams, they determined to tarry near. Sinking their canoe, they entered the forest, and in May, 1775, built their camp within a mile of the present town of Washington, Mason county. Here they cleared up an acre of ground, and planted it with a portion of corn they had received from the French trader to whom they sold their furs. Before the harvest matured they feasted on the first roasting-ears that ever grew by the hands

[1] Marshall, Vol. I., p. 39; Collins, Vol. II., p. 442.

of a white man on the south side of the Ohio river in that vicinity, and on a spot of land as fertile and beautiful as sunshine ever gladdened. The upper and lower Blue Licks lay less than half a day's journey to the south-west, on Licking river, and beaten paths or traces led to these from the grazing grounds of cane and bluegrass, along which buffalo, elk, and deer were constantly passing to and fro. Following one of these traces, Kenton and Williams found the hills and valleys around the licks covered with herds of these wild animals, and in this new hunter's paradise reveled in sport and feasted on the spoils of the chase.

They were surprised at meeting one day, at the lower Blue Lick, two men, Fitzpatrick and Hendricks, who had wandered thus far interior without food, or guns to procure it, their canoe having been upset in a squall on the Ohio. Hendricks acceded to Kenton's invitation to join their station, while the other insisted on returning to Virginia. Leaving Hendricks at the camp, Kenton and Williams conducted Fitzpatrick to the Ohio, equipped him with gun and ammunition, and took leave of him on the north side of the Ohio, opposite Maysville site. At once returning, they were surprised and alarmed to find the camp unoccupied and in disorder. Not far away they discovered smoke ascending in a ravine, and at once divined the situation. Hendricks had been captured by Indians, and they fled to the woods. Next morning, cautiously approaching the spot where the smoke was seen, they found that the savages had departed. Inspecting more closely, they were horrified to find the skull and bones of unfortunate Hendricks. The fiends had burned him at the stake. Such an act of cruel barbarity seemed incredible to the young frontiersmen, and they reproached themselves that they had not made an effort at rescue. Believing him a prisoner, they had thought it better to leave him to the chances of escape, rather than jeopardize his and their own lives by a doubtful attack on the captors. Returning to the camp at Washington site, they escaped the notice of the prowling Indians. Toward fall, they met with Michael Stoner, who had accompanied Boone to Kentucky the year previous, at Blue Lick, who informed them for the first time that there were many others in Kentucky this year beside themselves. Stoner bearing them company to their camp, they soon after gathered up their property and went with him to the settlements already formed in the interior. Kenton passed the next winter at Hinkson's station, in the present county of Bourbon.

Other *improvers* appeared in Mason county this year. In May, Samuel and Haydon Wells, with seven others, came from Virginia to survey and enter lands. They camped on Limestone creek, and surveyed fifteen thousand acres between the Ohio and north fork of Licking, from above Mill to the mouth of Battle creek—the latter so called from a fight between John Rust and Haydon Wells, so prolonged and desperate that Matthew Rust, in a deposition after, speaks of it as a "damnation fight." The creek is now known as Wells creek.

In April, Charles Lacompte, Andrew McConnell, John McClelland, and comrades, from the Monongahela country, came down the Ohio and passed up the Kentucky river to the Elkhorn region. In June, they set out to return, and crossing the country to Mason county, remained through the summer in the vicinity of Washington. During the few weeks they were on Elkhorn, they made some *improvements* in what is now Scott county, building a cabin at the Royal Spring, which lies at the present western limit of Georgetown. In November, John McClelland, William McConnell, and five others of this party, joined by Simon Kenton and Colonel Robert Patterson, of Pennsylvania, returned to the Elkhorn improvements, and extended and strengthened the buildings at Royal Spring. McClelland's house of that date was the next summer, by the same party and in the same spot, converted into McClelland's station, the first fort known to have been built in Kentucky north of Kentucky river. In its construction, several others from John Hinkson's cabin on South Licking, and from a cabin improvement at Drennon Lick in Henry county, co-operated. This year John Cooper raised a small crop of corn on Hinkson in Bourbon county; and at his hospitable cabin, Simon Kenton and others passed the winter of 1775–6; where in July following, being left alone, the host was massacred by the savages.[1]

[2]Butler, upon the authority of some of the pioneers yet living as late as 1833, computes the number of explorers and settlers who were in Kentucky by May, 1775, at three hundred; and that these planted and raised not less than two hundred and thirty acres of corn. During this year also the seeds of fruits were planted by some of the most thoughtful, and the foundations laid for orchards, which bore abundantly, a few years after, harvests of rich fruit to reward the grateful palates of the backwoodsmen.

The main settlements at Boonesborough and Harrodstown were destined to an acquisition in the autumn of this year, which would bring sunshine and joy to the social circle, and an air of contentment and home comfort to the restless and adventurous men of the wilderness. Daniel Boone was in buoyant hope and spirit over the successful venture of this year, and saw in it the realization of the day-dream which had haunted his imagination for years. About the 1st of September, he took a party of men and returned to his old settlement on Clinch river, determined to set an example to others by removing his family to the new land of his adoption. The praises of this land were ever on his lips; and the spies who returned to the children of Israel from prospecting the land of Canaan told no more marvelous stories of wonders seen, than Boone and his comrades related to their curious and willing neighbors of the colonies. His little band was re enforced, not by men only, but wives and mothers and maidens, in turn, showed a willingness to follow westward the fortunes of husbands and sons and brothers, and the example of Boone's household. About the 1st of September he

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 549–11. 2 Butler, p. 31.

set out again for Kentucky with his wife and children and a few followers. In Powell's valley, he found Hugh McGary, Richard Hogan, and Thomas Denton, with their families and followers, awaiting his arrival. Thus increased to twenty-six men, four women, and four or five children—half-grown, perhaps—he placed himself at the head of the little colony, and gallantly led it through Cumberland Gap and into the mysteries of the great wilderness beyond, where it was destined to be of the germ of a sovereign commonwealth and the plant of a new civilization.[1]

When the party reached the headwaters of Dick's river, in Rockcastle county, McGary, Denton, and Hogan, following their preference for a location, with their families and a few comrades separated from the others, and leaving "Boone's Trace," made their way through the forest toward Harrodstown, where they arrived on the 8th of September. On the same day Boone, with his party, reached Boonesborough. Of this achievement, the old backwoodsman proudly says in his narrative: "My wife was the first white woman who ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky river." It may as truly be said that Mrs. McGary, Mrs. Hogan, and Mrs. Denton became the centers of the first family circles that were ever formed at Harrodstown, and were the first white women upon the waters of Salt river. These advance pioneer women were followed soon by others. The families of Colonel Richard Callaway, William Poague, and John B. Stagner reached Boonesborough on the 26th of September.[2] William Poague removed his family to Harrodstown in February following; and Stagner must have done likewise soon after, as in June, 1777, we learn that he was killed and beheaded by Indians half a mile only from that fort. "Boone's Trace" now afforded a comparatively good road for pack-horses in single file from the settlements on Holston to Boonesborough, and upon this path through the wilderness there was frequent travel to and fro by the autumn of 1775.

The romantic origin of the name borne by the city of Lexington is given in the eloquent address of Governor James T. Morehead, in 1845, at the celebration of the first settlement of Kentucky at Boonesborough, in the following language: "In the year 1775, intelligence was received by a party of hunters, while accidentally encamped on one of the branches of Elkhorn, that the first battle of the Revolution had been fought in the vicinity of Boston between the British and provincial forces; and that in commemoration of the event they called the spot of their encampment Lexington. No settlement was then made. The spot is now covered by one of the most beautiful cities on the continent."

In confirmation of the truth of this incident, in April, 1775, Joseph Lindsey, Garrett Jordan, John Vance, and others started from Drennon's Lick, in Henry county, and came up the Kentucky river to Elkhorn, where John Lee and Hugh Shannon joined them. Following Elkhorn to the forks, thence by way of the Royal Spring, they came to the spot where Lexington

1 Hartley's Daniel Boone, pp. 105–6. 2 Collins, Vol., II., pp. 520 and 616.

now stands. Remaining here in camp for a day or two on account of rainy weather, Patrick Jordan discovered a large spring down the fork on which they camped. When he returned and told of his discovery, Joseph Lindsey promptly paid two guineas to Jordan to go with him and show the spring, and allow him to locate there. There the Jordans aided Lindsey to make a cabin improvement, and to clear away and plant half an acre of ground in corn. In September, Lindsey had a supply of garden vegetables and roasting-ears, the first eaten in that section.[1]

The battle of Lexington was fought on the 19th of April. There were some forty settlers on Hinkson and Licking, within twenty or thirty miles, and these and others doubtless visited the party in the Lexington locality. The tradition was often repeated and accepted without question, in after time, that when the news of the battle was brought, the foresters in camp upon the spot, in honor of the event, gave to the place the name Lexington, and by this it was always known after.

The Hinkson and Licking settlements alluded to above were important. In March or April, 1775, a party of fifteen men, under the lead of John Hinkson and John Haggin, came down the Ohio and up Licking river in canoes, and landed at the present site of Falmouth, remaining there some days on account of rains and high water. The hackberry tree, out of the side of which Samuel Williams cut a *Johnny-cake board*, near the mouth of Willow creek, was standing in 1803 with the scar of the deep wounds. Proceeding up Licking to the buffaloes' trace below Lower Blue Lick, they disembarked and followed the trace north-westward to a point between Paris and Cynthiana, and there made clearings and a settlement for each man of the party. These were the foundations for Hinkson's and Martin's stations, about one mile above Lair's depot, on the Kentucky Central Railroad, and here the foresters raised corn and vegetables, which not only supplied their rude tables, but gave seed for succeeding crops there and to neighbors.[2]

But a few days behind these, another party of fourteen, led by William and John Miller, came the same canoe route and fell in with Hinkson's band near Lower Blue Lick. Following the same old main trace, the same that led by the site of Lexington, they separated at a branch trace in Bourbon county, and turning westward, camped on Miller's run, near the crossing of Ruddle's road, as afterward known. In this vicinity they made fourteen improvements, one for each of the party. These two neighboring settlements became a common point of rendezvous and dispersion for passing bands of explorers, scouts, and hunters, of little less importance than the stations on the south side of Kentucky river.

A letter of Colonel Henderson to his associates in North Carolina, of date June 12, 1775, sums up the geographic situation in terse and general terms, and we quote as follows:

"We are seated at the mouth of Otter creek (Boonesborough), on the

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 177. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 325.

Kentucky river, about one hundred and fifty miles from the Ohio. To the west, about fifty miles from us, are two settlements some six or seven miles apart (Harrodstown and Boiling Spring). There were, some time ago, about one hundred at the two places, though now not more than sixty or seventy, as many have gone up the Ohio, and others, by the way we came, to Virginia and elsewhere. These men, in the course of hunting provisions, lands, etc., are some of them constantly out, and scour the woods from the banks of the river fifty miles southward. On the opposite side of the river, and north from us about forty miles, is a settlement on the crown lands of about nineteen persons (Hinkson's); and lower down toward the Ohio, on the same side, there are some other settlers (Miller's)—how many, or at what place, I can't exactly learn. There is also a party of ten or twelve with a surveyor, who are employed in searching through that country and laying off officers' lands. They have been for more than three weeks within ten miles of us, and will be for several weeks longer, ranging up and down that country."

The latter survey party were probably the Douglas and Gist party, who, with James Harrod and others, under the guidance of David Williams, explored and located many lands from Stoner southward toward the Kentucky river, as did Douglas, Floyd, and Hancock Taylor, on the same and a wider field the year previous.

CHAPTER X.

Opening of the Revolutionary war.
Declaration of Independence.
Menace of Kentucky from British posts in the North-west.
General George Rogers Clark.
His life and services to Kentucky and the Union.
The "Hannibal of the West."
From the Dunmore war, he comes to Kentucky with a major's commission.
Declines to enter the English army.
Counterplots the plans of Transylvania Company.
Chosen a commissioner to Virginia.
Returns there through great privations.
Asks supply of ammunition for Kentucky.
Virginia's doubtful jurisdiction.
Clark declines to assume the responsibility for her.
His alternative.
Virginia finally consents.
Clark and Jones induce the Burgesses to create Kentucky county out of part of Fincastle county.
Indian spies watch the convoy of powder to Kentucky.
It is landed on the banks of Limestone in Mason county, and hid there.
Captain Todd attempts to convey it in.
Is attacked and defeated by Indians.
Clark, with a troop, brings in the powder.
Boonesborough startled by the capture of Boone's and Callaway's daughters.
The pursuit.
The rescue and return of the maidens to their parents.
Tactics in trailing Indians.
Leestown, at Frankfort, established.
Hinkson's and other stations abandoned.
Sandusky station, Washington county.
Whitley station founded near Crab Orchard.
Colonel Patterson starts to Pittsburgh for ammunition.
Party attacked at Kanawha.
Patterson desperately wounded.
Indian methods in sieges and attacks.
McClelland's, at Georgetown, attacked.
Repulsed.
The place soon after abandoned.
First divine services.
Characteristics of the people.

In the spring of 1775 there appeared at Harrodstown, with some mystery attending his coming, a man who was destined to act a conspicuous part in the early history of Kentucky, and whose genius and enterprising ability did more than that of any other man to secure to the united colonies the conquest and settlement of the entire North-west, to the Lakes on the north and to the Mississippi on the west. George Rogers Clark was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, November 19, 1752. Little is known of his earlier years, excepting that he was engaged in the business of land surveying. From an interesting pen-picture of his early life by Mr. Bodley, we quote:

"If you will let your imagination roam with mine for a moment, we will go—we are there—on that beautiful slope of rolling country east of the Blue Ridge, in Albemarle county, in Virginia, in 1773, on an early April morning, chill and crisp and clear. And as we move along the farm-bor-

dered country road, here before us is the entrance of an old-time, broad-porticoed Virginia farm-house; and there seems to be some excitement hereabout, for over there, hanging just back of the porch-corner, is a gathering of evidently curious negro slaves of all sorts and of all ages—an old, trembling, gray-haired man, leaning on his long, hickory stick, ebony women in blue check aprons and yellow bandanas, and children of every size in cotton gowns that look like meal-bags with arm-holes cut in and the ends cut off. And here in front, standing hat in hand, is a well-dressed young negro man holding a saddled horse. That tells the story; somebody is going away. Presently the door opens, and a young man, a mere light-haired boy, but very tall and noble to look upon, turns and bends to kiss his mother, then his sister, then again his mother. 'Good-bye, brother; be sure and send the powder. Good-bye.' And presently up yonder where the road is entering the forest, he turns in his saddle and waves a farewell to the gathered ones at home.

"That was George Rogers Clark, the founder of this Commonwealth, then leaving his home a young soldier-engineer of twenty-one to seek adventure and cast his fortune with the people in the wilds of Kentucky.

"In that day, the young men of Virginia rarely engaged in mercantile pursuits, and those who did not choose to enter one of the learned professions, and for whose restless energies farming was too prosaic a life, found at once a reputable, active, and congenial occupation in land surveying. It is a singular fact that from Washington down a large proportion of the eminent men of action in the Southern colonies were, in their younger days, engaged in this pursuit. And so it was that young Clark and the two of his five brothers who afterward won distinction, the one as the first major-general of the State of Virginia, and the other as a general and the first governor of Missouri, were in their earlier manhood surveying engineers."

Clark commanded a company in the Dunmore war, and bore an active part against the Indians, though he was then but twenty-two years old. At the close of hostilities, he was offered a commission in the English service, but was induced, by the threatened rupture between Great Britain and the colonies, to decline the appointment.

Of Clark, Marshall says: "His appearance, well calculated to attract attention, was rendered particularly agreeable by the manliness of his deportment, by the intelligence of his conversation, the vivacity and boldness of his spirit for enterprise, and the determined interest he manifested to make of this country his home. He fixed on no particular residence, and was much in the woods; incidentally visiting the forts and ostensible camps, cultivating the acquaintance of the people, and acquiring an extensive knowledge of the objects presented to his curiosity and for his inspection."

In stature, some six feet three inches in height, of well proportioned body and shapely limbs, Clark was of that imposing presence and dignity that

commanded the tribute of deference from all who approached him, and yet so gentle and affable to all that the magnetism of his person won the confidence and secured the friendship of those around him. The description of person and bearing reminds one of the great Washington, and the unselfish nobility of his character, his civic and military genius, and his devoted patriotism, made him, in the obscure field of the mighty West, a hero only less than Washington by the limited theater of his opportunities.

Clark made his first adventure westward in company with Rev. David Jones, in 1772–3. Coming as far down as the mouth of the Scioto, he returned to the Kanawha valley. In the spring of 1774, he was preparing for a more extended exploration of Kentucky, with a party of daring followers, when his purpose and plans were diverted by the impending Indian war for the time. Whether he came to Kentucky with an official commission or not is of doubt; but such seemed to be his superior military bearing and prestige, he was, by common consent, placed at the head of the irregular troops then in Kentucky, and saluted with the title of major. Though a man of no ostentatious pretensions to scholarly attainments, he is said to have been of meditative and observing mind, and much devoted to the study of some branches of mathematics and to the history and geography of the country.

The question of jurisdiction between Henderson & Company and Virginia agitated the settlers everywhere in Kentucky, for it affected every land title in the country. Major Clark could not have remained a disinterested observer of this most vital issue. He was indeed the only man then in Kentucky who was the peer of Colonel Henderson in far-reaching sagacity, in political diplomacy, in masterly leadership, and in resolute will of execution. From present and subsequent measures for marplotting and foiling the plans of the proprietors of Transylvania, we may reasonably infer that Major Clark very promptly conceived a determination to overthrow this bold jurisdiction, based alone on the proprietary assumptions of nine individuals, citizens of North Carolina.

The reserve, with which he concealed his personal animus and aim behind the ostensible authority under which he acted as the representative of the dissatisfied settlers in the Harrodstown community, detracts nothing from the finesse of the strategist shown in the execution of his plans.

During the year, he familiarized himself with the settlers, thoroughly studied the geographic, civil, and military relations of the country, and interested himself with patriotic devotion in the future welfare of the infant colony.[1] He seemed thus early to be impressed with the importance of this country to the security of Virginia and her sister colonies, not only from its local consequence, but as the pivotal key to the great West and North-west.

Having returned to Virginia in the autumn previous, Clark came back to Kentucky in the spring of 1776. After quietly conferring with some of the

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 133.

leading settlers, at his suggestion, a meeting for counsel and decisive action was called at Harrodstown on the 6th of June, at which Gabriel Jones and himself were chosen members of the Assembly of Virginia. This did not accord with the plans of Clark, as he advised that the meeting should choose agents to negotiate with the Government of Virginia, and if abandoned by the latter, to employ the lands of the country as a resource to obtain money and emigration, and thus to lay the foundation for an independent State. The purpose seems to have been, in either event, to marplot and defeat the schemes of the Transylvania Company.

Clark and Jones were aware that they would be entitled to no seat in the Virginia Assembly on such credentials as they could offer; yet they accepted the mission and set out for Williamsburg, the seat of government. Pursuing the route through the wilderness in a very wet season, through mud and over mountains, kindling no fires for fear of savages, their privations and distresses brought on illness. "Suffering more torment," says Clark, "than I ever experienced before or since, we found the old stations near Cumberland Gap abandoned from fear of the Indians." Here, however, they tarried and recuperated, but this delay prevented their arrival until after the adjournment of the Assembly.[1] Jones went back to Holston, and left Clark to care for the Kentucky mission.

Waiting on Governor Patrick Henry, he unfolded the objects of his presence. Approving heartily these objects, the governor gave him a suitable letter to the executive council of the State. An application was made to the council for five hundred pounds of gunpowder, for defense of the stations in Kentucky. On the plea of doubtful jurisdiction, as Kentucky had not been recognized by any formal legislative act since the separation from Great Britain, they could only *lend* the powder to friends in distress; not give it to fellow-citizens. A condition imposed was that Clark must be answerable for the powder in case the Legislature should not recognize the Kentuckians as citizens, and in the meantime, he must bear the expenses of its conveyance to the settlements. Clark assured them that this was out of his power; that the British were intent on engaging the Indians in the war; that the remote and exposed settlements might be destroyed for want of defensive means, and that once destroyed, the frontiers of Virginia would next be assailed by the savages. The council were inexorable, while they expressed the deepest sympathy and desire to aid. It was too great a stretch of power to go farther.

The order was issued to deliver the powder to Clark, but the latter resolved to reject the offer on the conditions. He saw that to accept would only weaken the future claim of Virginia to the territory, and finally confirm that of the Transylvania Company. His alternative was fixed before he left the chamber, to repair to Kentucky and exert the resources of the country for the formation of an independent State. He formally returned the order

1 Butler, p. 38.

to the council, with a letter informing them that he could not individually undertake to transport so large a quantity of gunpowder through the vast wilderness, infested with armed enemies; that he was mortified that the people of Kentucky must turn for assistance elsewhere than their own State; that a country not worth defending was not worth having, and that aid could be found elsewhere. The letter had its effect. Clark was sent for, and an order was passed on the 23d of August for the conveyance of the gunpowder to Pittsburgh, "to be safely kept and delivered to Mr. George Rogers Clark, or his order, for the use of the said inhabitants of *Kentucky*." Thus the long and intimate relationship between the parent and the infant Commonwealth was well established, and the splendid domain of the North-west secured to the former.[1]

It must be borne in mind that during these negotiations the claim of the Transylvania Company was being adroitly pressed for recognition by the Virginia Government. Messrs. Henderson and Campbell were the representatives of this interest. The fall session of the Assembly coming on, Clark and Jones laid the Harrodstown petition before that body, in face of the opposition of Henderson and Campbell. The result was that they obtained a division of Fincastle county, and the erection of the *County of Kentucky*, embracing the present State limits.

Thus, by his genius and bold finesse, did Clark earn for himself the honor of laying the solid foundation of a sovereign government westward of the Appalachian chain.

Late in September, hearing that the powder yet lay at Pittsburgh, and rightly supposing that intelligence of its transmission had failed to reach Kentucky, Clark and Jones determined to return that way and secure its transportation through. At Fort Pitt, they found many lurking Indians, pretending to make treaties and trade, but who really were spies on the movements of our countrymen, whose intention to descend the Ohio they seemed to suspect. The party, with seven boatmen, resolved to prosecute their voyage at once, and in so doing were followed by these Indians until they reached the mouth of Limestone, in Mason county. Turning up this stream, and hiding their precious cargo in the woods along its banks, they let their boat adrift and set out for Harrodstown to procure a sufficient escort for the powder. On their route, they stopped at Hinkson's cabin, on the west fork of Licking. Here they fell in with a party of surveyors, who told them that Captain John Todd was in the vicinity with a small body of men, but enough to safely convey the powder through. Clark, after waiting for some time for Todd's arrival, pressed on to Harrodstown with two comrades, leaving the remainder with Jones. Captain Todd arrived soon after the departure of Clark, and being informed of the facts, marched with ten men to effect its removal. Near the Blue Licks, they were attacked by a band of Indians who were following Clark. Jones and others were killed,

[1] Butler, p. 40.

and some made prisoners. Clark hastened back from Harrodstown, and safely brought in the coveted military supplies under the convoy of an armed party which he led. From this time on, Clark was, by common concession, looked to as the leading and master spirit of the foresters, and was found ever foremost in the fierce conflicts and desperate deeds of the wild and thrilling events of frontier life.[1]

During this year, and since the autumn of 1775, the colony of Boonesborough spent the time peaceably and pleasantly enough, in hunting, fishing, clearing the woods and improving, and cultivating their corn and other crops, which had been much increased. Only once were they molested during the winter, when one man was killed by lurking Indians in the vicinity. The hostiles, but few in number, at once disappeared.

On July 14th, one of the most thrilling episodes of the dramatic and tragic events of this period occurred; an event which exasperated the brave and resolute foresters to even more desperate courage, and which painfully impressed the few women who had ventured to follow the fortunes of their husbands and loved ones to western wilds, with a vivid sense of the dangers to which they were daily subjected in their border life.[2] The two daughters of Colonel Richard Callaway, Elizabeth and Frances, and Jemima, the daughter of Colonel Daniel Boone, the first just grown to young womanhood, and the latter two fourteen years of age, ventured out of Boonesborough late in the afternoon, for a boat ride on the Kentucky river, and out of the immediate reach of the guards on duty. While innocently amusing themselves on the water, and unconsciously drifting in their canoe very near to the opposite shore, they were suddenly surprised and captured by a small band of lurking Indians who were ambushed in sight of the fort, on mischievous intent. With the advantage of the river between them and rescue, the Indians quickly disappeared, under cover of the forest and undergrowth, with their beautiful and helpless maiden captives, near the hour of sundown. Brave Elizabeth Callaway, in that spirit of self-defense so common to the women, as well as men, lifted her paddle and gashed an Indian's head to the bone. It availed nothing to avert their fate. The shrieks of the girls attracted attention from the fort, and those within had just time to see the savage captors bear away their victims from the sight of the loving ones behind. A thrill of horror ran through the breasts of all, only to be at once followed by the intensest anger, resolve, and revenge. The fathers, Boone and Callaway, were both absent at the time, but soon returned. What lent romance and peculiar interest to the scene, the three lovers of the maidens were in the fort. Samuel Henderson, the brother of Colonel Henderson, and the elder Miss Callaway were betrothed, and the day of marriage set not far in the future. Colonel John Holder was the accepted lover of Fannie Callaway, and Flanders Callaway of Jemima Boone. The three lovers at once placed themselves under Boone, together with Major Smith, Colonel

1 Butler, p. 41. 2 Marshall, p. 43.

Floyd, Bartlett Searcy, and Catlett Jones. This party of eight at once entered on the pursuit, while another party followed on horseback.[1]

In this warfare with the wily savages, experience taught the necessity of method and tactical skill to the frontiersmen, the neglect of which rendered even the veteran soldiers of the regular armies often easy victims to savage arts and strategy. In this connection we mention one of the practices of the Indian fighters of that period, as related by a descendant of a pioneer who received it by tradition of the living actors.[2] In these raids of predatory bands, when sudden retreat would often follow a sudden raid, it was usually a trial of strategic art for the pursuers to find and keep the trail, and for the pursued to obscure or efface it, so as to baffle the pursuers. The foresters were compelled to meet and fight the Indians after their own ways, and were only successful when they learned to outwit the red men in their own tactics. If the Indians left numerous and unmistakable signs on the retreat, it was significant that they desired to be followed and were anxious or expectant for the wage of battle on terms of such advantage as they could employ. In such cases, the whites were on the alert for ambuscade or a surprise attack. If, however, escape without a fight was the aim, the obscure trail left was the monitor to the pursuing party. In these cases, it was often necessary that a dim trail should be followed on the double-quick step. The backwoodsman learned to note, with unerring glance, every sign of an Indian trail, many of which an inexpert eye would never see. The peculiar mark of the moccasin, the bruised plant or grass, the disturbed rock or stick, the bent or broken twig, the thread of hair or dropped feather, the fright of game or flight of birds, and countless little things, all were scored as signs of trusty guidance. Yet signs sometimes failed, and the trail was lost. To go back and look it up again would be fatal to the purpose of rescue and revenge. To remedy this, the men in pursuit were placed at intervals of twenty or thirty steps apart in a front line, and the middle man put upon the trail at the start. The order was given to forward at a quick step, often on the lope. It was the duty of the expert hunter in the middle to watch the trail with a vigilant eye. If the signs disappeared, he cried out in tone loud enough to be heard by the men nearest to him, "trail lost!" The next men on his right and left repeated, "trail lost!" and so on, until the warning cry rapidly reached both ends of the line. No halt was made, but every pursuer quickened his glance to find the trail again. It might be discovered by the middle man, or the next man on either side, or any other of the party. If so, the finder of the lost trace cried out, "trail found!" and the cry repeated on the right and left. "trail found!" went from mouth to mouth, until it reached both ends of the line, and thus the pace of pursuit never flagged.

So Boone placed his men in line, the middle man at the trail, as soon as they could reach the north bank of the river. The forward order was given,

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 576. 2 Charles Worthington, Boyle county.

and by nightfall the pursuers camped five miles from the point of starting, not able to keep the trace under cover of the night. At day dawn, the resolute men were off again, and in hot pursuit. It was vital to their plans that they should surprise the Indians, and effect a safe deliverance of the captives before the remorseless tomahawk and scalping-knife could have time to accomplish their usual bloody work upon the unfortunates, and the captors escape. Boone's wary discretion, never more resolutely shown, was here equal to his dauntless courage in this most delicate emergency. Every eye was kept strained to the front, words passed in bated breath, and yet no step was allowed to falter. On the fleeing captors went, bearing their precious prizes forward to death, or worse; onward the determined pursuers followed, to the rescue and to revenge. Not less intense and exciting was the romance of incident and adventure in the rape of the Grecian Helen, the flight of the Trojans with the peerless beauty, and the pursuit of the avenging Greeks to the walls of devoted Troy; only a Homer was found to sing the marvelous deeds of gods and men for the one, while only the prose of the historic narrator tells the unadorned story of the other.

Northward, the Indian party hastened their flight, following a route near by the sites of Winchester, North Middletown, and Carlisle, until on Tuesday morning, the third day after the capture, in camp within a few miles of Blue Licks, over forty miles from the point of starting, they were engaged in preparing an early and hasty breakfast. The pursuers had followed all day Monday, taking fresh courage with every sign of the trail. Elizabeth Callaway broke off twigs whenever she could do so, until her life was threatened by an upraised tomahawk. Then she managed to tear off and drop small shreds of her clothing. Having refused to exchange her shoes for moccasins, as the other girls had done, she impressed her heels in the soft earth, to guide pursuit. The Indians compelled them to walk apart through the cane and brush, and to wade up or down the branches of water, so as to hide their trail and deceive as to their number.

By day dawn on Tuesday, the whites were on the trail again, and after a few miles of travel, they saw smoke curling above the trees over where the savages had kindled the fire to cook their morning meal of buffalo or venison. Colonel Floyd says, in a letter written a few days after: "Our study had been how to get the prisoners without giving the Indians time to murder them after being discovered. We saw each other nearly at the same time. Four of us fired, and all rushed on them, by which they were prevented from carrying anything away except one shot-gun, without ammunition. Colonel Boone and myself had pretty fair shots, and they hastily fled. I am convinced I shot through the body. The one he shot dropped his gun; mine had none. The place was covered with thick cane, and being so much elated recovering the three poor little broken-hearted girls, we were prevented from making any further search. We sent the Indians off almost naked; some without their moccasins, and none of them with knife or toma-

hawk. After the girls came to themselves sufficiently to speak, they told us there were five Indians—four Shawanees and one Cherokee; they could speak pretty good English, and said they were going to the Shawanese towns. The war-club we got was like those we have seen of that nation, and several words of their language, which the girls retained, were known to be Shawanese."

In the confused excitement, that which might have proven the saddest of catastrophes was but timely averted. Elizabeth Callaway was a brunette, with black eyes and hair. The exposure had deepened the color of her complexion. When the quick onset was made, she was sitting at the root of a tree, with a large, red bandana handkerchief tied around her neck and shoulders, and the two wearied comrade maidens asleep on either side, with their heads in her lap. One of the white party, mistaking her for an Indian guarding the girls, rushed on, with the butt of his gun uplifted to dash out her brains, when his arm was arrested just in time to save the life of the noble girl. The narrowness of the escape chastened the joy of the rescue with a tinge of melancholy for the day. But one of the Indians ever returned to his tribe, as was afterward learned.[1]

We must leave to the imagination to picture the joys of that rescue, the meetings of the lovers after so rude a separation, and the glad rejoicings of kindred and friends at the fort in the welcome of their return. Less than one month after, on the 7th day of August, Samuel Henderson led to the rustic altar Elizabeth Callaway, and they were made husband and wife—Squire Boone, then an ordained minister of the Baptist church, performing the first ceremony in Kentucky. In due course of time the other two couples, faithful to their first loves and earliest vows, were also married.[2]

The year passed without further events of stirring interest at Boonesborough, Harrodstown, and Logan's fort, the leading places of settlement and rendezvous. During the year, Colonel Logan and others added to the social and home attractions of the latter place the presence of their wives and families, and some did the same at the two other stations. Planting, tilling, and harvesting went encouragingly on, while general improvement was manifest.

Leestown (named for Lee, who was there killed by the Indians), one mile below Frankfort, was begun with a cabin improvement a year or two before, and became a noted stopping and camping place for the explorers. This year it was better established, and other cabin improvements were added. These were not in the form of a stockade defense, but rather for the transient use and convenience of the emigrants and explorers who came in from Fort Pitt or the Monongahela country by way of the Ohio and Kentucky rivers, and also a resting point between Lexington and Louisville. On account of its defenseless and exposed situation, and the more menacing attitude of the Indians, the improvements were soon after abandoned.

1 Collins, Vol. II., pp. 526 and 527. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 521.

Thomas Kennedy built a cabin and made some improvements on Kennedy's creek, in Bourbon county, as did Michael Stoner on Stoner's fork of Licking. The settlement on Hinkson's fork, in Bourbon county, was abandoned in July, not being fortified, on account of Indian depredations and murders. John Hinkson and eighteen others reached Boonesborough, July 20th, on their way back to Virginia, and so disaffected the little garrison there as to induce ten of its number to join them, leaving not thirty fighting men for its defense.[1]

Sandusky station, on Pleasant run, in Washington county, was about the same time built by a party led by James Sandusky. The latter was a brother of Jacob Sandusky, who, in 1774, was cut off from the station at Harrodstown by an Indian attack, and who traveled to the Cumberland river southward, procured a canoe and followed its waters to the Ohio and Mississippi, and on to New Orleans, and from thence by sea, via Baltimore, to Virginia. He joined his brother again at Sandusky station, where they dwelt until 1785, and then removed to Jessamine county.[2]

William Whitley was born in what is now Rockbridge county, Virginia, in August, 1749. Though an industrious tiller of the soil, with a limited knowledge of books and the outside world, he was gifted with the spirit of frontier enterprise. In January, 1775, having married Esther Fuller, a comely and worthy maiden of the neighborhood, and settled down to housekeeping, the rumors of the Eden-like land beyond the mountains reached his ears. "Esther," said he to his bride one day, "I hear fine reports of Kentucky, and if these be true, I think we could make a comfortable home and build up our fortunes there much more easily than here." "Then, Billy, if I were you, I would go and see," promptly replied the spirited woman.[3] In two days he was on the way, starting with only his brother-in-law, George Clark, but falling in with seven others on the route. Whether his permanent settlement at Whitley's station, in Lincoln county, two miles south-west of Crab Orchard, on Boone's trace, with his wife, was this year or after, we have no certain information. He was one of the bravest and most enterprising among the pioneers, both in the defense of the country and in advancing its material and civic interests. Of him, Marshall writes: "He made choice of a place in the south-eastern section of the rich land of Kentucky, where he became a most active, vigilant, and courageous defender of the country, whose fame will descend embalmed in history, with ample testimonials of his valued services and his unselfish merits." At the site of this station was built a brick house, said to be the first erected in Kentucky, and which was yet standing ten years ago. The window sills were six feet above the floor, to prevent the Indians from spying or shooting into the rooms.

About midsummer, and just after the capture of the three maidens at Boonesborough, Marshall relates that it was ascertained that a host of savages had come into the country with hostile intentions, and, the better to

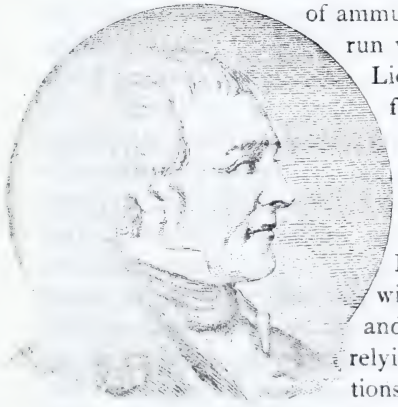
1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 327. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 750. 3 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 41.

effect their purposes according to their mode of warfare, had dispersed in small bands, and thus infested the different camps and stations, some of which had been recently erected. Says Colonel Floyd, in a letter to Colonel William Preston, dated at Boonesborough, July 21st:

"Hinkson's settlement on Licking has been broken up. Nineteen of the settlers are now here on their way in, John Hinkson among the rest. They all seem deaf to anything we can say to dissuade them. Ten of our people, at least, are going to join them, which will leave us with less than thirty men at this fort. I think more than three hundred have left the country since I came out, and not one has arrived except a few *cabineers* down the Ohio."

Two weeks before, the Indians had harassed the Licking settlers, killed John Cooper, and done much damage to stock and property. In this section improvements had extended, and several little neighborhood colonies had been added to those of the year before, and the *improvers* had increased their plantings of corn, potatoes, peach stones, and apple seeds, with a view to home like permanency. The region was nearly depopulated, as the precaution to build a strong defensive fort, as at Boonesborough and Harrodstown, had not been taken. Others sought refuge in McClelland's fort at Georgetown Spring, among whom were Captain Haggin, some from Hinkson's, and others from Drennon's Lick in Henry county.

Colonel Patterson, one of the leading men in building this fort at Royal Spring, with six others, started on a trip to Pittsburgh, to replenish the supply of ammunition and other necessaries, which had run very low. Halting a few days at Blue Licks to *barbecue* and *jerk* a supply of buffalo meat for their journey, they passed on to Limestone (now Maysville), where they obtained a canoe, and ascended as far up as Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Kanawha, without interruption from Indians. From this point they proceeded with great caution, sleeping without fire, and starting before the break of day, and relying on their cured meats for daily rations.[1] Late in the evening, on the 12th of October, they landed a few miles below the mouth of Hockhocking, on the north side of the Ohio, and, contrary to usual practice, made a fire, being less cautious as they neared the settlements. They laid upon their arms around the fire, and at dead of night were attacked by eleven Indians, who gave them a volley and then fell on them with their tomahawks. Colonel Patterson's right arm was broken by two balls in it, and a tomahawk sunk into his side between severed ribs,



COL. ROBERT PATTERSON.

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 699.

penetrating to the cavity. He sprang out into the darkness and got clear, supposing all his companions killed. He made for the river, in hopes of getting into the canoe and floating down to Point Pleasant; but as he approached it, he found an Indian in it. Soon the whole Indian party got aboard and floated down the river. Colonel Patterson succeeded in reaching the fire again, where he found a companion named Templeton, wounded very much like himself; another named Warnock, wounded dangerously; and Perry, wounded slightly. Of the other three, one was killed, one missing, and Mitchell remained unhurt. They had saved but one gun and some ammunition. The next morning Warnock was unable to move, when they arranged for Perry to try and reach Grave creek and bring aid, while Mitchell remained to care for the others. Warnock soon died, and the others sought shelter under a projecting cliff some two hundred yards distant from the camp, until relieved by the assistance brought by Perry. After eight days of suffering and nursing, they were removed to Grave creek. Patterson lay twelve months under the surgeon's care.

Before the close of the year 1776, the pioneer defenders were to experience the first attempt by the Indians at an investment and assault on one of their fortified stations, on the issue of which would certainly depend the question of holding their possessions in Kentucky for the future. In regard to their method of siege and attack, Marshall, who was cotemporary with the pioneer age of the Commonwealth, gives the following graphic description: "The Indian manner of besieging a place is somewhat singular, and will appear novel to those who have derived their ideas of a siege from the tactics of regular armies. It is such, however, as profound reflection or acute practical observation, operating by existing circumstances, would dictate. They have not great armies nor battering engines, nor have they learned the use of the scaling ladder. Besides, caution, the natural offspring of weakness, is more observed than courage. To secure himself is the first object of the Indian warrior; to kill his enemy, the next. Hence, in besieging a place, they are seldom seen in force upon any quarter, but dispersed, and acting individually or in small parties. They conceal themselves in the bushes or weeds, behind trees or stumps, waylay the path or places to which their enemies resort, and when one or more can be taken down they fire the gun or let fly the arrow aimed at the mark. If necessary, they retreat; if they dare, they advance upon their killed or crippled adversary, and take his scalp or make him prisoner, if possible. They aim to cut off the garrison supplies by killing the cattle, and watch the watering places for those who go for that article of prime necessity, that they may, by these means, reduce the place to their possession or destroy the inhabitants in detail. In the night they will place themselves near the fort gate, ready to sacrifice the first person who may appear in the morning; in the day, if there be any cover, such as grass, a bush, a little mound of earth, or a large stone, they will avail themselves of it to approach the fort by slipping forward, face downward, within

gun-shot, and then whoever appears gets the fire, while the assailant makes his retreat behind the smoke from his gun. At other times they approach the walls or palisades with the utmost audacity, and attempt to fire them or beat down the gate. They often make feints to draw out the garrison on one side of the fort, and, if opportune, enter it by surprise on the other. When their stock of provision is exhausted by protracted siege, this being an individual affair, they supply themselves by hunting; then frequently return to the siege, if by any means they hope to increase the number of their scalps.

"Such was the enemy who infested Kentucky, and with whom the early adventurers had to contend. In the combat they were brave, in defeat they were dexterous, in victory they were cruel. Neither sex nor age nor the prisoner was exempted from their tomahawk or scalping knife. They saw their perpetual enemy taking possession of their hunting-ground, to them the source of amusement, of supply, and of traffic; and they were determined to dispute it to the utmost extent of their means. Had they possessed the skill which combines individual effort with a concerted attack, and had they directed their whole force against each of the few and feeble forts in succession, instead of dissipating strength by attacking all at the same time, they could easily have rid Kentucky of its new inhabitants, and once more restored it to the buffalo and the Indian. The usual result was to inflict great distress on the settlers, to kill some of them, and to destroy their crops and cattle, without being able to capture the forts.

"Of the settlers, it is to be said that they acquired fortitude, confidence, and dexterity in proportion to the occasional pressure. In the most difficult times the Indians were obliged to retire into the woods for game or for safety, and generally by night they withdrew to encamp at a distance. In these intervals the white men would plow their corn, gather their crops, or get up their cattle, or hunt the buffalo, the deer, and bear for their food. When traveling, they left the beaten paths, and frequently employed the night in going to and from the garrison, often exchanging shots with the enemy."

On the 29th of December, McClelland's fort, with some twenty men to garrison it, was invested and threatened by about fifty Indians under the Mingo chief, Pluggy, quite noted as a warrior; the same who had recently defeated Colonel John Todd and party, in their expedition to Mason county to convoy in the powder donated by Virginia through Major Clark. The garrison sallied out imprudently to attack, and were repulsed by the Indians. McClelland and two of his men were killed and four wounded; among the latter Colonel Todd and Captain Edward Worthington, both men of prominence and worth. The Indian chief, Pluggy, was slain, among others of the Indians, and they at once abandoned further effort and withdrew. This station was soon after abandoned, amid the lament of the men and women there, who sought safety within the stronger palisades of Harrodstown.[1]

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 609.

The first mention made of divine service in Kentucky was in Henderson's diary: "*Sunday, 28th May, 1775.*—Divine service, for the first time in Kentucky, was performed by the Rev. John Lythe, of the Church of England." This was doubtless under the shade of the grand old elm, of which Henderson speaks in raptures in this same diary. No doubt Rev. Lythe often repeated such services at Boonesborough and elsewhere, and especially at Harrodstown, where he made his home. Says Collins: "The first preaching in Mercer county was at the Big Spring, on the farm recently owned by William Payne, and now within the corporate limits of Harrodsburg, by Revs. Peter Tinsley and William Hickman, Baptist ministers, from the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." The congregation assembled at the edge of the spring, under the shade of a magnificent elm tree, the stump and roots of which were remaining in 1873. This was early in May, 1776.[1]

These incidents, seemingly trivial, unfold to us the rude and robust habits of the foresters, unsubdued by conventional forms and usages. In its social, civil, and religious phases and expressions, the life of no community of people was ever more unrestrained and independent in the citizen. These characteristics gave an intense individuality and self-reliance to each man; yet with an implied and tacit reserve that the crude little social fabrics demanded that no one should, with impunity, use his liberty for a license to do a wanton wrong or injustice to his neighbor. Behind the outward manifestation of this personal freedom of opinion and action, there was a profound respect for social purity, profound regard for civil authority, and a profound reverence for the worship of the true God; traits of sentiment never found absent from the Anglo-Saxon mind, and the observance of which has given to the modern world its finest types, in Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-American civilization. Kentucky doubtless, at this time, had her full quota of lawless and reckless spirits; but the main body of the settlers were men of earnest and honest purpose, who were ever forward in upholding the principles of law and order. Among the whole were some of gifted and sagacious minds, and of practical education and experience—men whose genius, in older and populous governments, where the theaters of opportunity were broader and more fruitful, would have placed them in the front ranks as civilians, as statesmen, or as military chieftains. All classes were represented in these advance guards of pioneers, who ventured to the fertile and expansive wilderness to repair their fortunes or to build their homes.

The importance of the Kentucky district of Fincastle county, of which it was still a part, could no longer remain unobserved by the government of Virginia. When the Legislature of the State assembled, such was the disposition to accommodate the people of this remote part of its territory with the benefits of civil and military organization, that an act was passed, on the 6th of December, to erect *Kentucky county* out of the south-west ter-

1 Collins, Vol. II, p. 617.

ritory of Fincastle county, "lying south and westward of a line beginning on the Ohio, at the mouth of Great Sandy, and running up the same, and the north-easterly branch thereof, to the Great Laurel ridge or Cumberland mountain, and with that to the line of North Carolina."

This was a measure of great importance to the colonists. To this time they had no voice in the choosing of civil magistrates and a protective police, none in the election of representatives in the Legislature of the parent government, and none in the regular military organizations for defense. Now they would be entitled to two representatives, to have a county court of civil jurisdiction in matters of law and equity, to justices of the peace, military officers, sheriff, and other county officers; in fine, to be a civil municipality, with powers competent for all the wants of local government.

CHAPTER XI.

Kentucky county organized.
Quarterly court opened, with power to sit monthly.
Settlements reduced.
Intrigues of the English to incite the North-west Indians to hostilities.
Civilization outraged.
The French guilty of similar crimes.
Captain Smith's narrative.
Instigated only by vengeance and malice, passions common to all conditions of war-like strife.
Ray party attacked near Harrodstown.
Rescued by McGary.
Ray's fleetness of foot.
Foils an attack on Harrodstown.
Ruse of the Indians to draw out the garrison.
Defeated in this.
McConnell killed.
Ray escapes again.
Fort closed on him.
James Ray's invaluable services while yet a boy.
Indian ambuscade near the fort discovered by cattle.
Major Clark routs them.
Pursuing, finds the main camp.
Kenton and Haggin attacked near Hinkson's.
Escape to Boonesborough.
Organized band of spies patrol the Ohio border.
Boonesborough attacked.
Rattling fight.
Kenton kills three Indians, and carries Boone, wounded, into the fort.
Indians disperse.
Gloomy outlook for the foresters.
Weak stations abandoned.
Reduced garrisons in the stronger.
Shaler's description of the fort.
Boonesborough again besieged.
Feints made on Harrodstown and St. Asaph's.
Savages defeated and siege raised.
Captain Smith pursues and defeats two bands of Indians.
Colonel Logan moves his family all to St. Asaph's.
This fort attacked.
Colonel Logan's daring rescue of the wounded.
Desperate defense.
Powder nearly exhausted.
No supply nearer than Holston, in Virginia.
Logan resolves to secure it, or perish.
Goes for it, and returns successful.
Two months' siege.
Food supply nearly gone.
Colonel Bowman, with one hundred men, relieves the garrison.
British amnesty proclamation found on one of the slain soldiers.
Logan attacks an Indian party at Flat Lick.
His right arm broken by a bullet.
Clark sends spies to Illinois.
Census of Harrodstown.
Relief party reach Boonesborough.
The Long Knife.
The late season brings some rest and relief to the harassed settlers.

The period of the earlier months of this year (1777) was not an auspicious one for the future of the settlers. During the latter half of the previous year, the Indians, dispersed in small bands, had spread destruction and dismay throughout the land, and the more exposed improvements were generally abandoned. It was the custom of many improvers to come out in the


GEORGE ROGERS CLARK
DANIEL BOONE
SIMON KENTON

spring and extend their clearings, plant their seeds and fruit trees, gather in and consume the temporary supplies, and then return to spend the winter in the old colony, with a view to a permanent move of family and home at a safer day in the future. We read from Colonel Floyd's letter that Boonesborough was left with thirty guns but a few months before. The foresters did not return with re-enforcements at the opening of this season, as they did the last. The reduced settlers, however, were destined soon to be visited with incursions of more formidable bodies of Indians than had yet ventured to invade the disputed ground of strife.

The war of the Revolution had now been in progress for nearly two years, since the hostile demonstrations at Lexington and Bunker's Hill. Six months ago, the Delaration of Independence was signed, and the vow for liberty or death found an echo of sympathy in the hearts of all true American colonists. It was more an obvious fact than an open secret that Great Britain was, from the frontier posts of Canada and the forts of Vincennes and Kaskaskia, not only furnishing the Miami tribes and their North-west confederates with arms and munitions of war, but inciting them with the arts and intrigue of unscrupulous diplomacy. They lured them with gifts and bribes to wage a war upon the feeble Kentucky colonies, which they well knew, after the Indian fashion, meant nothing less than butchery of men, women, and children, and mutilation and savage outrage, wherever it might be possible for them to commit such atrocities. Ashamed to license their own regular troops to violate the laws of civilized warfare, the English Government did not scruple to purchase and employ the cruelest of savages to perform these revolting crimes against a people of their own kindred and blood, and with whom they were but recently allied in the fraternal bonds of a common citizenship.

To add to the enormity of this national crime of the English Government, so often committed and repeated on the children of Kentucky, wherever her armies have invaded or her gold corrupted, the scenes of savage cruelty, aided and abetted by the French in the war ending with the treaty of Paris, in 1763, and perpetrated upon her own captive soldiers, were vivid and fresh upon the pages of her journals and military reports. The protest of her people against the barbarous cruelty of these should have restrained the fratricidal hand, and taught her not to neglect the quality of mercy in the policies of warfare against her own children, however wayward they seemed. We quote from the narrative of Colonel James Smith, an old Indian fighter, long a prisoner with the Indians, and for years a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and who moved to and settled in Bourbon county, Kentucky, in 1788. He was a captive and an eye-witness of some of the cruelties of the Indians in the presence of French officers, at Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, toward the English prisoners brought in after Braddock's defeat. He says:[1]

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 78.

"About sunset on the day of the battle, I heard at a distance the well-known scalp hallo, followed by wild, quick, joyful shrieks, and accompanied by long-continued firing of guns. This too surely announced the fate of the day. About dusk, the party returned to the fort, driving before them twelve British regulars, stripped naked, and with their faces painted black, an evidence that the unhappy wretches were devoted to death. Next came the Indians, displaying their bloody scalps, of which they had immense numbers, and dressed in the scarlet coats, sashes, and military hats of the officers and soldiers. Behind all came a train of baggage-horses, ladened with piles of booty and scalps, canteens, and all the accoutrements of British soldiers. The savages appeared frantic with joy, and when I beheld them entering the fort, dancing, yelling, and brandishing their red tomahawks, and waving their scalps in the air, while the great guns of the fort replied to the incessant discharge of rifles without, it looked as if h—ll had given a holiday, and turned loose its inhabitants. The most melancholy spectacle was the band of prisoners. They were dejected and anxious. Poor fellows! they had but a few months before left London, at the command of their superiors, and we may easily imagine their feelings at the strange and dreadful spectacle around them. The yells of delight and congratulation were scarcely over, when those of vengeance began. The devoted prisoners—British regulars—were led out from the fort to the banks of the Alleghany, and to the eternal disgrace of the French commandant, were burnt to death at the stake, one after another, with the most awful tortures. I stood upon the battlements and witnessed the shocking spectacle. The prisoner was tied to a stake, with his hands raised above his head, stripped naked, and surrounded by Indians. They would touch him with red-hot irons, and stick his body full of pine splinters and set them on fire, drowning the shrieks of the victim in the yells of delight with which they danced around him. His companions in the meantime stood in a group near the stake, and had a foretaste of what was in store for each one of them. As fast as one prisoner died under his tortures, another filled his place, until the whole perished. All this took place so near the fort that every scream of the victims must have rung in the ears of the French commandant."

All this nature and usage of these savages in war were familiar to the mind and experience of the British Government and its military representatives. To add intensity to the repugnant horror which should have restrained them from engaging such allies or instruments to war upon the exposed and unsheltered frontiersmen, they knew that these and like barbarous atrocities, which had sealed in death the tortures of captive British soldiers at Fort Duquesne, would not only be visited upon the citizen soldiers of Kentucky, but on the aged non-combatant, the sainted pure mother and maiden, and the cradling infant as well. Hundreds of spots in Kentucky are stained with the blood of these innocents, murdered by Indian rifle, or arrow, or tomahawk, to appease the cruel vengeance of England's rulers against her

colonist children for the constructive crime of loving liberty and hating tyranny. The guilt of these crimes against humanity will stand out upon the pages of history, an indictment and verdict of the common sentiment of mankind, more against the rulers of the British Government than against the ignorant and wretched instruments whom they purchased or incited to do the revolting deeds. How many families of to-day yet hold among their ancestral traditions, reminiscences of these savage cruelties perpetrated on some kindred grandparent, maiden, or babe, and instigated by the remorseless vengeance of the English authorities, from 1776 to the close of the war of 1812.

We treat this method of warfare as prompted only by vengeance, for it could by no possibility have any favorable bearing toward the English side in the issues of legitimate war between that country and the colonies. On the other hand, the effect that followed was to arouse an indignant resistance on the part of the stern backwoodsmen, and to lead to those measures of retaliation which not only visited terrible punishment on the guilty Indian tribes, but accomplished the downfall of the frontier forts garrisoned and held by the guiltier English.

We have not discussed this episode of history in any spirit of prejudice against the English Government and people. They were then, and are now, the best types of European development. We have seen that the French were just as guilty in instigating their Indian allies to deeds of savage cruelty and atrocity against their enemies in war, in violation of civilized usages. Any nation of Europe at war with another would have pursued the same revengeful and inhuman practices, if the same tempting opportunities had offered. The spirit of revenge and cruelty in warfare is not an incident peculiar to any nation of people, civilized or not. War is in itself anger, strife, and retaliation. Its existence implies the dominance of the unbridled spirit of revenge and cruelty; a spirit that lies latent in times of peace, in that greatest of necessary evils in a government—its military arm and equipment—and which finds its worst expression in the midst of the storm and carnage of warfare. It converts the civilized into the barbarian, and the barbarian into the fiend incarnate. It sweeps along the multitude with the resistless tide of angry and violent sentiment, and if the few resist the temptation to be cruel and remorseless, it is because they can be better than, and superior to their surroundings. Against this spirit of war, our condemnation and protest may properly be directed when we recall the sufferings of our ancestors from the cruelties of savages. The apology that the English did, perhaps, only what any other warring nation would have done under like circumstances may be urged. And yet this view does not excuse or atone for the guilt of the crimes in question, for no nation claiming to be civilized should have been their author.

The militia had just organized at Harrodstown, under the provisions of government for the new county. About the same date, James Ray,

afterward the noted frontiersman, General James Ray, but now a youth of seventeen, his younger brother, and two neighbors, William Coomes and Thos. Shores, were engaged in clearing land at Shawanee Springs, for Colonel Hugh McGary, who had married Mrs. Ray, the mother of the two boys named.

The Ray boys and Shores visited a neighboring sugar-camp to drink of the maple water, leaving Coomes at the clearing. After being alone some time, Coomes suddenly saw a body of fifteen Indians coming toward him from the direction of the sugar-camp. Concealing himself behind the trunk of a tree just felled, he cocked his rifle and awaited developments. Fortunately, the thick cane and undergrowth aided in his concealment as they passed near by in Indian file. Coomes then escaping, started toward the sugar-camp to find what had become of his companions. Discovering no trace of them, he hid himself in the boughs of a fallen tree, the dried leaves of which were nearly the color of his butternut garments. Shortly, he observed forty Indians halt near the sugar-camp, and these to be rejoined by the fifteen whom he had previously seen. They tarried a long time, singing their war-songs and dancing their war-dances. Coomes witnessed all this at a distance of only sixty yards. Other straggling Indians came in, until the number increased to seventy.[1]

From Rev. Dr. Spaulding's sketches, we continue the narrative: "Meantime, James Ray had escaped, and communicated the alarm to the people. Great was the terror and confusion there. The hot-headed McGary openly charged James Harrod with having been wanting in the precautions and courage necessary for the defense of the fort. These two men, who had a personal enmity against each other, quarreled, and leveled their deadly rifles at each others' bosoms. In this conjuncture, the wife of McGary rushed in and turned aside the rifle of her husband, when Harrod immediately withdrew his, and the difficulty was temporarily adjusted.

"McGary insisted that a party of thirty should be immediately dispatched with him in search of Coomes, Shores, and his other step-son, William Ray. Harrod and Colonel Clark thought this measure rash and imprudent, as all the men were necessary for the defense of the place, liable to be attacked any moment. At length, however, the request of McGary was granted, and thirty men were placed under his command for the expedition. The detachment moved rapidly, and soon reached the sugar-camp, which the Indians had abandoned. Near it, they discovered the mangled remains of William Ray, at sight of which McGary turned pale, and came very near falling from his horse in a faint. At first sight of the lifeless body, one of the men shouted out: 'See there! they have killed poor Coomes.' Coomes just sallying from his hiding-place, overheard the exclamation as he came up, and answered: 'No, they haven't killed me, by Job! I'm safe!' With the burial of young Ray, the party returned about sunset to Harrodstown."

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 611.

It seems that the elder brother Ray escaped the fire of the Indians, and ran with wonderful speed toward the fort, four miles away, distancing all the Indians in pursuit, and thus gave a timely warning that probably saved the reduced garrison from a surprise attack.

James Ray became celebrated for his swiftness of foot, and this quality served its valuable uses, not only in saving his person more than once from captivity or death, but by deliverance of the settlements from impending dangers. The remarkable speed with which Ray outran all the warriors of Blackfish on the above occasion elicited the highest admiration of the Indians, and led that noted chief to remark to Boone, after the capture of the latter at Blue Licks, that "some boy at Harrodstown had outrun all his warriors." Thomas Shores, reported dead, years after returned from captivity among the Indians.

The warning was most opportune. The Indians delayed the attack they had meditated on the fort a day or two, still in hope to gain an advantage by strategy or surprise after the warning given by Ray. On the morning of the 7th of March, a cabin, situated a few hundred yards from the fort, was stealthily fired. The garrison, supposing the burning an accident, rushed out to extinguish the flames. The Indians had committed the incendiary act, to decoy the garrison into an exposed position, where they could take them at a disadvantage, and by a sudden flank move they endeavored to intercept their return to their shelter. As usual, the cautious woodsmen went out with loaded rifles in hand, and gradually falling back, after some firing, they reached a piece of woods on an elevation—the same on which the Court-house at Harrodsburg now stands—where each man took a tree, and from this position soon repelled the Indians and made their way back into the fort. Several were killed and wounded on both sides, but it is probable that the Indians suffered the severest loss. They at once withdrew their forces from the vicinity.

Soon after this, one McConnell and Ray were practicing firing their rifles at a mark—a frequent pastime with Western men—when McConnell was shot dead from ambush. Ray, discovering the Indian, leveled his rifle to shoot him in revenge for the death of his companion, but found himself suddenly beset by a large body of Indians, who had crept up unseen. For nearly two hundred yards, Ray was exposed to their fire in his retreat, which was accomplished at his best speed. But when he neared the fort, with the Indians in hot pursuit, those inside did not dare to open the gate for his admission. In this most critical situation, in range of the guns of the enemy and refused shelter by his friends, Ray had the last alternative to throw himself flat on the ground behind a stump, just large enough to cover his body. He lay in this position four hours, the bullets of the enemy whistling by and sprinkling his clothes with the torn earth, within but seven yards of the walls, with his mother's anxious voice in his ears. The savages did not dare to draw nearer, nor he to uncover. At last Ray, at the happy suggestion

of the moment, called out: "For God's sake, dig a hole under the cabin wall and take me in!" The thought of the expedient was immediately adopted, and the young hunter was introduced in safety to his kindred and friends, to the great relief of all.

During this year the Indians hovered in large numbers around Harrodstown and in the vicinity; it seemed for the purpose of preventing any corn from being raised by the settlers. Not only was this important supply cut off, but of forty horses brought out by Colonel McGary and others, there was but one left to the use of the settlers, and this somewhat the worse for age and hard usage. In this period of distress and peril the agile and daring boy, James Ray, proved an indispensable arm of relief. His vigilance and fertility of resource seemed to admit of no limit. He often arose before day and left the fort on the old horse which yet remained, in order to replenish the scanty supply of food for the garrison. Cautiously finding his way toward Salt river along some covert path or through the undergrowth, he would ride in the waters of that or some tributary stream, in order to conceal his tracks; and when out far enough to avoid the hearing of his rifle by the savages, he would kill his load of game and bring it in under nightfall. Throughout these frequent adventures he escaped unhurt, while other hunters often perished in the undertaking of similar feats.

It was the approach of autumn, and the staple resource, outside of wild meat, of roasting ears, and corn meal, was mainly cut off. The people felt the need of substitutes. The ground was being cleared about two hundred yards north-west of the fort for a turnip patch. An Indian was shot at by one of the guards while the clearing was going on, and the men withdrew. The next day the few cattle left, while grazing in sight, seemed unusually disturbed, and were observed to sniff the air with impatience as the breeze came over a small field that had been left to grow up in high weeds. The presence of concealed Indians there was at once suspected, as this excitement of brute instinct was never manifested by the familiar presence of the whites. Colonel Clark resolved to turn the ambuscade on the hostiles. Directing some to continue working in the turnip field, and to occasionally call to their companions in the fort to come on and join them, Clark led a party of men to the rear of the suspected spot, and suddenly attacked them lying in the weeds. Four of the Indians were left dead, one killed by Clark, and one by young Ray. The fleeing foe was pursued but a short distance until within four hundred yards of the fort, down the creek, the whites suddenly came upon an extensive Indian camp, with two rows of camp lines and poles between for hanging their kettles, that might have accommodated five or six hundred red skins. Here, under the very shadow of the fort, they had fixed their main rendezvous, and kept their camp concealed almost in double rifle shot of the closed gates and reduced garrison, while they spoliated on the country around. The main body had evidently abandoned this extensive camp, and the Indians last attacked were but a remnant of rear

guards. As this was the first of the foe that young Ray was known to have killed, Major Clark complimented him with a presentation of the gun of his victim. The rest of the Indian property captured was, after the custom, divided by lot among the soldiers.

The organized militia of Kentucky county was early this year put under the general command of Colonel George Rogers Clark, whose presence and heroic spirit at this most critical period served more than all else to inspire confidence and hope to the scattered frontiersmen, whose numbers were so thinned out by the exodus of the last fall and winter.

Early this spring, Colonel Clark sent Kenton, Haggin, and four others on the north side to Hinkson's to break out some flax and hemp left at this abandoned station.[1] They espied some Indians encamped around the station. Kenton, ever prudent as he was brave, counseled a retreat. Haggin swore that only a coward would run without one fire. Kenton at once dismounted, and all followed his example except a young Dutchman, who seems to have kept his head in the midst of the general folly. The alert Indians by this time discovered the whites and opened fire on them, when the latter beat a most timely retreat, Haggin in the lead of all, abandoning their horses, all except the wise Dutchman, who cantered home with his serviceable horse. Kenton directed the party to make their way to Harrodstown, while he put the garrison at Boonesborough on guard. He took the precaution not to attempt to enter the fort before dark, knowing well the wiles of the savages. This saved his life, for when he did enter he found the men bearing in the bodies of two men slain but two or three hours before on the same path that he would have trodden.

Colonel Clark now felt the need of organizing a body of spies to traverse the frontier borders, watch the Indians, and give timely notice of their movements. Under his order, Boone appointed Simon Kenton and Thomas Brooks; Harrod named Samuel Moon and Bates Collier; and Logan, John Conrad and John Martin. Each week, in turn, they ranged by twos up and down the Ohio and about the deserted stations, looking for Indian signs. This was of great benefit to the harassed settlers, but not uniformly effectual against stealthy approaches, even with the veteran Kenton himself, as narrated by Collins:[2]

"Kenton and two others, about this time, were standing in the gate of Boonesborough fort one morning with their guns loaded, ready for a hunt, when two men at work in the field near by were fired on by Indians. They immediately fled, not being hurt. The Indians pursued, and a warrior overtook and tomahawked one of the men within seventy yards of the fort, and proceeded to scalp him. Kenton shot the daring savage dead, and immediately, with his hunting companions, gave chase to the others. Boone, hearing the firing, with ten men hastened to the assistance of his spies. Kenton turned and observed an Indian taking aim at the party of Boone,

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 445. [2] Collins, Vol. II., pp. 445–6.

and, quick as thought, brought his rifle to his shoulder, pulled the trigger, and the red man dropped dead at the report of the gun. Boone, having advanced some distance, now discovered that his small party, consisting of fourteen men, was cut off from the fort by a large body of the foe which had got between him and the gate. There was no time to be lost. Boone gave the word, 'Right-about! fire! charge!' and the intrepid hunters dashed in among their adversaries, in a desperate effort to regain the fort. At the first fire from the Indians, seven of the fourteen whites were wounded; among the number, the gallant Boone, whose leg was broken, which stretched him on the ground. An Indian sprang on him with uplifted tomahawk; but before the blow descended, Kenton, everywhere present in the midst of the strife, rushed on the warrior, discharged his gun into his breast, then lifted up and bore his leader into the fort. When the gate was closed and all secure, Boone sent for Kenton. 'Well, Simon,' said the old pioneer, 'you have behaved yourself like a man to-day; indeed, you are a fine fellow.' This was great praise from Boone, who was a silent man, little given to compliment. Kenton well deserved the eulogium. He had saved the life of his captain and killed three Indians, but had been kept too busy to scalp any one of them. The enemy, after keeping up the siege three days, retired."

The Indians, wholly unskilled in the civilized methods of storming or besieging fortified posts, and untrained in that open, daring, and disciplined firmness necessary to carry them by assault, failing to surprise, and despairing of success by force, dispersed to the forests again from before Boonesborough, as before Harrodstown, where their skill and numbers gave them the decided superiority. These attacks on the forts must have resulted in losses to themselves, out of all proportion to the killed and wounded of the whites. As it was a point of interest with them to conceal the evidences of injury inflicted in battle, they skillfully removed their dead and wounded, whenever possible, from the view of their enemy.

The elements of aggressive growth and strength in the infant colony had well-nigh disappeared, and the ominous cloud of discouragement veiled its future from the hopeful visions of its best tried and most enduring friends. We have mentioned the general abandonment of all the unfortified stations and settlements, and the concentration of the remaining settlers at the three leading stockade forts, on the south side of the Kentucky river. It will convey an idea of the defensive feebleness of the country when the fact is noted that the regular garrison of Boonesborough was now reduced to *twenty-two guns;* of Harrodstown to *sixty-five guns;* and of St. Asaph's to *fifteen guns*, in pioneer phrase. Even these militiamen were temporarily enlisted, and liable to leave at the expiration of their limited engagements. These garrisons, in cases of siege or attack, must depend for re-enforces upon the transient adventurers who might happen to be tarrying with them for the time.

Professor Shaler, in his late learned and interesting generalization of

Kentucky history, says of these rude specimens of fortified retreats: "This system of a defensive village differs in certain ways from anything known in other countries. I have been unable to find that it had been used at an earlier period in any other part of America outside of the Southern colonies. It probably never was in Europe. It is likely it is a modification of the Indian stockade already known to the early settlers. It is an admirable adaptation of the defensive quality of the log house to the modern rifle. When defended by a score or two of deliberate and determined men, such a fort can not be taken by escalade, for each block-house is a keep that has to be taken by a special assault. The only risk is from the enemy being able to fire the houses; but with a sufficient supply of water, a fire can readily be extinguished from the inside. Although there was no care in providing these structures with a moat or ditch, they proved remarkably successful forts, and were never carried against a reasonably good resistance. This pattern of stronghold became the type of all stations constructed in Kentucky and elsewhere. The weapon of these pioneers—the small-bored, long, heavy-barreled rifle—was the best gun ever used by the frontiersman in the forest. Its small charge made the supply of lead and powder less difficult than it would otherwise have been; and up to one hundred and fifty yards, the ordinary limit of forest ranges, it was a marvelously accurate weapon. With one hundred sturdy men for a garrison, it would be very difficult to take such a fortification, even with well-disciplined troops; against Indian attacks it never failed to prove a sufficient defense."

During all this year, Virginia was so deeply involved in the war of the Revolution, that the parent government could take no note of the wants of her distant and suffering child westward of the mountains. Kentucky must survive through self-reliance, or meet the inevitable alternative and perish of exhaustion.

On the 4th of July, the Indians, re-enforced to an army of two hundred warriors, again laid siege to Boonesborough, resolved, if possible, to subdue and destroy the strongholds left of the whites, shrewdly supposing that such achievement would put an end to all further attempts upon the part of the intruding colonists to occupy their favorite hunting-grounds. The more certain to insure success, they had sent out detachments to demonstrate on Harrodstown and St. Asaph's, and to prevent re-enforcements from these neighboring allies. This attack continued for two days, during which time the enemy made close investment and vigorous effort, with all the arts of warfare in ordinary use by them. The garrison were equally vigilant, and sustained themselves in every contest, and with every advantage possible to them. The savages were baffled at every point and in every endeavor, invariably suffering losses under the deadly fire of the unerring rifles in the hunters' hands, from behind the wooden walls. No impression was made and no advantage was gained. At the end of the two days, one of the whites was killed and two wounded; of the Indians, seven were slain in sight of

the besieged. How many more were killed and wounded, and borne away after the Indian custom of concealment, could not be known. Disheartened, the assaulting savages withdrew and retired to the woods again.

In June, a party of Indians marauding near Boonesborough was followed by Major Smith, with seventeen men, to the Ohio river, where they killed one, the remainder managing safely to cross the river.[1] On returning, about twenty miles from the Ohio, they discovered another party of about thirty savages lying concealed in the bushes, but themselves unobserved. Dismounting, they left nine men to guard their horses, while Smith, with the remaining seven, crept forward to the near vicinity of the Indians, when one of the latter passed near the whites in the direction of the horses. At the crack of a single rifle, he gave a loud yell, and fell dead. The Indians, supposing that he had fired his own rifle and brought down some wild animal, gave vent in a noisy fit of laughter. The deception gave the opportunity, and Smith's party fired into the band of savages and charged upon them. The fire was returned, but the surprised enemy gave way in a panic and fled. Only John Martin, of the whites, was wounded.

For prudential reasons, Colonel Logan had placed his wife and family at Harrodstown the previous year, remaining at St. Asaph's with his slaves and a number of comrade settlers, to extend his improvements and cultivate his land. With more assurance of safety, he removed his household all to his new home, early in 1777. But the horizon soon grew dark with the gathering clouds of warning.

On the 20th of May, Logan's fort was invested by about one hundred Indians—no doubt the same body, or a part of the same, that attacked Harrodstown and Boonesborough.[2] While some of the women were outside at the morning milking, and several men standing guard, the Indians fired on the latter from an adjacent cane-brake. One man was killed, another mortally and a third badly wounded. The rest escaped to the fort, at this time occupied by thirty-five men, women, and children. There were fifteen fighting men, and this number was weakened by three just fallen under the fire of the ambushed foe. Harrison, one of the wounded, ran staggering toward the fort, and fell with appealing cries for help. The savages could easily have shot him dead, but withheld their aim in the hope that comrades would venture out to his rescue, and become targets for their ready rifles. The interest of the tragic scene was intensified by the distressing cries of the loving wife, who, from behind the palisades, saw her wounded and writhing husband lying in reach of the deadly weapons of a merciless enemy, and yet within a few steps of the sheltering walls of safety. It was a scene to touch the sympathies of the hardiest and to try the courage of the bravest of the soldiers. Together they had faced the issue of life and death often, but never before had the peril presented where the chances of escape with life hung by such a slender thread. Must Harrison be left to die? or should

1 Collins, Vol. I., p. 528. 2 Marshall, p. 49.

another life sacrifice be offered in an attempt to save? Logan, as sympathetic as he was brave, volunteered his services, and called for some of his men to join him in the effort at rescue. All hesitated, until John Martin summoned resolution to go with Logan. Just as they passed out of the fort gate, Harrison raised on his hands and knees, as if he might be able to help himself, when under this pretext Martin withdrew into the fort again. There was too much of the hero in Logan to turn his face away from even certain death in the emergency after he had resolved. He rushed out to the wounded man, took him up in his stalwart arms, and bore him safely within the walls, amidst a continuous shower of bullets which spotted the walls and gate of the fort, but which a directing Providence warded from his person with an approving hand and a rewarding smile of recognition. He had given back a life, counted for dead, to wife and children and friends, at the risk of his own. How much nobler than to destroy a life!

The *twelve guns* within resolved to defend to the last, under the lead of Logan; but one danger stared them in the face. The powder and ball ran low in supply; and if this siege should be protracted, it was but a question of time when they must be replenished, or fall into the hands of the merciless savages. Holston, beyond Cumberland Gap, was the nearest source of supply; and to reach this point, the danger of Indian massacre must be incurred, while the reduced garrison must be weakened by the absence of the defenders. But the alternative was reached—to perish, or procure the ammunition. Logan volunteered to undertake the dangerous, again. With two trusty companions, he set out, leaving but *nine guns* to defend the thirty occupants of the fort, of whom were the loved of his own household—the dearest of earth to him.

Starting by night, and avoiding beaten paths, the trio safely reached Holston, and obtained the supplies. Directing his men how to bring on these, Logan hastened back, and by night entered the fort, absent only ten days. The siege was yet in progress, and the little band almost at the point of despair, as his return was the first assurance that the expedition to Holston was safely made. In grateful confidence, with spirits reanimated, they renewed their resolve to resist to the last.

Logan had shown himself the true woodsman and soldier in this adventure. Avoiding Boone's trace, where he knew that scouting Indians prowled in ambush, he pursued unbeaten paths through the forests, where no footstep of man had left an imprint before. Avoiding Cumberland Gap, he scaled the mountain sides, and crossed over where no Indians would ever likely waylay his party; clambering the cliffs, through brush and cane, and across rivers, only as a true man, sensible of the importance of the trust he had undertaken, could do. The escort, with the ammunition, arrived safely in due time, and this want was satisfied.

But another want came urgently on the little garrison. The investment and siege by the Indians, begun on the 4th of July, was protracted into

September, and the food supply ran low. Every night or two they were compelled to send out, before the break of day, some one to shoot and bring in wild meat, to appease the demands of hunger. They had long been cut off from all neighboring society and succor, and the isolation became painfully oppressive. Of neighbors, only those at Harrodstown and Boonesborough were left, and these too feeble and exposed to render assistance. Unexpected relief was nigh at hand. Colonel Bowman, at the head of one hundred men, marched from Virginia into Kentucky, in September, and fortunately directed his steps to Logan's fort. The first intimation the garrison had of their approach was the firing of the Indians on an advanced detachment of these troops, which they had ambushed, and several of whom they killed. The main body coming up, however, the Indians gave way and allowed them to enter the fort without further fighting. The siege was at once raised, and the Indians dispersed to the woods.

It seemed a misfortune that any of this advance guard should have fallen by the fire from the concealed foe, but on examination there was found on the person of one of the slain soldiers copies of proclamations, which had been prepared in Canada and sent in by the British governor of that province, offering protection to such of the inhabitants as would abjure the republic and return to allegiance to the crown, and closing with denunciations of vengeance against such as refused. The man who found the papers very considerately gave them to Colonel Logan. He thought it most prudent to conceal their contents, lest their invocations and their threats, operating on the minds of a people worn down by perils, privations, and distress, the end of which could not be foreseen, might have the effect of diminishing their fortitude or of shaking their fidelity.

The conclusion was wise, for although the arrival of Colonel Bowman's troops had given a new inspiration of hope to the settlers for a time, yet it soon became known that they were engaged for but a short time in service, and that their return home would very shortly follow their discharge. The country would probably soon be again left a prey to the savages instigated by British agents on the frontier and in Canada. Indeed, the time of enlistment had expired with several, who were about to return to Virginia.

A more recent investigation of authorities gives a version of this incident differing from the one accepted in past histories. On the body of one of the white soldiers slain near the fort, an Indian placed a parcel of papers. On going out to look after the corpse, these were found, addressed to the commander and officers of the garrison. They were privately opened, and found to contain proclamations of the purport and character mentioned, but directed to the officers exclusively. This version more plausibly explains why Colonel Logan should have held under the seal of secrecy the suspicious documents. They could have done little harm where there was a common hate of England, but the pride of Logan was touched, that any one would insult his honor by offering a temptation to treason.

Colonel Logan led his scouts often through the country, in the vicinity of St. Asaph's, to avoid assassinations from ambush or surprise attacks. On one of these excursions the next year, following Indian signs, he discovered a camp of red men at Big Flat Lick, about two miles from the fort. Returning, he led an armed party out, and attacked the savages with so much vigor that they fled through the woods, without making much resistance. This lick was a noted resort for game, and often frequented by hunters, both white and red.

Not long after the above incident, Logan, again in its vicinity, was fired upon by a lurking band of Indians. His right arm was broken and a light breast wound inflicted by this fire. The savages rushed on him, to finish the bloody work by taking his life and scalp, and so narrow was the escape that one of them in the lead managed to seize his horse by the tail, which, sniffing the danger, leaped forward and bore his rider gallantly back to the fort. The chieftain was for a time disabled, but his vigorous manhood and simple pioneer habits soon healed his wounds, and permitted him to go to the front again, in all the adventures and perils of the life around him.

Physically and mentally, Logan was great. No emergency ever overtasked the man's varied powers. Indeed, no occasion ever occurred in his eventful life to measure the possibilities of the reserve force within. With the authority and mien of a patriarch, his characteristics were those of unassumed simplicity and sincerity, and all confided in him for wise counsel and helpful trust. He was an order of man who would have, anywhere and in any sphere, been recognized as a leader among his fellows.

On April 19th, John Todd and Richard Callaway were elected burgesses, or members of the Legislature of Virginia, for Kentucky county, the first election held in the country, and on May 23d they set off for Richmond.

In April, Ben Linn and Samuel Moore were selected and sent off as spies to Illinois, doubtless in furtherance of deep designs which the fertile and sagacious mind of Colonel Clark had already conceived, and which were matured for development the next year, as we shall hereafter see.

They embarked in a canoe, or pirogue, down the Cumberland river to its mouth, from whence they penetrated the country in question, and continued their adventures for information until their return, on the 22d of June.

The first court ever held under the new government was convened at Harrodstown, on the 2d day of September, and at this time a census of the population of this town was taken by Captain John Cowan, and preserved in his book of memoranda for that date, with result as follows: men, 85; women, 24; children, 70; slaves, 19—total, 198.

In spite of Indian harassments, the settlers managed to gather some harvest fruits of their toils, especially under protection of their rifles in the vicinity of the fort walls. About the middle of July, four acres of wheat were reaped, with an antiquated sickle, from a patch of ground just west of Harrodstown, the first known to be harvested in Kentucky.

In the latter days of July, a party of forty-five men reached Boonesborough from North Carolina, a few days in advance of the arrival of Colonel Bowman's troops at Logan's fort. These re-enforcers disheartened the savage bands that swayed the country since the first days of spring, and their early retreat across the Ohio gave great relief to the pent-up and beleagured foresters, which they were not slow to enjoy. They had by this time thoroughly learned the tactics and cunning methods of the red men, and in the active school of experience the ready pupils had already learned to equal, if not to excel, their foes in all the strategies and arts of the woodsman, the hunter, and the warrior. Hitherto, the Indians were accustomed to call the Virginians *Long Knife*—from the frequent use of the sword in more regular warfare. Now, the whites felt themselves the better marksmen, as able to track and see an Indian as to be tracked and seen by him, and just as likely to get the first shot, which was usually the end of contest. The Indians knew the whites to be close shooters in the woods or from the forts, and their severe losses in their siege attempts made them more than ever shy of exposing themselves within rifle range.

CHAPTER XII.

(1778.)

Boone, with thirty men, goes to Blue Licks to make salt for the garrisons.

Boone captured by the Indians while hunting.

Negotiations for the surrender of his men, and their safety as prisoners.

Carried to Chillicothe.

Thence to Detroit and back.

Boone adopted into an Indian family.

A great favorite with the savages.

Boone startled to find an army of warriors prepared to march on Boonesborough.

Escapes to give the garrison warning.

His perilous trip of five days on one meal.

Puts the fort in order for defense.

With a scout of nineteen men, crosses the Ohio in search of Indians.

Returns, and finds the fort besieged by Duquesne, of Canada.

Intrigues for a surrender fail.

Attack and repulse.

Failure.

Retreat of Indians.

McAfee's account.

Court-martial acquits Boone.

Clark's spies report from Illinois.

He visits Virginia.

Commissioned by Governor Patrick Henry for an expedition to Kaskaskia.

Recruits over two hundred and fifty men.

Descends the Ohio and camps on and fortifies Corn island, at the falls.

Thence to Fort Massacre, fifty miles from the Mississippi, with one hundred and fifty men.

Marches across the country to attack Kaskaskia.

Captures it and the British garrison.

The French population warmly greet the Americans.

Diplomacy and strategy.

Captures Cahokia.

Clark's dangerous dilemma.

Organizes civil government.

Must capture Vincennes, or be captured.

Gibault, the priest, offers to take it for him, without fighting.

The French citizens readily agree to pull down the British and run up the American flag in the absence of the garrison.

Appoints a commandant at each of the three captured forts.

Sends British commandant a prisoner to Virginia.

The Virginia Legislature creates Illinois county.

Colonel John Todd appointed civil commandant.

Captain Helm appointed for Vincennes.

What seemed a most calamitous blow to the settlers, and especially to Boonesborough, at the opening of the year 1778 may, behind the first outward appearances, have been one of those favors in disguise which we can only attribute to an ever-guarding Providence, and which was but a method of saving the community from a greater calamity. On the 1st day of January, Boone set out with a party of thirty men to make salt for the year's supply for the three stations, at Blue Licks—an article then greatly needed. On the 7th of February, while hunting some miles away, to supply the salt-

makers with meat, he was intercepted by a body of one hundred Indians.[1] Boone attempted escape. It proved that the enemy, then on a march to attack Boonesborough, were needing a captive white to give them information. Instead of shooting at him as he ran, the swift-footed warriors gave chase, and captured the veteran. The experience and cunning wit of Boone were now put to the severest test. How to baffle and divert the Indians from their intended march upon Boonesborough, and at the same time save from massacre the party at the salt springs, was the aim of his endeavor. They were doubtless apprised of the visiting party at Blue Licks, who had been in camp there a month. We regret that Boone kept no journal of these interesting episodes of his charmed life. He was held eight days by his captors before they made a move on the whites. The narrative will show throughout that along with his immovable fortitude and self-command, Boone also possessed the gift or dissembled art of winning address, with a magnetic sympathy that seemed at a glance to unnerve the hand of violence and to win the confiding trust of even those who had ever been his implacable foes. With all, he was a common favorite. We can only infer that Boone was parleying with his captors with a double object—to save his party from being attacked from ambush and slaughtered, and to prevent an after attack on Boonesborough, now almost emptied of its garrison. It was winter, and Indians were not yet expected in force. It was easy to surprise in both attacks.

Boone won the Indians over to a pledge that if the salt-makers would surrender without resistance, they should be well treated and cared for as prisoners, and their lives spared. By capitulation, the terms were carried out, and Boone and twenty-seven men were led away, disarmed, and at the mercy of the savages, across the Ohio to the Indian town of Chillicothe, on the Miami.

Before the capitulation and surrender were consummated, three of the party adroitly managed to escape to the brush and safely get out of reach of the Indians. After the latter left with the prisoners, they returned to the salt springs, concealed the kettles, and brought home the salt made. One of these, William Craddlebaugh, lived long in the family of Boone, at the fort, and subsequently became a noted pioneer of Madison county.

By what art the wily backwoodsman dissuaded them from the march on Boonesborough we are left mainly to conjecture. Marshall comments on this incident: "Had the Indians, after making Boone and his men prisoners, instead of returning home with their captives, marched on to Boonesborough, they might either have taken the place by surprise, or, using the influence their prisoners conferred on them, compelled a surrender of the garrison, and progressively acting on the same plan, it is probable that the two other forts would have fallen in the same way and from the same advantage. It is hardly presumable that even if they had escaped surprise, they would have

1 Hartley's Boone, pp. 128–133; Boone's Narrative; Collins, Vol. II., p. 59; Marshall, pp. 55–58.

resisted a summons to surrender, which might have been enforced by the massacre of the prisoners under their eyes."

Of the twenty-seven prisoners with Boone, Stephen Hancock made his escape and returned to Boonesborough with the intelligence of the capture and the condition of the prisoners. He was afterward the founder of Hancock's station, in Madison county, about six miles north of Richmond, and became one among the best known of the pioneers and Indian fighters of the country.

In March following, Captain Boone and ten of his men were conducted by a guard of forty Indians to Detroit, then garrisoned by the British. Governor Hamilton was commandant, and to him the men were presented, and by him treated with much civility and humanity. The governor, whether from motives of conciliation toward Kentuckians, or from a partiality conceived for the veteran pioneer, offered the savages one hundred pounds to ransom him from captivity, assuring Boone that his purpose was to liberate him on parole. But such was the affection of the Indians for Boone, for whom they had conceived the most unbounded admiration, on account of his wonderful skill as woodsman and hunter, that they would consider no terms of ransom with even a degree of patience. Boone was both vexed and embarrassed. He had found it a necessary part of his policy to express pleasure in the companionship of these rude men of the forest, and with their wild forest ways, and this had led them to believe that the old pioneer was entirely contented to remain among them. He dared not now excite their jealousy or suspicion. Several English gentlemen, sensibly affected by his situation, generously offered to supply him with money, or any other thing necessary to his comfort, but, with thanks for their friendly offers, he declined to receive where it would never be in his power to repay.

Intelligence was broken to Boone at length that he must prepare to return to Chillicothe with his adhesive companions, and to separate from the ten comrade captives, who would be left prisoners at Detroit. In fifteen days after, he arrived at Chillicothe, and was soon after adopted into one of the principal families as a son, thus increasing the confidence and affection of his new relatives. To all this, Boone was wise enough to accommodate himself, and accept what he could not help, with good grace.

[1]The forms of this ceremony of adoption were in keeping with the natures and peculiarities of the savages, and as severe as they were ludicrous. The hairs of the head and the beard were plucked out by a painful and tedious operation, one by one, excepting a tuft some three or four inches in diameter on the crown, for the scalp-lock, which was tied and dressed up with trinkets and feathers. The candidate was then taken into the river in a state of nudity, and there thoroughly washed and rubbed, as averred, "to take all his white blood out." This ablution, as well as the previous processes of the Indian toilet, was usually performed by females. Then the

[1] Peck's Life of Boone; Hartley's Boone, p. 131.

subject for initiation was taken to the council-house, where the chief, in a stately harangue, expatiated upon the distinguished honors conferred. His head and face were then painted in the most frightful and fanciful style, and the ceremony completed with a grand feast and smoking.

They soon challenged him to a shooting-match, in which he found it more difficult to avoid their jealousy and envy at his superior skill, than to beat them at an exercise in which they prided themselves as invincible. They invited him to join them on hunting parties, and applauded him greatly for his dexterity in hunting and killing game. He became quite a favorite with the leading chief of the Shawanee tribe, while Boone conciliated and increased the royal confidence and favor toward himself by frequently bestowing on him the spoils of the hunt, and otherwise manifesting his respect and loyalty.

It may seem incredulous that such tokens of friendship and confidence could pass between those whom we, but a little while ago, saw engaged in implacable strife. But instances were not rare of white persons falling in with the Indian tribes as prisoners, traders, or adventurers, and being adopted and identified with them for years or for life. Indeed, the life of the backwoodsman derived its charm from that freedom from restraint which characterized the Indian traits, and the love of restless and varying adventure that goes with both. Once accustomed to it, with no strong ties to bind to civilized and conventional society, many preferred to continue it rather than give it up. The Indians had good reasons to hope that one like Boone, whose predilections were all for the life of the forest, would soon be weaned from his white associations, and by preference cast his lot with the red men as one of them. As for the old hunter, the ties at Boonesborough and among his own kind were never stronger; only, with silent stoicism, he wreathed his honest, rugged features in the smiles of apparent content, and allowed his new kindred and companions to nurse their illusions. There was method in this acting, and Boone but patiently bided his time, which was coming. It was most common to provide one, adopted into a family and tribe, with a squaw to kindle his fires, to do his cooking and other odds and ends of domestic life, and to while away the oppressive hours of leisure; but that Boone was ever won so far to Indian customs by the unwashed and uncombed blandishments of Indian beauty, history has been, and will ever be, obscurely silent. He was then over fifty years of age.

The relaxed vigilance now allowed gave the captive opportunities of escape, yet with some risk. It was never absent from his purpose. Early in June, a party of the Indians set out for the Scioto Salt Lick, and Boone was their companion. After the salt making was over, they returned. On reaching Chillicothe, Boone was startled to find over four hundred warriors painted and armed, with all the frightful demonstrations of warlike intent, ready to march against Boonesborough. For once his captivity seemed to serve a purpose, and he determined to convey the information which had come to him, in time to warn his natural kindred and friends. It was the

16th of June, nearly six months since he had parted from wife and home, that he rose at the usual hour of the morning and went out, apparently to hunt, but really to set out for Boonesborough. Marshall says:

"So great was his anxiety that he made no attempt to kill anything to eat. The journey of one hundred and sixty miles was performed in five days, upon a single meal of victuals which he had concealed in his blanket." Arriving at Boonesborough on the 20th, he found the fortress in a bad state of defense; but the intelligence which he brought, and the activity which he inspired, soon produced the necessary repairs. No sooner did the garrison feel itself secure, than it began to wait with impatience the reception of intelligence from the enemy. After the lapse of a few days, one of the other prisoners, escaping from them, arrived with information that the Indians had, on account of Boone's elopement, postponed their march for three weeks.

In the meantime, however, it was discovered that they had their spies in the country, watching the movements of the different garrisons; and whatever might be their reports, it was consoling to reflect that the forts had been strengthened and the garrisons increased in numbers since the last attack. This was particularly the case at Boonesborough. The enemy still delaying their meditated attack on this place, Captain Boone, with a company of nineteen men, one of whom was the brave Kenton, left the fort on the 1st of August, with a view to surprise Paintcreektown, on the Scioto.

In the party on this adventure were also Captain John Holder, the founder of Holder's station, shortly distant from Boonesborough, and the noted leader of the Boonesborough company of militia, which played such an important part in the earlier history of this settlement; and Captain John Kennedy, Colonel John Logan, John Callaway, and others afterward distinguished as among the leading men of Madison county.

Within a few miles of the objective town, Kenton, being in the advance, was startled by hearing loud peals of laughter from a cane-brake just before him. He scarcely had time to tree, before two Indians mounted on a pony, one facing the animal's tail and the other his head, totally unsuspicious of danger, and very hilarious, came in view. He fired, and both Indians fell, one killed and the other severely wounded. He hastened to scalp him, and was suddenly surrounded by about thirty Indians. Dodging from tree to tree, he was in danger momentarily of losing his life, when Boone and his party, opportunely appearing, briskly attacked and put to flight the savages.

The captain then dispatched two spies for intelligence, who, returning from the town, reported that it was evacuated. Upon the receipt of this information, Boone marched for Boonesborough with all practicable dispatch, in order that he might gain the van of the enemy's army, place his booty in a state of security, give timely warning to the garrison, and prepare for the approaching storm. On the sixth day he passed the Indian main force, and on the seventh arrived in safety at Boonesborough. The

eighth, the Indians, commanded by Captain Duquesne, eleven other Canadian Frenchmen, and some of their own chiefs, invested the place, over four hundred strong, with British colors flying at their headquarters. This was the most formidable force ever arrayed against Boonesborough, and such as, upon comparison, was calculated to fill the garrison with alarm. But the equanimity of Boone's temper was little affected by it, when he received a summons in the name of his Britannic majesty to "surrender the fort." Two days' consideration was requested and granted. This was an awful moment. The little garrison was summoned to council. Not fifty men appeared. To those who were assembled, the case was briefly stated. On the one side, a manly defense, with the chances of success, or if vanquished, of being devoted to destruction with savage barbarity; on the other side, a surrender upon articles was offered, of becoming prisoners and stripped of their effects. The deliberation was short, the answer prompt and unanimous: "We are determined to defend our fort as long as a man of us lives." It was also resolved for the time to keep the result secret. The meeting then dispersed, and each man went to collect his cattle and horses as he could, that they might be secured within the walls. Being prepared for the conflict as well as they expected, and the two days having expired, Captain Boone, from one of the bastions of the fort, announced to the listening commander of the adverse host the determination of the garrison, to which he subjoined his own personal thanks for the notice of their intended attack and the time allowed him for preparing his defense. Evident disappointment was seen depicted on the countenance of Duquesne. He did not, however, immediately abandon the idea of capitulation, but determined to play it off as a decoy for Boone. Accordingly, he declared that it was his order from Governor Hamilton to take the garrison captives, to treat them as prisoners of war, and not to rob, much less destroy, them. If nine of the principal persons in the garrison would come out and treat with them, he would do no violence, but return home with the prisoners, or liberate them if they would swear allegiance to and accept the protection of his Britannic majesty.

"This," said Boone, "sounded grateful in our ears, at least as a further respite, and we agreed to treat." Yet, as it will soon appear, with very different intentions, and not without cause to suspect Indian honor. The commandants, with opposite views, communicated them to their respective followers—the one fair, the other fraudulent. The parties now prepared for treaty, the conferences were opened within sixty yards of the fort gate. The articles, being few, were soon digested and signed in the presence of many Indians, who, though silent, stood restlessly around, with the appearance of solicitude. This was the moment for crowning the stratagem with success. Boone and his companions were told by the leaders of the adverse side that among Indians it was customary, on such occasions, to evince the sincerity of their intentions by two Indians shaking each white man by the hand. This was also assented to, and immediately two Indians approached each of

the nine white men, and sought to take his hand and instantly grapple him, with intent to drag him off a prisoner. On this occasion the defensive instinct required not the aid of deliberation, but each man by an instantaneous effort extricated himself and sought his safety in the fort. The Indians, recovering from the surprise consequent on their disappointment, discharged a heavy fire on the fugitives, who all escaped unhurt except one wounded. Having failed in this stratagem, the enemy commenced the premeditated fire upon the fort, which was kept up with little intermission for nine days, and which was briskly returned by the garrison, directed by Boone. In the meantime, the besiegers began to undermine the fort, standing on the bank, about sixty yards from the margin of the river. This new mode of attack in Indian warfare may, without doubt, be ascribed to the Frenchmen who were with them. The mine alluded to was begun in the bank of the river, above the water, and came to be discovered by the contrast of the waters below with those above the fort, indicating the solution of new earth. The fact once ascertained, the object could not be mistaken, and, to counteract it, a deep trench was ordered to be opened inside of the fort, and as the earth was taken up it was thrown over the fort wall. By these means the enemy were apprised that their design was detected and would be defeated, whence they desisted from their mining project. Being now convinced that they could not conquer the place by either force or fraud, and their stock of provisions being nearly exhausted, they, on the 20th of August, raised the siege and abandoned the object of their grand expedition, and with it the last hopes of the campaign. During this siege, the most formidable that had ever taken place in Kentucky, from the number of Indians, the skill of the commanders, the fierce countenances, and savage disposition of the warriors, made even more dreadful by art than by nature, the effect of which was augmented tenfold by the yell and the war-whoop, there were only two men killed and four wounded in the fort. On the part of the savages there were thirty-seven killed in sight of the walls and many wounded, who were immediately removed.

From an unpublished manuscript of General Robert B. McAfee we have been permitted to copy another account of this siege of Boonesborough and the romantic incidents attending it. This relation will have a peculiar interest, as the facts are derived from those whom General McAfee knew to be present at the siege:

"Accordingly, as expected, on Monday morning, August 8th, by sunrise, about four hundred and forty-four Indians appeared on the hill facing the fort, commanded by Captain Duquesne, a Frenchman. They paraded with colors flying, in two lines, so as to show their whole strength and terrify the fort into submission. The Indians were at particular pains to appear in as frightful a manner as possible, as they had all painted themselves in various colors, streaked with red. After showing themselves for some time, they set up a most hideous yell and brandished their guns. Only twenty-nine men

were in the station, who, though fine soldiers, felt a chill of horror at the sight of an enemy so numerous and so powerful. Soon after, a large negro man who could speak English stepped about forty yards in front of the Indian line toward the fort, and called three times as loudly as he could for 'Captain Boone!' to which no answer was given. He then returned and called again and said he 'wanted to see Captain Boone, and if he would come out they would not hurt him.' The men in the fort held counsel upon the proposition, a number opposing his going out. He put an end to the debate by determining to go; prepared himself with a pipe and flag, and went out alone, leaving directions that if they saw the Indians imprison him they should shut the fort and defend it to the utmost. For a sign to his men he would strike his flag if danger presented itself. After a conference of an hour he returned safely into the fort, and related to his men the result and their imminent danger. The Indians wished him to surrender the fort, and they would permit him and his connection to escape unhurt. To this proposition he seemed to assent, in order to amuse the Indians, well knowing that in the then situation of the fort they could easily take it by storm. Boone, pretending to accede to their terms, promised to return next day and inform them the result of the conference, saying he had no doubt the fort would be given up.

"During the night the men spent their time in fortifying the place, by fastening the gate with bars; but for which the Indians might easily have forced the gate. Next day Boone returned to the Indian camp, and informed them that all his men but a few were willing to surrender, and he believed they would soon assent, seeing they had no means of escape; but that if they did not give up, he himself would provide for its surrender. He left them, promising to return next day, first agreeing to have a feast then, at which the Indian chiefs were to be present and most of the principal men of the fort. The time thus gained was diligently improved in the fort by making every preparation possible. Things were made ready for the feast, in a hollow in sight of the fort, whither both parties were to repair. Accordingly, Boone and five or six of his men went out.

"After eating, the Indians began the conference for a surrender, which Boone seemed to agree to; but either suspecting his sincerity, or desirous of drawing the men out of the fort, in order to massacre them as soon as the conference was over, it was proposed and agreed that two Indians should shake hands with one man. They accordingly rose up, and one Indian took hold of the hand on one side, and another on the other side. The first that got hold, being impatient, tried to throw Boone down. But the whites, suspecting all things were not right, broke their hold, threw down some of the Indians, and ran toward the fort, while they were fired upon by a party of Indians in ambuscade, who killed one white man and wounded two others. The balance of the whites got safely into the fort, having considerable difficulty to run through the Indians in several places, they having planted

themselves all around, and as soon as the first gun fired, come pouring in from all directions with the most hideous yells. Of the two wounded men, one was supposed to be killed; but he laid still until dark, and then made out to crawl to the gate and get in. The Indians kept up a constant fire until night, firing sometimes after dark. Next morning, they began again, using every plan to capture the place. The whites kept up a steady and well-directed fire, proving unusually fatal.

"When the Indians found they could not take the fort by storm, they secreted a chosen band under the bank of the Kentucky river, and then appeared and made battle in great numbers on the opposite side; then affected to retreat, in great disorder, so as to induce the whites to follow. The latter, suspecting the ruse, kept close to the fort; for Boone, in all his conferences with the Indians, represented the number of his men five times greater than he really had. When the Indians found their affected retreat would not do, they all returned, and attempted to undermine the houses by beginning under the bank of the river and digging toward the fort. In this they had not the success they expected; for a drizzling rain set in, which lasted for two or three days. They mined to within fifteen or twenty steps of the houses, to where a large log lay, behind which they endeavored to hide. The men in the station frequently killed Indians as they came to, and returned from, the mine. After all, the Indians would have captured the fort, but for the constant rain for several days. The Indians took advantage of the night to make their advances. One night, about the seventh after they came, they pitched several torches of cane and hickory bark against and upon the fort, which would inevitably have consumed the whole place had the fire caught readily; but the logs being wet, no impression was made before it was discovered by the whites, and extinguished with considerable trouble. The night being extremely dark, the Indians made every possible exertion to reduce the fort and set it on fire.

"They continued to undermine during the next day, but finding they were discovered and countermined, they gave over, and next day paraded and withdrew, having already slain all the cattle they could find and destroyed all the property they could reach. They retreated leisurely, the whites being too weak to pursue.

"After the siege was raised, the people picked up near the fort walls one hundred and twenty-five pounds of leaden bullets which had fallen, besides those which stuck in the logs and palisades. This seems to have been the last effort ever made by the Indians against Boonesborough. It exhibits a striking instance of the imbecility of physical force, destitute of knowledge and the arts. For what military enterprise could have been easier, to men only knowing how to make ladders, than scaling a wall of stockades twelve feet high, or mounting on cabin roofs, not even so high, when their numbers were six times greater than those within; and when, as the case was, the assailants were armed with similar weapons, and especially with the

tomahawk in their hands, and, face to face, a most formidable weapon? That no attempt was made to take the place by storm, or escalade, seems the more astonishing, on considering that the commander, Duquesne, must have possessed some of the arts of civilized warfare, and was apparently desirous of conquest. Was it that he had not the requisite tools and artificers; or was he unwilling that his host of myrmidons should be let loose among the helpless women and children, that he did not point out to them the certain road to victory, and to an indiscriminate massacre as the consequence? History could gain but little, while humanity might lose much, by a solution of this inquiry.

"During Boone's captivity among the Shawanees, his family, supposing he had been killed, had left the station and returned to their relatives and friends in North Carolina; and as early in the autumn as he could leave, the brave and hardy warrior started to move them out again to Kentucky. He returned to the settlement with them early the next season, and set a good example to his companions by industriously cultivating his farm, and volunteering his assistance, whenever it seemed needed, to the many immigrants who were now pouring into the country, and erecting new stations in the neighborhood of Boonesborough.

"As some adverse criticisms had been made on the surrender of the salt-making party by Boone, by an agreed arrangement, and with Boone's approval, a court-martial was called for an investigation of charges exhibited by Colonels Richard Callaway and Benjamin Logan. The result was an honorable acquittal, and the increase of Boone in the esteem and affections of the people."

Allusion was made in the previous chapter to the action of Colonel Clark in sending spies into Illinois, and the return of these in early autumn. They reported great activity upon the part of the military, as well as constant encouragement to the Indians in their barbarous depredations upon the Kentucky frontier. Though the English used every art of misrepresentation to prejudice the old French residents against the Virginians, by telling them that the frontier people were as barbarous and cruel as the Indians themselves, yet there were strong traces of dislike to English rule, and of affection for the Americans with many. The information gained by Colonel George Rogers Clark, with his sagacious and comprehensive mind, discovered to him very plainly that the British posts of Niagara, Detroit, Vincennes, Kaskaskia, and the supporting stations on the Wabash and the Mississippi, formed an offensive salient line reaching from Canada, south westwardly, almost to the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and commanding the extremest western frontiers of the colonies as low down as the southern boundary of Virginia. Taking in all at a glance, it was evident that these irruptions and devastations by the Indians had their source in this salient line of British outposts. These must be captured, and this insidious left arm of British power broken, before there could be any immunity from the

heartrending barbarities which were being continuously practiced. If these could be successfully assaulted and taken, it would also establish a counter influence to deter and overawe the savages in future.

With matured views Colonel Clark set out for Virginia in October previous. He says: "At this time every eye was turned toward me, as if expecting some stroke in their favor. Some doubted my return, thinking I would join the army in Virginia. I left them with reluctance, promising them I would certainly return to their assistance, which I had determined to do." It was just after the victory of Saratoga when he reached Williamsburg, and the Virginians were participating in the general rejoicing. Early in December, Clark opened the plan of a north-west campaign against the British forts to Governor Patrick Henry, who was at first captivated with the brilliancy of the scheme and the vastness of the results, if successful; yet on more serious consideration a detachment on so distant a service appeared hazardous and daring to an alarming degree, especially as the secrecy necessary to such an expedition forbade the communication of the plan to the Legislature.

Governor Henry invited several gentlemen of high character to private conferences, who questioned Colonel Clark minutely as to his plans of march and assault, and particularly about his views as to a refuge of retreat in case of failure. Clark answered readily as to the march and attack. As for the refuge, he stated that, if compelled, he intended to retreat to the Spanish possessions on the west side of the Mississippi. The result was a full approbation of the scheme, and the worthy sons of Virginia present—among them George Wythe, George Mason, and Thomas Jefferson—pledged in writing, in the same presence, to exert their influence to obtain from the Legislature a bounty of three hundred acres of land for every man in the expedition. All was now hastened, and on the 2d of January Clark received two orders—an open one to proceed to Kentucky, and a private one to attack the British at Kaskaskia. Twelve hundred pounds were advanced the commander to meet the wants of the little army, with orders suitable on the Virginia officer at Fort Pitt for ammunition, boats, and other needed equipments. Major William B. Smith was despatched to the Holston settlement to recruit, and Captains Leonard Helm, Joseph Bowman, and William Harrod in other quarters. It was desired that the forces should be raised west of the Blue Ridge, so as not to weaken the Atlantic side.

The spring of 1778 was far advanced before the recruits were enlisted and equipped and all ready for the little fleet of flats and pirogues to descend the Ohio. The departure was with three companies of troops and a considerable number of families and private adventurers. Dropping down to the mouth of the Kentucky river, Clark thought of fortifying a post there; but his destination being so far west, he abandoned it for a more desirable position at the falls, where he could better prepare his craft at leisure for the

1 Clark's Memoirs; Butler, p. 46; Collins, Vol. II., p. 135.

descent of the rapids. Reaching the latter place, Colonel Clark landed his forces on Corn Island, May 27, 1778, and, after fortifying the place, commenced drilling his raw troops. The drilling continued until the 26th of June, when the expedition was ready. Re-enforced from interior Kentucky by Bowman's volunteers and others, on the eve of departure he disclosed to his men for the first time his intention to lead them against the British forts in the north-west. On the next day, in the midst of a total eclipse of the sun, variously prognosticated by the men, the little, frail fleet passed down the falls with but four companies, in command, respectively, of Captains Joseph Montgomery, Leonard Helm, Joseph Bowman, and William Harrod, and consisting in all of one hundred and thirty-five fighting men.

A number of families and persons who had come down with the troops were left at the post on Corn Island, to abide the result of what might have seemed to many this Quixotic adventure. It was a fortunate incident that Clark learned of the French alliance treaty from Colonel John Campbell, of Fort Pitt, which proved of the utmost importance in its bearing on subsequent events. Drifting down the Ohio to some fifty miles or more above its mouth, the command disembarked at a point near Fort Massacre, or Massac, nearly opposite the mouth of Tennessee river, an abandoned place constructed some years before by the French to control the navigation of the Ohio. Here they intercepted and held a party of hunters, led by John Duff, who, though originally from the colonial settlements, had recently come from Kaskaskia, and who communicated the important intelligence that this fort was commanded by M. Rocheblave, that the militia were kept in good order, that spies were stationed on the Mississippi, and that all Indians and hunters were instructed to keep a sharp lookout for the rebel Virginians, as the Kentuckians were called. It was learned that the fort was not regularly garrisoned, as no danger of attack was anticipated, and the parade of the militia troops was more a show than for serious defense, though a good stock of arms and munitions was within and ready always for use. This party very readily consented to guide the command of Clark to Kaskaskia, and volunteered the opinion that if they could surprise the place it could be captured.

Concealing the boats at the point of disembarkation, they plunged into the forests and across the prairies for the point of destination. John Sanders, the principal guide, got bewildered and seemed to have forgotten the features of the country. This excited suspicion, and he was told that any treachery on his part would be visited with death. He solicited to go with a guard over a large prairie and to further try and recover the route. This was granted, and, fortunately for both sides, the familiar signs of the route were discovered and confidence restored. The march resumed, the command halted on the evening of July 4th within a few miles of the town, and lay until dark, when it was continued to the suburbs. A house was taken possession of some three-quarters of a mile above the town. All was quiet, and no cause of alarm given. A sufficient number of boats was soon pro-

cured, and two divisions crossed the river with orders to repair to different parts of the town, while Colonel Clark with a third took possession of the fort, afterward called Fort Clark, on the south-east side of the river and opposite the town. It proved to be almost empty and unguarded, so secure were the authorities in the sense of the safety of their location. It was understood that if Clark's division met with no resistance, upon a signal given, the other two parties were to enter the town on either side and to send persons to warn the inhabitants in French that any one appearing out of their houses would be shot. The fort was entered by a postern gate left open on the river side, shown by a soldier captured the day before while hunting. The town of two hundred and fifty houses was surrounded, every avenue guarded, and all communication cut off, and in two hours the whole was in the hands of the invaders without the loss of one drop of blood. M. Rocheblave, the British commandant, was taken in his chamber, and written instructions seized, inciting the Indians to murder the whites, and rewarding them for scalps. Many other valuable papers and documents would have been captured with him; but his wife, presuming on the gallantry of the Virginians, concealed them in her trunk, which, with woman's tact, she locked and sealed with the assumed prerogative and rights of female delicacy, more effectual than iron lock and key, with the high-spirited frontiersmen. Not for all England's secrets and treasure could the lid of that trunk have been lifted in that presence.

These credulous people were taught by the English to believe that the backwoodsmen were as barbarous and bloodthirsty as the Indians, and Clark thought it policy to take advantage of such impressions, better to overawe and silence all resistance through terrors. During the night the men were to patrol the town with a tumult of whoops and yells, after the Indian fashion, while all were suppressed in silence. However alarming, it proved an innocent stratagem of war.

[1] At the same hours, scouts and spies were put out to obtain intelligence. Little could be had, however, except that a considerable body of Indians lay near Cahokia, a post some sixty miles up the Mississippi. On the next day the troops were withdrawn to positions near and commanding the town, while all communication was forbidden between the citizens and soldiers. Even those citizens who were sent for by Clark were enjoined to be silent. The people were purposely left in painful suspense. Though, after the withdrawal of the troops, they were permitted to walk the streets freely, when they were seen in busy conversation, a few of the principal militia were arrested by order and put in irons, without any reason being assigned for the procedure. There was a purpose in all this yet to be disclosed; it was not from inhumanity, and Colonel Clark, as gentle as he was brave, says that he keenly felt these hardships which he thought necessity required. After some time, M. Gibault, the village priest, got permission to wait upon the

[1] Butler, pp. 52–54; Clark's Memoirs.

commander, with a delegation of five or six citizens. As they entered the headquarters, they beheld, with amazement, the group of officers dressed in buckskin or homespun hunting-shirts and breeches, all soiled and torn with their rugged march, and with unshaven faces, presenting to the Frenchmen, so noted for their delicacy and refinement, an appearance as frightful and forbidding as that of savages themselves. They gazed in silence, not knowing whom to address as chief. The silence was broken by a demand to know what was the object of their visit. They asked which was the commander. Aware that they suspected their religion was obnoxious, Clark carelessly mentioned that the Virginians did not interfere in religious matters, and that they could assemble for worship as they pleased, but not to venture out of town. They were then dismissed without further satisfaction, that the suspense might continue. After an assemblage at the church, the deputation again waited on the commander, and thanked him for his indulgence. They recognized that their situation was the fate of war, but begged that they might not be separated from their wives and children, and that some clothes and provisions might be left for their further support; their conduct had hitherto been influenced by those in authority, whom they could but obey; nor were they sure that they understood the nature of the contest between England and the Americans, so remote were they from the centers of intelligence.

The dread and terror of the people were now wrought to as high a pitch as was desired, and Clark determined to change his relentless mien toward them, and to begin the policy of conciliation. "You must mistake us for savages, from your demeanor and language. Do you think that Americans would strip the clothing from women and children, separate them from husbands and fathers, and take the bread out of their mouths? We do not wage war with such atrocities. It was to prevent our own women and children from horrid butchery by Indians, that we have taken up arms and penetrated this distant stronghold of British and Indian barbarity, and not the contemptible prospect of plunder. I bear to you a message of surprise, that I hope may be pleasing to all. You have not lost your love for your native France, whose dominion over this territory you reluctantly exchanged for that of England by the treaty of Paris, in 1763. That France, which was your first patriotic love, and for which there must ever remain a lingering pride and affection in the breast of every Frenchman, native born and true, has now, by another treaty with the Americans, made herself an ally with us in this cruel war that England wages against us. The French king has now united his powerful arms with those of America, and the war, in all probability, will soon be terminated in our favor. You are at liberty to choose whichever side you please, and we will not molest you nor interfere with your religion, for it is the religion of many Americans. I am convinced that you have been misled by the statements of British officers, and prejudiced against us; and, satisfied that we should be friends, and not

enemies, I shall order the immediate release of your friends, and announce to you that all are privileged to go where and do as they please in future." The delegation sought to apologize for the implied imputation of barbarians, under belief that the property of a captured town belonged to the captors. Colonel Clark assured them that such was not the usage with his soldiers, and that private persons and property would be as sacredly respected as in times of peace. The reaction of feeling among the people on hearing these generous terms was unbounded. In a few moments the glad news spread over the town, and the citizens hailed their new allies and friends, as they now regarded them, with joyful demonstrations and ringing of bells, and with thanksgiving and praises to God at the church, for the unexpected deliverance from the horrors of captivity.

It was soon a matter for attention to get possession of Cahokia, the strong outpost above. For this purpose, Major Bowman, with his company of mounted men and part of another, were ordered to march. A number of Kaskaskia gentlemen volunteered their services to go with them, as they claimed that the Cahokians were their relatives and friends, and they entertained no doubt of inducing them to unite in the same way with the Americans when the facts were explained to them. [1] The offer was very welcome, and gratefully accepted by Colonel Clark; and the French allies, commanded by their former militia officers, were nearly equal in number to Major Bowman's detachment. The expedition thus re-enforced set out, and on the 6th day of July arrived at and invested Cahokia, before its presence was known, very much as at Kaskaskia, and the surprise may be imagined. The cry of the Big Knife being in town spread dreadful alarm among the simpler and helpless portion of this little community. This was soon allayed when the citizen soldiers of Kaskaskia went among them and made themselves known, and narrated the occurrences at their own town and the generosity of their American friends. The reactionary results were much the same here as at Kaskaskia, and Major Bowman took possession without opposition. The inhabitants took the oath of allegiance to Virginia, and the future promised the utmost harmony. A body of Indians encamped near quickly dispersed from the country, when they got information of these sweeping successes. They readily understood that the Kentuckians were not out on this tour with any view to parley with them on easy terms.

Though the brilliant success had far transcended expectations, yet Colonel Clark was fully aware of the delicacy of his situation. He must employ all the arts of which he was master to maintain the position he had won. He cultivated a friendly and confidential intimacy with the Spanish officers at St. Louis, on the opposite side of the Mississippi, that he might counteract the agency and extended control of the British. But the most formidable danger to the completion of his conquests was the post of St. Vincents, now Vincennes, Indiana. In the long chain of intrigue with the Indians, this

[1] Butler, p. 57; Clark's Memoirs.

important post formed a central and important link. It lay almost on a line from Kaskaskia to the Falls of Ohio, two hundred and thirty miles from the former, and but half as far from the latter, and menacing both. To garrison the two posts which he held, and spare a force sufficient to capture Vincennes seemed impossible. He must resort to other means as yet. He instructed his comrades to speak of the Falls of Ohio as headquarters of the army, from which the present troops were but a detachment, to be reenforced as needed. The rashness of the expedition and the real weakness of resources must be kept in obscurity.

Courts of civil jurisdiction were established, chosen by the people, and presided over by French judges, reserving an appeal to Clark. All the plans of government and control worked with harmony and unmolested, with the willing subjects co-operating. On the 23d of November, the Virginia House of Delegates voted a resolution of thanks to Colonel Clark and the gallant men of his command, "for their extraordinary perseverance in so hazardous an enterprise, and for the important services thereby rendered the country."

Clark could not rid his mind of the imperative need of an early capture of Post Vincennes; and with a view to maturing some feasible plan for that end, M. Gibault, the priest of the village of Vincennes as well as Kaskaskia, was consulted. This invaluable ally, who subsequently received the public thanks of Virginia for his distinguished services, had shown himself enthusiastically attached to the American cause, readily volunteered all information and aid in his power. He stated that Governor Abbot, of Vincennes, had lately gone to Detroit, and that for the capture of the place he thought a military expedition scarcely necessary, as Clark contemplated. He surprised the latter with the grateful offer to "take the business on himself, and to bring that place over to the American interest without the trouble of marching a body of soldiers there." To this offer Clark most readily acceded, yet he could scarcely bring himself to realize that the clergyman could accomplish the feat. The charge of this extraordinary enterprise was given to M. Gibault, though, at the request of the latter, a citizen, Dr. Lafont, was associated as a temporal member of the embassy, and both, accompanied by a veteran spy of Clark's, set off on the 14th of July for Vincennes. After full explanations of the state of affairs between the priest and his flock, and a statement of the late act of alliance on the part of the French Government, the inhabitants readily threw off the British authority, and in a very solemn manner took the oath of allegiance to Virginia.[1] A commandant was elected and the American flag displayed over the fort, to the amazement of the Indians. Thus fell into the hands and under the authority of Colonel Clark another and most important post, and with its fall the great salient line of frontier attack and defense, lying across Indiana and Illinois, was swept away, from the lakes to the Mississippi. The savages were told that their

1 Butler, p. 62; Clark's Memoirs.

old father, the French king, was come to life again, and was mad with them for fighting for the English; that if they did not wish the land to be red with the blood of their own people, they must make peace with the Americans.

In August, in less than three weeks, M. Gibault and party returned with news of the extraordinary result, no less to the astonishment of Clark than to his gratification. The commander was becoming much disturbed at the near approach of the expiration of the three months for which his soldiers had enlisted. Availing himself of the discretionary powers vested in a commanding officer in such an emergency, he re-enlisted his men on a new footing, and raised a company from among the native population, commanded by their own officers. He established a garrison at Kaskaskia, under command of Captain Williams, and another at Cahokia under Captain Bowman. Captain William Linn, who had served as a volunteer to this date, took charge of the troops who desired to return to Kentucky, and was commissioned by Colonel Clark to establish a fort at Falls of Ohio.

Captain John Montgomery was despatched to Richmond in charge of M. Rocheblave, the British commandant. An effort was made by Clark to restore to this implacable gentleman his slaves, which had been seized as public plunder, in consideration of the feelings and interests of Mrs. Rocheblave. He was invited, with some acquaintances, to dine with the officers, where it was proposed to tender this property to his possession again. But so violent and insulting was his language in their presence that all courtesy was laid aside, and the slaves sold, and the proceeds—some five hundred pounds—divided among the troops. He was one of those French officials who was found in place and authority when the French Government "ceded and guaranteed to Great Britain all Acadia and Canada, with their dependencies, to the middle of the Mississippi, and the lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain," while Great Britain in consideration surrendered to France all her claim to the country west of the Mississippi. These French officers were retained in the employ and pay of the English, to secure their influence in reconciling the French population, and the Indians over whom they had masterly influence, to the authority and uses of the British Government.

Governor Henry, advised of all proceedings, was requested by Colonel Clark to appoint a commandant to take charge of the civil affairs of this secluded portion of the Commonwealth of Virginia, lying one thousand miles west of Williamsburg, its own seat of government, behind the towering peaks of the Alleghany range of mountains, and beyond the picturesque Ohio river, that divided in two halves the expanse of territory that formed the colossal skeleton of embryotic empire, and which now embraces the eight commonwealths of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. In response to Clark's suggestion, the House of Burgesses passed an act establishing the county of Illinois of all the territory within the limits of Virginia west of the Ohio river, and authorized the raising of a regiment of five hundred men and the opening of

communication with New Orleans for their support. Colonel John Todd, afterward slain at the fated battle of Blue Licks, received the appointment of civil commandant, with headquarters at Kaskaskia. Captain Leonard Helm was commissioned by Clark as commandant at Fort St. Vincents, and agent for Indian affairs in the department of the Wabash, where it was expected to place a strong guard of soldiers when the expected re-enforcements from Virginia should arrive. Captain Helm was fully instructed by Colonel Clark, and then set out with a few companions to assume authority in his new jurisdiction, relying for the present on the friendly acquiescence of his subjects at Vincennes for the support of his government.

CHAPTER XIII.

(1779.)

Captain Helm treats with Chief Tobac and others, at Vincennes.

Other tribes renounce the English.

Clark's policy with Indians.

Council customs and oratory.

The Big Knife.

Clark's speech.

Plot to assassinate Clark, by the Meadows.

Marploted.

Their treatment.

Two young braves offer their lives in sacrifice.

Honored by Clark.

Chief Big Gate, from the lake shore, visits headquarters.

A bitter enemy subdued.

Big Gate's dramatic oratory and acting in council.

Captain William Linn ordered to Falls of Ohio.

Fortifies on the site of Louisville.

Removes stores and men from Corn island.

Description of a Christmas day at the Falls.

Origin of the name, Louisville.

William Poague killed near Danville, Kentucky.

Great loss to the settlers.

His good wife.

Attack on Bowman's corn-shelling party.

Coomes' narrow escape again.

Indian raids near Harrodstown.

Captain Herndon pursues Indians in Scott county.

Amusing Indian strategy.

Kenton returns to Kentucky.

Ventures into the Indian country in Ohio.

Is captured.

The Indians recognize a stalwart foe, and treat him unmercifully.

Call him a "Hoss Steal."

Paint him black for the stake.

They tie him on a wild horse and turn him loose in the woods.

At Chillicothe, the stake prepared.

Runs the gauntlet eight times.

Taken to Sandusky to be burned.

Rescued from the stake by Simon Girty.

Again made a prisoner.

Chief Logan persuades a Canadian to ransom him.

Delivered to the British commander at Detroit.

Escapes by the aid of a woman.

Personal description of Kenton.

His character and heroism.

His admiration for his fair deliverer.

Starts for Vincennes to join Clark.

His journey not productive of any practical results.

The Legislature of Virginia this year declares void the purchase by the Transylvania Company.

Near St. Vincents was a chief, named Tobac, or Son of Tobacco, and complimented by his countrymen with the title of *Grand Door of the Wabash*, as he was consulted upon all matters of importance respecting the Wabash country. Messages had been interchanged between Colonel Clark and this chief, through M. Gibault, and Captain Helm was instructed to use every exertion to conciliate him.[1] In an Indian council, opened at the instance

[1] Butler, p. 65; Clark's Memoirs.

of Captain Helm, the latter delivered to Grand Door a friendly talk from Colonel Clark, inviting him to unite with the Big Knife and his old father, the king of France. To this letter, with the usual reserve of the Indian character, the chief declined to give an answer until he had assembled his counselors, though he was glad to see one of the Big Knife chiefs. It was true he had fought together with the English, yet he had thought they always looked gloomy. In all this the chief preserved the most courtly dignity, in which he was imitated by Captain Helm, with feigned solemnity; in accord with which it was several days before the council was concluded.

At length Captain Helm was invited to attend a meeting of the chiefs, at which Tobac addressed him, as follows:

"The sky has been very dark with the war between the Big Knife and the English, but now it has cleared up. The Big Knife was in the right, and perhaps if the English conquered them they might serve the Indians in the same way. He had always been a man and a warrior, and now he was a Big Knife, and would tell the red people no more to bloody the land for the English."

With this last sentence the chief sprung to his feet and struck his hand on his breast. Concluding, he advanced and shook Captain Helm by the hand, and his example was imitated by the other chiefs, much to the gratification of the whites. This conduct of Tobac was soon followed by the absent chiefs as high up as the old Wea towns along the Wabash country—a stroke of success most auspicious to the future interests of the Americans. Tobac never after broke faith with the whites.

These negotiations were followed by other treaties made by Colonel Clark with the tribes westward to the Mississippi, in September. He had always thought that the policy of inviting the Indians to treat, and of cajoling them with presents, was a very questionable one, and his recent observations of the manner of dealing with them by the Spanish and French fully confirmed his views. The Indian barbarian measured every act with the eye of suspicion, and received it with the dissemblance of cunning art. He was ever on the alert for an advantage, and had a quick sense of insight into the ordinary motives of men. The only method to outwit him was for the educated white man to dissemble so deeply and obscurely, that the intuition of the barbarian would be inadequate to fathom the mystery of the motives beyond the surface of words and actions. And, after all, is not this the condition of success in the science of diplomacy between the higher courts of the civilized world, as well as in the rude council chambers of the barbarous tribes in the other extreme? It is the same fallible human nature observed, whether we interpret its expressions behind the elegantly-phrased and refined mannerisms of a Talleyrand, or read through the thinner disguises of an untutored Tobac. We may confide in and respect the one just as we do the other, for all such diplomacy has been conducted mainly to the best advantage for

the time, to be altered at convenience. Sometimes these rude savages observed with unshaken fidelity, for lifetime, the terms of these treaties.

Colonel Clark let the Indians understand that he recognized a state of war yet existing between them and the whites, and that he was ready to wage hostilities or to make peace, as they desired. For himself, he had no terms to offer; that he expected their decision at an early day. Until then, he wished no communication between them and the whites. The Indians soon called a council of chiefs, to which they invited Clark and his officers. As the account of these Indian negotiations is so characteristic and so descriptive of events which reflect the history of all the peoples concerned at this crisis of time, we deem it of interest to give it in full, as vividly described by Butler:

"The various parties were assembled, white and red, and the chief who was to open the council, as the Indians were the solicitors, advanced to the table where Colonel Clark was sitting, with the belt of peace in his hand, another with the sacred pipe, and a third with fire to kindle it. After the pipe was lighted it was presented toward the heavens and then toward the earth, and, completing a circle, was presented to all the spirits, invoking them to witness all that was done. It was then presented to Colonel Clark, and afterward to all present in turn. Then the orator chief addressed his people as follows:

"'Warriors! be thankful that the Great Spirit has taken pity on you, has cleared the sky and opened your eyes and ears, so that you may hear truth. We have been deceived by bad birds flying through the land (the British emissaries), but we will take up the hatchet no more against the Big Knife, and we hope, as the Great Spirit is good, and has brought us together for good, so may we be received as friends, and peace may take the place of the bloody belt.'

"The speaker then threw into the middle of the room the bloody belt of wampum, and flags received from the British, and stamped upon them in token of their rejection. To this address, Clark, with guarded and distant manner, replied:

"'I have paid attention to what has been said, and to-morrow will give an answer to it, when I hope the hearts of all people will be ready to receive the truth; but I recommend all to keep prepared for the result of this council, upon which your very existence as nations depends. I desire that you do not permit any of our people to shake hands with you, as peace is not yet made. It is time enough to give the hand when the heart can be given also.'

"One of the chiefs answered: 'Such sentiments are like men who have but one heart and do not speak with a forked tongue.'

"On the following day all again assembled, and Clark delivered the following address, as we take it from his own Memoirs:

"'Men and warriors! you said yesterday that the Great Spirit had

brought us together, and you hoped it was for good, as He was good. So do I, and expect that each party will adhere to whatever is agreed on, whether it be peace or war. I am a man and a warrior, not a councilor. I am sent by the Great Council of the Big Knife and their friends to take possession of all the towns in this country held by the English, and to watch the motions of the red people; to bloody the paths of those who attempt to stop the course of the river, and to clear the roads, that the women and children may walk in them without striking their feet against anything. I am ordered to call on the Great Fire for warriors enough to darken the land, that the red people may hear no sound but of birds who live on blood. The Big Knife is much like the red people; they don't know how to make blankets and powder and cloth; they buy these from the English, from whom they are sprung. They live by making corn, hunting, and trade, as the red men and the French do. The English said we should buy everything from them, and since we got saucy we should give two bucks for a blanket, which we used to get for one; that we should do as they pleased, and killed some of our people to make the rest fear them. This is the cause of the war between them and us. In this way it began, and the English were driven from one place to another until they got weak, and then they hired you red people to fight for them. The Great Spirit got angry at this, and caused your old father, the French king, to join the Big Knife and fight with them against all their enemies. So the English have become as the deer in the woods, and you may see that it is the Great Spirit that has caused your waters to be troubled, because you fought for the people he was mad with. If your women and children now cry, blame yourselves for it, and not the Big Knife. Now, judge who is in the right. I have told you who I am. Here is a bloody belt and a white one; take which you please. Be like men, and don't let your being surrounded by the Big Knife cause you to take up the one belt with your hands, while your hearts take up the other. We will, therefore, part this evening; and when the Great Spirit shall bring us together again, let us speak and think like men with but one heart and one tongue.'

"The next day after this speech, a new fire was kindled with more than usual ceremony, and the Indian speaker stepped forward and said:

"'We ought to be thankful that the Great Spirit has taken pity, and opened our ears and hearts. I paid great attention to what the Great Spirit put into the heart of the Big Knife chief to say to us. We believe the whole to be the truth, as the Big Knife did not speak like any other people we have heard. We have been deceived, and the English have told us lies, just as some of our old men always told us. The English have forts in our country; and if they get strong enough, they will serve the red people as they have treated the Big Knife. We will now call in our warriors, and throw the tomahawk into the river, where it can never be found. We will suffer no more bad birds to fly through the land disquieting the women and children.'

"The pipe was again lighted, and presented to all the spirits as witnesses of the transactions; it was smoked, and the council concluded by a shaking of hands all around, white and red. In like manner, with very little variety, treaties were negotiated with many tribes; and with a dignity and importance in their eyes, little inferior to that of the alliance between the United States and France.

"Colonel Clark determined not to appear to humor or caress them, and even apologized for making a few presents, on the ground that they had traveled a long way to attend the council, and expended their ammunition and worn out their leggings and moccasins. The Indians were thoroughly overawed by the sweeping successes, and this state of mind was confirmed by the report of spies whom Clark kept among these newly-made friends. Such a sudden and extensive change among the Indians is to be largely attributed to the influence of the French traders and agents; yet it required all the tact to preserve the prestige and authority won, with the meager forces of the commander. The idea of re-enforcements to order, at military headquarters at Falls of Ohio, was constantly kept before the public mind. No fees were exacted in the weekly courts, which were occupied with the business and disputes of the people, under cover of which the provincial officials of the English were accustomed to practice the same extortions, such as irritated and provoked to rebellion the citizens of the American colonies. A friendly correspondence was cultivated with the neighboring representatives of the Spanish Government across the Mississippi.

"The incidents of the day were not without their episodes of romance. A band of savages, called Meadow Indians, and made up of straggling adventurers and desperadoes from various tribes—a species of Indian guerrillas—had followed the tribes in, and been promised a large reward if they would assassinate Colonel Clark. For this purpose they had pitched their camp about one hundred yards from the fort, where the commander had his quarters, and on the same side of Cahokia river. This stream was but a few feet deep at this time, and a plot was formed for these Indians to cross over at night, fire their guns in the direction of Indians on the other side, and fly back to Colonel Clark's quarters; and there seek admission on pretense of fleeing from their enemies, and massacre Clark and the little garrison around him. At one o'clock the commander was still awake, and occupied with the multiplied cares of office, when the attempt was made. The Indians discharging their guns, so as to throw suspicion on the other Indians, came running to the American camp for protection, as they said, from their enemies, who had attacked them. The guard, in greater force than was anticipated, presented their arms and checked the fugitives, and compelled them to return to their own camp. The whole town and garrison were now aroused, and the Meadows, whom the guard had recognized by the light of the moon, were sent for. On questioning, they declared it was their enemies who had fired upon them from across the stream, and they

had sought shelter with the Americans. Some of the French, knowing this party better than the Kentuckians, called for a light, and discovered their moccasins and leggings to be quite wet and muddy, from the passage of the creek and return. The discovery convicted them of treachery and lying; and, to manifest to the tribes the friendly union and confidence with the French, Clark turned them over to the latter, to be dealt with as they thought fit. It was privately intimated, however, that the chiefs of the conspiracy should be put in the guard-house, in irons; and this was promptly done. In this manacled condition they were brought daily into the council, but not permitted to speak until all other business was transacted. After a few days, Colonel Clark ordered their irons to be taken off, and addressed them before the assembly, as follows:

"'Every one says that you ought to die for your treacherous attempt to kill me, and at a time when the sacred deliberations of a council were in progress; and I had determined to put you to death, as you know you have justly forfeited your lives. But, on considering how mean it is to watch a bear and catch him asleep, we have come to the conclusion that you are not warriors, but old women, and too mean to be killed by the Big Knife. But as squaws ought to be punished for putting on breech-cloths like men, these shall be taken from you; and as women don't know how to hunt, plenty of provisions shall be given you for your journey home; during your stay here, you shall be treated like squaws.'

"Turning indifferently away, Clark began to converse with others present, while the Meadows seemed to be deeply agitated. One of the chiefs arose, and offering a pipe and belt of peace, attempted to speak. Clark, refusing to hear it interpreted, with a stroke of his sword lying on the table broke the pipe in pieces, indignantly announcing that the Big Knife never treated with women. Some friendly chiefs now undertook to mediate for the pardon of the offenders, especially for the sake of their families, toward whom the Big Knife might have pity; but Clark seemed yet inexorable.

"The guilty culprits seemed wrought up to the intensest excitement, as the tomahawk seemed to be suspended over their devoted heads. They busied themselves in private whisperings among themselves for awhile, when suddenly two of their young men advanced to the middle of the floor, sat down, and flung their blankets over their heads, to the astonishment of the entire assembly. Two chiefs now arose, and standing by the side of the two young men, offered their lives in sacrifice, as an atonement by which to appease the offended Big Knife, and again offered the pipe. Clark softened to a milder tone, but would not accept the pipe. The young men kept their positions, while the assembly was all suspense and anxiety. Deeply affected by the magnanimity of these young men, Clark ordered the young men to arise and uncover themselves, and spoke to them these words:

"'I am rejoiced to find that there are men in all nations. Your offering of your lives is at least a proof for your own countrymen. Such characters

as yours are alone fit to be chiefs, and with such I like to treat. Through you the Big Knife grants peace to your people, and I now take you by the hand as the chiefs of your tribes.'

"They were now, with radiant countenances, introduced to the American officers, to the French and Spanish gentlemen present, and finally to the other friendly Indian chiefs, and saluted by all as chiefs of the Meadows. Clark at once caused a council to be held, with great ceremony, in which the terms of peace were settled with these dangerous neighbors, and presents granted to distribute among their friends. It was learned after that these young men were held in high esteem by the tribes, and that the incident gave much prestige to the Virginians.

"Next, directing attention to some of the leading tribes toward the shores of lakes Michigan and Erie, Colonel Clark succeeded in inducing their chiefs to visit his headquarters, and in negotiating terms with them. He endeavored to impress on them the idea that the English were weak and afraid, as they were always ready to give the Indians so many goods to fight for them. He spoke contemptuously both of people who would offer bribes to others to go to war and do their fighting, and of those who would accept such bribes. 'The Big Knife,' said he, 'looked upon the scalps of warriors fighting their own battles as the greatest trophies of war; but those of men fighting for hire were given to children to play with, or flung to dogs.' The language had a powerful effect, for Clark had acquired a wonderful ascendancy over the barbarians.

"Among the chiefs of the lake-shore tribes was Lages, known by the appellation of Big Gate, from the circumstance of his having, when a boy, during the French war, and when the great Pontiac was besieging Detroit, shot a British soldier standing inside the fort gate. He had fallen in with a party of Piankeshaws coming to Kaskaskia, and had attended the council in silence for several days. Knowing his influence, and desiring to conciliate in that quarter, the commander addressed him with an apology for not noticing him until the public business was dispatched; that though they were enemies, it was his custom to treat all warriors in proportion to their exploits in war, and on this account the great warrior must, to-day, dine with him. Taken by sudden surprise, the chief declined; but Clark, following up his advantage, was all the more urgent, as he saw that Lages was embarrassed and persisting in refusal, and pressing his solicitations the embarrassment became painful. The Indian, worked into a high degree of excitement, stepped into the middle of the room, and in the most serio-comic manner, threw down his emblematic war belt, then a little British flag which he pulled out of his bosom, and finally tore off, with more energy than grace, all his clothes, except his breech-clout, and piled them in common with the war emblems. Then in mock heroic attitude, he struck his breast, and delivered himself of the following impromptu:[1]

[1] Butler, pp. 77–79; Clark's Memoirs.

"'You know I have been a warrior from my youth, and that I delight in battle; three times I have been against the Big Knife. I had been preparing for another war party when I heard of the big chief's arrival; but I determined to rest myself, and come and hear what the Americans had to say in their defense. I am satisfied the Big Knife is in the right; and as a man and a warrior I ought not to fight any longer in a bad cause. I am henceforth a Big Knife.'

"With this he shook hands with Colonel Clark and his officers, and saluted them as brothers. The drollery of the matter was the nudity of Big Gate, and the newly-converted brother must be clothed. A fine laced suit was soon forthcoming, and the chief, in full military costume of dress parade, was ready for dinner with the Big Knife, or war against his old allies, the English. Soon after, Big Gate asked a private interview with Clark, and detailed a full account of the condition of Detroit, and offered his services to procure a British prisoner or a scalp. He was assured that no objection was made to a prisoner, if he would treat him humanely; but the scalp was declined, as this method of warfare was unworthy of warriors. On departing, Clark gave him a captain's commission and a medal, to secure his good will and offices in the future."

We made mention of the fact that, on the re enlistment and re-organization of his soldiers at Kaskaskia, Captain William Linn was put in charge of those whom desire and necessity led to return to Kentucky, with instructions from Colonel Clark to enlarge and strengthen at Falls of Ohio the works already erected there. Corn island, the spot selected for safety and convenience, was then a beautiful and verdant island, covered with forests of native growth, and lying directly in front of the site of Louisville, from a point opposite the foot of Fifth street to the foot of Fourteenth. But a remnant of this alluvial ground remains, just above the bridge, after the denuding of the forest growth, and the washings of the flood currents of a century. On this island, a guard of soldiers and the families who had come with Clark's flotilla were yet remaining under the protection of the stockade fort, and under the shelter of the eight rude cabins that were hastily built in the early summer.

[1] Inspired with more confidence by the military achievements in the North-west, Captain Linn constructed a stockade fort and some cabin improvements on the shore, and removed the stores of supply, the garrison, and the thirteen families that came out with Clark, to their new quarters. This new fort was on the river bank, at the foot of the present Twelfth street.

As a life-drawn and vivid picture of the events and times here, we quote an article from the pen of one of the best living authorities: [2]

"One hundred and five years ago Christmas was for the first time celebrated at the Falls of the Ohio. When General Clark, in the spring of 1778,

1 Collins, Vol. I., p. 19. 2 Colonel R. T. Durrett, in the *Bivouac*, January, 1884.

set out upon his expedition against the British garrisons in the Illinois territory, some twenty families assembling at Redstone, for the purpose of emigrating to Kentucky, accompanied the soldiers from that place to the falls. These families were landed on Corn island, May 27, 1778, and became the founders of the city of Louisville. Cabins were erected for their habitation on the island, and they dwelt there until the news came of the conquest of the Illinois country, and orders were received from the victorious commander to prepare for moving to the main shore.

"To secure the settlers against the attacks of hostile Indians on the main land, a fort was ordered to be erected on the high bank where Twelfth street now enters the river. The building of this fort was committed to the charge of Richard Chenoweth; and although the structure he erected had little claim to the name of fort, consisting, as it did, of rows of log cabins joined together around an inner court, it yet served the purposes for which it was intended, until a better one could be constructed. The settlers who had been cooped up on Corn island ever since their arrival were glad of the opportunity of enlarging their range: and although the fort was not finished at the close of 1778, it was in habitable condition, and some of the families spent their first Christmas in the new quarters. Accepting the change of getting from the island to the main land, and pleased with the thought of the approaching holiday, which all had been wont to celebrate in the old homes from which they came, they decided to give their new quarters what they called, a *house warming* on Christmas day. And as Chenoweth had been the builder of the new fort, it was concluded to honor him with the conduct of the house warming, or giving of the Christmas dinner and dance.

"According to the custom of the times, two things—a feast and a dance—were necessary to the proposed celebration of Christmas. It was easy enough to have the feast. Game was abundant in the woods, and expert marksmen were present to kill all the deer, and bears, and turkeys, and rabbits, and opossums that could be needed. The difficulty was the music for the dance. There was a negro named Cato at the fort who had a fiddle that had furnished music for the settlement during the summer and fall. But his crazy old instrument was now reduced to one string, and Cato was not Ole Bull enough to saw music from it. He had tried to make strings of the hair of the horse's tail and of the sinews of the deer, but the former only gave a horrid screech when the bow scraped them, and the latter uttered no sound except a kind of hoarse moan like the melancholy hoots of a night owl. Every young heart, and old one, too, in the settlement was sad at this condition of Cato's fiddle, but there appeared to be no help for it, and all had sorrowfully resolved to make the most of the feast without the dance.

"On Christmas eve, when the hunters had returned from the woods and the men were preparing the game and the women picking the fowls for the morrow's feast, a small boat was rowed between the island and the main land, and made fast to a tree just opposite to the new fort. The boat was

occupied by some traders on their way from Fort Pitt to Kaskaskia, and among them was a Frenchman, who, hearing of the help his king had determined to give the Americans in their struggle for independence, had left France for the purpose of making his fortune in the new world with his violin. The boat was in a leaky condition, and had been compelled to come to shore for repairs. Although anxiety to see the strangers had brought all the men, women, and children of the settlement to the boat, none of those who wanted so much to dance had thought of inquiring whether there was a fiddle or even fiddle strings on board. Not so with Cato. So soon as he got the opportunity he made diligent search, and learned that a French musician was on board, and that he not only had his fiddle with him, but had also an extra supply of strings. It was not long before Cato had bargained with the Frenchman for the three strings he needed, and given as many raccoon skins therefor, with an extra skin, on condition that nothing was to be said about it. Cato's scheme was to get his fiddle in order without any one at the fort knowing it, so that when the dinner was over and all were dying for a dance, he could surprise all with the much desired music. He, therefore, put the new strings on his fiddle, laid the instrument away, and waited for the time when his unexpected music was to make the boys and girls think him the greatest man in the world.

"Friday, the 25th of December, 1778, came with a bright sun and a genial winter's air. Early that morning the pots were boiling and the ovens were baking the dishes that were to make the dinner. At the north-east corner of the fort, adjoining the cabin of Chenoweth, and connected therewith by a door, was a large apartment, double the size of the rooms of the cabins, intended for a storehouse. Here forks were driven in the unboarded floor, and poles stretched through them, over which boards were laid for the dinner table. By twelve o'clock the table was ready for the guests. There was no cloth upon it, and most of its furniture was made of wood. The meats were served in wooden trays, the hominy in wooden bowls, and the bread upon wooden plates. An occasional pewter spoon and horn-handled knife and tin cup enlivened the scene, but there were not enough of them for all the guests. If every article of food on the table had formed a separate course as in modern times, it might have been pronounced a swell repast. There were venison, and bear, and rabbit, and turkey, and buffalo meat, prepared in different ways. There was corn bread in pone, in hoe cake, and in batter cake form; there was hominy boiled and fried; there were milk, and butter, and home-made cheese. But the great dish of the occasion was an opossum baked whole. It hung by its tail on a stick of wood in the center of the table, and every one present had a piece of it.

"The occupants of the boat that had landed the day before had been invited to the feast. When the dinner was about over, and the boys and girls and old folks, too, had begun to sigh for want of the dance, the Frenchman was telling Miss Ann Tuell an anecdote in which something was said

about an accident to his fiddle. At the mention of fiddle Miss Tuell gave a joyous shout, which brought everybody around her. Quick as lightning the Frenchman was pressed with questions if he had a fiddle. When he answered in the affirmative, the fort rang with shouts of gladness. Monsieur was besought to get his fiddle and help to a dance. He tried to avoid it, but refusals were vain. The girls hugged him and kissed him and patted his face until he yielded.

"While monsieur was gone to the boat for his fiddle, the table was cleared from the large room, and all things put in order for the dance. Those who did not intend to participate in the dance, or, rather, had to attend to children too young to engage in it, were seated on stools around the walls, and the space between, which was a smooth dirt floor, left clear for the dancers. Cato was now the sad one of the fort. He began to think the Frenchman would carry off the honors of the day, and that his new fiddle strings, bought at the cost of four raccoon skins, would not afford the joy or bring him the pay he had expected. But there was no help for him, and he sullenly and sadly waited to see what might turn up.

"The Frenchman was familiar with the fashionable music and dances of his native land, but utterly ignorant of what was suited to the frontier settlements of this country. He was willing, however, to do his best for the enjoyment of the occasion, and the girls were delighted at the opportunity of learning something new and fashionable—

"A bran new dance
Just come from France,

as some of them rhymingly expressed it. When he returned from the boat with his fiddle he found the room ready, and the dancers on the floor impatient to begin. The names of the dances he tried to introduce have not come down to us, but the description which has been preserved in tradition indicates that they were the following:

"First he tried what was known in those days as the *Branle*. He arranged the dancers in a circle around the room with hands joined, and showed them how to leap in circles and keep one another in constant motion. After giving, as he thought, sufficient instructions to insure success, he took his place at one side of the room, and began to play and direct the dance. But the dancers would not or could not follow his promptings. They got out of time and out of figure, too. The Frenchman was disgusted, and resolved to try another figure.

"He advanced to the center, and after descanting upon the grace and beauty of the *Minuet*, arranged the parties for that dance. He showed them how to make a long and graceful bow, how to balance, and how to glide forward. Then taking his position at the side of the room again, he began to play the minuet and direct the figure. But the dancers again either could not or would not obey orders. Instead of gliding, they would hop across the floor; and when they came to bow, instead of drawing it out to a grace-

ful length, as indicated by the strain of music, they bobbed their heads up and down in quick succession, like geese dodging a shower of stones. Monsieur was again disgusted, but summoned enough of the courage of despair to make another effort.

"He next introduced the *Pavane*, and explained that the principal merit of this dance consisted in strutting like peacocks. He instanced Margaret of Valois and other distinguished French ladies who had made great fame in this dance. When he had arranged them on the floor and showed them how to strut, he took his place and began the music. A scene soon followed that surpassed the two previous ones in ridiculousness. As the boys strutted by the girls, the girls laughed at them, and as the girls caught their skirts with their hands on each side and strutted by the boys, the boys would imitate the peculiar cry of the peacock until the whole scene was confusion confounded. Monsieur was disgusted beyond endurance. Although he spoke very fair English when at himself, he now lost the entire use of that tongue, and in his rage and despair rattled away in French, like an empty wagon over a rough pavement. He planted his back against the wall after the first ebullition of passion had subsided, and there stood, with his fiddle under his arm and his bow in his hand, a grim, pale statue of despair.

"Just at this juncture a charcoal face, with ivory teeth between thick lips grinning from ear to ear, was seen entering the room. It was Cato, the negro fiddler, whose music had given more pleasure at the falls than all other things combined. In truth, it may be doubted if the families could have been kept together on Corn island during the summer and fall of 1778, if Cato's fiddle had not been there to cheer them with its stirring tunes. Cato walked up to the Frenchman, and, with the politeness of the Frenchman himself, asked if he might play while his honor rested. The Frenchman gladly accepted the proposition of Cato, and told him to play on.

"Cato began an old Virginia reel, and quick as thought the males were ranged along one side of the room and the females on the other, each having selected a partner in the twinkling of an eye. Down through the intervening space dashed the head couple, cutting all sorts of capers, interspersed with jigs, hoe downs, shuffles, and pigeon wings, until, weary of their violent efforts, they took their stand at the foot of the circle. Then the next couple did likewise, the difference being only a little more so or a little less so, until the foot became the head again, and so on. No prompting was necessary. All understood what was to be done, and did it. Everything was absolute enjoyment except the thought of how long a human being in Cato's position might hold out to make such music. Cato did hold out till midnight, when all were weary enough to go to bed and rest.

"The Frenchman slowly awoke to an appreciation of his situation, and while the dance was in full blast made his way to his boat. The boat had reluctantly been delayed for this frolic, and, now that monsieur was aboard again, it was soon pushed from shore, making its way over the rapids toward

its destination, bearing away with it the secret as to how Cato obtained his fiddle-strings.

"There was no newspaper printed at the falls at that early date; but if there had been, its next issue would doubtless have contained the names of the persons at the dance, and given a description of the costumes; for, although the occasion presented nothing that would rank with the displays of modern fashion, everything there was the best that the times and the locality could afford. The gentlemen appeared in buckskin hunting shirts, breeches, and moccasins, and the ladies in linsey gowns, with hands ungloved and feet covered by coarse brogans. Every man, woman, and child in the settlement was present, and the following ancestors of descendants yet dwelling among us may be mentioned as having joined in this first celebration of a Christmas holiday in Louisville:

"Richard Chenoweth, his wife Hannah, and their four children, Mildred, Jane, James, and Thomas.

"James Patten, his wife Mary, and their three daughters, Martha, Mary, and Peggy.

"John McManus, his wife Mary, and their three sons, John, George, and James.

"John Tuell, his wife Mary, and their three children, Ann, Winney, and Jesse.

"William Faith, his wife Elizabeth, and their son John.

"Jacob Reager, his wife Elizabeth, and their three children, Sarah, Maria, and Henry.

"Edward Worthington was with General Clark in the Illinois campaign, but his wife Mary, his son Charles, and his two sisters, Ann and Elizabeth, were at the falls.

"James Graham was also with General Clark in the Illinois territory, but his wife, Mary, was in the fort at the falls. John Donne was also with General Clark in the Illinois country, but it is believed that his wife, Mary, and their two sons, John and Charles, were at the falls at this time. It has also been claimed that Isaac Kimbly and his wife, Mary, were among the first settlers at the falls.

"In addition to these, Captain Isaac Ruddle, James Sherlock, Alexander McIntyre, William Foster, Samuel Finley, Neahl Doherty, and Isaac McBride were detailed by General Clark from the Illinois expedition and left on Corn island to guard the military stores there deposited, and thus became parties to the first settlement of Louisville.

"Such a number of men, women, and children just released from their narrow limits on Corn island, and ushered into new quarters on the main shore, where the boundless forest, full of game, spread around them, would be likely to do full justice to their first Christmas dinner and dance: and tradition says they performed all that could have been expected of mortals at both eating and dancing. Their descendants, at the distance of one hundred

and five years, see many changes in the mode of celebrating Christmas, but nothing more hearty, abundant, and sincere."

A larger and better fort, built by regular troops, assisted by the militia, in 1782, was located between the present Seventh and Eighth streets, and on the north side of Main, on the high water bank of the river. In honor of the third Republican Governor of Virginia, it was called Fort Nelson. Seventh street passed through the first gate opposite the headquarters of General Clark. When completed, it contained about one acre of ground, and was surrounded by a ditch eight feet deep and ten feet wide, intersected in the middle by a row of sharp pickets. This ditch was surmounted by a breastwork of log pens or enclosures, filled with the earth from the ditch, with pickets ten feet high planted on the top of the breastwork. Next to the river, pickets alone were deemed sufficient, aided by the long slope of the bank. In the course of time, artillery was placed in the fort, and, insignificant as it may appear to the eye of the military critic of to-day, it proved an important defense, and altogether adequate to the wants and purposes of its day.

This was the first permanent improvement and settlement on the site of the commercial metropolis made by the frontier settlers. We have noted the fact that Captain Thomas Bullitt laid off a town site on another portion of Louisville, nearer the mouth of Beargrass creek, in August, 1773; but for years this pioneer work was not followed up with practical results toward the founding of a great city.

In the summer of 1832, in excavating the cellar of John Love's business house on Main street, opposite the Louisville Hotel, some of the wooden remains of this fort were dug up. The name, Louisville, is supposed to have been given in honor of the unfortunate French monarch, Louis XVI., who had recently negotiated the treaty by which his troops became allies to the Americans, in the war for independence, and under an impulse of gratitude on the part of the hardy frontiersmen.

In the latter half of the year 1778 the Indians made no formidable incursions into Kentucky, no doubt diverted by the extraordinary flank invasion of their own territory by Clark, and the successful demonstration on their lines of communication with their British allies. Scurring parties, however, from time to time reminded the settlers that they must not relax their vigilance in defense.

In September, as a party of sixteen whites was passing from Harrodstown to St. Asaph's, when near the site of Danville, they were fired on by Indians concealed in a cane-brake. All escaped unhurt, except William Poague, who failed to make his appearance. He was wounded by three balls, but had clung to his horse until it carried him out of reach of the enemy, when he concealed himself in a field of cane. Next day two parties went in search of their lost companion, one of whom passing near and in hearing of the suffering man, he hailed them to come to his relief. They carried him to

Field's "lottery cabin," a little over one mile west of Danville, and camped for the night. The Indians fell on their trail, and following it to the spot, lay in wait to attack in the morning. Fortunately, the whites discovered the danger, and at dawn of light sallied out, surprised them in ambush, and routed the reds, who left four of their slain comrades on the ground. One of these had possession of Poague's horse, which was retaken and presented to his son, Robert. The wounded man was then placed upon a horse, and in the supporting arms of William Maddox behind him, was borne back to Harrodstown, where, in the midst of sorrowing family and friends, he died the next day.

The loss of this man to the community was a very serious one, apart from the services of a good neighbor, a good citizen, and a good soldier. He was remarkably ingenious, as well as industrious. In these distant wilds, the people were often in want and inconvenienced for the simplest articles of household and personal use. There were few of such articles the creative and ready mind and nimble fingers of William Poague could not supply on demand. Buckets, milk-pails, churns, and tubs, all were turned out from his shop; the wood stock for the first plow-share used in turning the unctuous soil followed, and soon after the first loom, on which flax and woolen cloths were woven for the homespun garments of the settlers, was constructed and put in successful use, by sinking posts in the ground and piercing the beams and braces to them. His wife, Mrs. Ann Poague, was no less a model of that energy and character which distinguished the pioneer women in their domestic sphere, as well as the men in the field and forest. She brought to Kentucky the first spinning-wheel, and made the first linen ever known to be made in the country, and from lint gathered of nettles. Widowed by the killing of her husband, she was again married, in 1781, to Captain Joseph Lindsey, who, one year after, fell in the disastrous and bloody battle of Blue Licks. Widowed again, some years after, she became the wife of James McGinty, and long esteemed for her venerable years and worth as Mrs. Ann McGinty.

In "Spaulding's Sketches," the incident of an attack on a corn-shelling party is narrated. About thirty men were sent out from Harrodstown to a plantation seven miles distant, for the purpose of shelling corn for the supply of the fort. They were divided in pairs, and each pair assigned the task of filling a sack with the shelled grain. While thus engaged, they were fired on by a band of some forty Indians, who had managed to conceal themselves in an adjacent cane-brake. Seven fell, killed or wounded, at the fire, while eight others escaped to an opposite cane brake.[1] The remainder, rallied by the orders of Colonel Bowman, seized their rifles, and sheltering in a cabin near, and behind trees, made an effective defense. Coomes, of whose narrow escape at the sugar-camp we have before spoken, was so near to his comrade at the bag, who was among the wounded, that his face was

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 613; Spaulding's Sketches.

stained with the spurting blood. One of the whites, mistaking him for a painted Indian, cocked and leveled his rifle to shoot him. Coomes observed the movement just in time to stay the trigger, and save his life. Colonel Bowman dispatched a courier to the fort for re-enforcements. The messenger sped upon his way unharmed to his destination, though through a rattling fire from the ambushed enemy, and by another body of Indians in ambush on the road he had to travel. In a few hours the anxiously-awaited relief came, and the baffled Indians betook themselves to flight. The dead were buried, the horses were loaded with the full sacks of corn, and all returned by nightfall to the shelter of the station.

A body of Indians, probably the same who shot William Poague, made demonstrations of attack on Harrodstown during the fall. John Gist and a number of others sallied out to give them battle. Gist was struck by a bullet on the chin, just deep enough for the concussion to knock him down. The Indian who fired the shot ran up to scalp him, when Gist raised his loaded rifle and shot him dead, and made his escape into the fort.

Two or three Indian raids were made into Scott county, in the neighborhood of Johnson's mill, and some killed and wounded on retreat and pursuit. They killed a white boy of the settlement on one excursion, and had three killed in return. A singular maneuver, illustrating at once the devotion and fertile cunning sometimes displayed by the savages, was made by a retreating party on one of these raids. In May, they stole some twenty horses from the same vicinity.[1] Captain Herndon, with a small party, pursued and overtook them in a copse of wood, where they had halted. The whites were just ready to fire, when the Indians perceived them, gave a loud yell, and darted into the woods. Herndon, in pursuit, noticed one who, remaining in view of the whites, continued to yell and gesticulate, to fly from one tree to another, and to spring wildly up and down, as if frantic. This strange conduct so engrossed the whites that they found no opportunity to fire until the other Indians were beyond danger, having secured their guns and blankets. The acting maniac, having no doubt accomplished the heroic purpose of saving his comrades by this remarkable sham play, suddenly dropped the curtain and ended the performance by as suddenly disappearing in the brush as he had evacuated the camp.

The active and enterprising spirit of Simon Kenton had led him to join the expedition of Clark to the North-west, in which he performed invaluable services as scout and spy, and in which no backwoodsman was considered so expert and daring. After the fall of Kaskaskia, Kenton, with a small party, was sent to Kentucky with dispatches, and on the way they fell in with a camp of Indians with horses, which they broke up, took the horses and sent them back to Kaskaskia, and then directed their route to Vincennes. Entering that place by night, they traversed its streets without being discovered, and departed after taking two horses to each man. White river being

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 700.

much swollen, they made a raft to transport themselves, their guns, and baggage, while the horses were made to swim across. To their dismay, a band of Indians appeared on the other shore just in time to catch the horses on the bank. Thus intercepted, they allowed the raft to float down stream to a landing, and concealed themselves until night; then making another raft, they successfully crossed, and arrived safely in Kentucky with their letters and documents, some of which were for the Virginia seat of government.

He was in Kentucky but a short time before his restless and almost reckless spirit of adventure led him to join a party to cross the Ohio and make reprisals for horses stolen by the Indians from the settlers. His companions were killed, or escaped, in a rencontre with a body of savages, while Kenton, his rifle having flashed in the face of the foe, found himself surrounded by an overwhelming force, and compelled to surrender.

Yet young in years, but a veteran in experience, Kenton was well known, and a peculiar object of hatred and dread to the Indians. He was unlike Boone in this respect. He had no dissemblance, nor art of double acting in his nature. He was terribly combative, and knew the Indians only as enemies to be killed or injured at all times and in every way, so long as they were at war, and he had never known them in any other way than at war. The Indians unfortunately caught their implacable enemy with a number of their ponies, on his way back to Kentucky. They at once began to beat him with sticks and whip him with switches, all the while upbraiding him as a "hoss steal," as though they could not have called him brother in the practice. They might have ended his career then and there. But the prisoner was no ordinary *catch*, and they intended to bear him into the village camp and make a holiday of him. After they tired of beating and taunting him, they secured him for the night. Laying him flat upon his back, they drew his legs apart and lashed his feet tightly to two saplings; a pole was next laid across his breast, and his hands tied to each end, and his arms lashed with thongs to the same. His head was then stretched back, and his neck was tied to a stake in the ground, but not so as to choke him if he lay quiet. In this manner he passed the night, without the relief of a moment's slumber, in unrecorded reflections on the vicissitudes of hunting Indians and stealing their ponies.

They soon after painted him black, and informed him that they would carry him to Chillicothe, where he would be burned at the stake. One day, to vary the monotony of torture, and as a fresh amusement for themselves, his captors tied him securely on an unbroken horse and turned him loose in the woods, to run through the bushes and among the trees. This he did, capering and prancing through thickets of undergrowth and amid the limbs of the trees, trying in vain to discharge the load. His clothes were torn from his body, and his flesh pierced and bruised in many places. The horse at last stopped the performance from sheer exhaustion, quieted down, and

joined the cavalcade.[1] Kenton, no less exhausted, was borne along with the band until relieved.

Arrived at Chillicothe, they prepared the stake, tied him to it, and left him in that condition for twenty-four hours without applying the torch. Why not, he could only conjecture. He was finally untied and compelled to run the gauntlet. At this place there were assembled some six hundred Indians of all ages and sexes. All were placed in two opposite rows from the council house, extending nearly half a mile out, armed with switches, sticks, and every conceivable hand weapon available. Kenton was now directed to run between these files, to the beat of the drum at the council house door, and if he could get into the council house he should escape death; but he must expect a blow from each Indian as he passed. He started on his hard race with all the will and energy of his nature, and after many blows and many escapes he had almost reached the coveted door of deliverance, when he was knocked senseless by a blow from a club in the hands of a warrior, severely beaten, and again taken into custody.

In the wretched and hopeless condition into which the repeated and varied barbarities of the savages forced him, Kenton was beginning to feel that life was becoming an intolerable burden. He was marched from town to town, seemingly the object of exceptional malice and cruelty on the part of the red men. Eight times he was compelled to run the gauntlet, and on one occasion he became desperate enough to attempt to escape, even at the risk of his life. Starting down the gauntlet line, he suddenly turned and dashed through the ranks at a weak point, and sped on his way, the motley crowd in pursuit. He had almost reached the brush, which might offer him safe shelter, when he was met by a lot of warriors coming in on horseback, and compelled to surrender.

Several different times he was condemned to be burnt at the stake, and the sentence was at last to be executed at Lower Sandusky. But again he was fated for an unexpected deliverance. Here resided Simon Girty, the notorious renegade white, who had caused himself to be adopted into a tribe and made a great leader among the Indians, just returned from an unsuccessful excursion against the frontiers of Pennsylvania. For alleged wrongs he was the implacable foe of his own people, toward whom he had become a sort of Ishmaelite with an ever ready hand of vengeance. Hearing that a white prisoner was in town, he sought him, and began a merciless abuse of words and blows. Before Girty had joined the Indians, he and Kenton had been spies and scouts in the same expedition against the savages, and were well known to each other. Recognizing him, Kenton exclaimed: "Why, Simon Girty, do you treat an old boyhood friend in that way? Don't you know me?" Girty was amazed as he identified the unfortunate man as a comrade of former years. His better nature prevailed, and, relenting, he raised him from the ground, offered him his hand, and promised to

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 447.

intercede for his relief and final release from captivity. At Girty's request a council was called, the sentence of death at the stake revoked, and the prisoner delivered into the hands of his opportune friend. The latter took him to his house, washed his wounds, decently dressed him, and bestowed all the privileges of hospitality. The rebound from despair and torture to hope and comfort was most timely and grateful to Kenton, and in this condition of rest and relief he continued five days.

Some chiefs of neighboring towns, hearing that Kenton was set free, and knowing the prowess of the man as an enemy, indulging the ferocity of their natures, violently protested against such leniency, and demanded another council. In this, notwithstanding the exertions of Girty, he was again made a prisoner, and the sentence of death at the stake renewed against him. He was marched to Lower Sandusky to have this sentence executed.

The varying fortune which seemed to coquette with alternate smiles and frowns seemed again, in the fickle humor of indulgence, to beam in favor toward the devoted victim. The celebrated Mingo chief, Logan, whose wrongs suffered at the hands of the whites had not obliterated the nobility of his nature, became interested in the romance of a life that seemed to be charmed or fated. Perhaps this interest may have been enlisted by Girty, determined not to be foiled. Logan prevailed on a Canadian trader, Peter Druyer, who was on a visit from Detroit, to purchase the prisoner from his Indian claimants, and succeeded in negotiating a trade on mutually-agreed terms with the council. He carried Kenton with him to Detroit and delivered him to the British commander. Here he remained a prisoner, but with humane treatment paroled to report at nine o'clock daily. He was surprised to meet several old companions—Jesse Cofer, Nathaniel Bullock, and others—who were also prisoners, and together these passed the time in comparative comfort until about the 1st of June, 1779, working for the garrison at half pay, or at other occupation.

Within the circle of frequent association with the prisoners was a comely, sympathetic, and spirited woman, the wife of an Indian trader by the name of Harvey. A first acquaintance grew into friendly intimacy between Kenton and Mrs. Harvey, and finally into an active interest in his welfare. The veteran in war and in all the experience of frontier life was but twenty-four years old at this time. A companion who served with him says "he was fine looking, with a dignified and manly deportment, and a soft, pleasing voice, and was, wherever he went, a great favorite with the ladies." Another who knew him intimately writes this description:

"Kenton was of fair complexion, six feet one inch in height, and, in the prime of life, weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds. His carriage, standing or walking, was very erect. He was never inclined to be corpulent, although of sufficient fullness to form a graceful person. He had a soft, tremulous voice, very pleasing to the hearer. He had laughing gray eyes, which appeared to fascinate the beholder. His hair was a dark auburn. He

was a pleasant, good-humored, and obliging companion. When provoked to anger, or excited, as sometimes the case, the fiery glance of the eye would almost curdle the blood of those he came in contact with. His rage, when aroused, was like a tornado. In his dealings he was honest and unsuspicious. His confidence in man approached credulity, and the same man might cheat him twenty times; and then, if he professed friendship, he might go on cheating him."

Such was the child of the forest, untutored in the lore of science, yet graduate in the knowledge and arts of the life he was called to follow; without the training and drill of rehearsal or the ordering of usher, yet a mighty actor in the building of States and civilization upon the theater of a territorial empire; his deeds unwritten and unheralded by the pen of fame, yet ingenuously carving for his name an immortality out of the wilds and solitudes of nature. Simon Kenton was one of the cruder types of God's nobility, gifted with a genuine and original manhood, ordained for a mission, and complete in the powers and symmetry which best qualified for the sufferings and labors of its work. With time, the testimony of history will illustrate the rugged virtues of his heroic life all the more brightly, because they stand out from a background of obscurity and of unpretentious modesty. His deeds fitted him to be the Hector of a Kentucky Ilium, who lived only too late in the world's age of progress to find a Homer. He was simply the greatest among the great of his day, in the unblazed paths and the adventurous deeds of pioneer life; and posterity will not withhold its admiration of the hero, because of the humble sphere in which he did so faithfully and so nobly the task that Providence assigned him.

It was not strange, then, that a bright and appreciative woman should have her sympathies aroused for a man of such qualities, and to become keenly enlisted for his relief from the midst of misfortunes that appealed so strongly to womanly nature.

At Kenton's urgent solicitation, she consented to aid himself, Cofer, and Bullock to escape. Once enlisted, she engaged with womanlike unselfishness in the adventure. On the 3d of June, a large body of Indians assembled at Detroit for a general carouse. They stacked their guns near the residence of Mrs. Harvey, who, when the savages were in their drunken oblivion, stole out and selected three of the guns, and concealed them in a patch of pea-vines in her garden. She then collected ammunition, food, and supplies for a journey, and hid them in the hollow of a tree some distance out from the town; all of which she advised Kenton of in detail. She told him further that he would find a ladder at the back of her garden at midnight, by which he could climb over the pickets and get the guns. No time was lost, and at the hour named, Kenton entered the garden, where he found the faithful woman and ally sitting by the guns, and awaiting to see that all plans for their departure worked safely. The gentle, brave woman seemed an angel in the eyes of the youthful and ardent hunter, as

his heart throbbed with the pulsations of gratitude for the service she had done him; and he parted from her with emotions, the impressions of which were never effaced from his memory. As for his deliverer, she took an affectionate leave of him, and with many tender wishes for his safety, urged him to go and place himself beyond danger. Kenton never saw her afterward, but never forgot her. Years after, and in venerable age, the old pioneer delighted to dwell on the kindness, and expatiate on the courage and virtues, of his benefactress, the trader's gentle and comely wife. In his reveries, he often said, he had seen the angel woman a thousand times, sitting in the starlight, by the guns in the garden.

The fugitives directed their steps toward the prairies of Indiana and the Wabash tributaries, and after thirty days of dangers and hardships, reached Louisville in July. From this point, after a short rest, Kenton shouldered his rifle and started for Vincennes to join Colonel Clark, now quartered there, and to tender his services as needed.

It was in November of this year, 1778, that the Virginia Legislature, by act passed and approved, again voided the purchase by Henderson & Company, at Wataga, for the Transylvania Company; and in compensation for their outlay and improvements made, granted the said company two hundred thousand acres lying at the mouth, and on both sides, of Green river, and now a part of Henderson county.

CHAPTER XIV.

(1779.)

Critical situation of Clark at Kaskaskia.
The British General Hamilton recaptures Vincennes.
Threatens Clark with eight hundred British and Indians.
Delayed in this, Clark marches on Vincennes with one hundred and seventy men, in winter, and through the swamps flooded with water.
Incredible endurance and hardships.
Account from Bowman's memoirs.
From Clark's memoirs.
The amphibian soldiers reach Vincennes and invest it.
Hamilton surprised, capitulates, after much parleying.
The boats arrive after the surrender.
Awaits re-enforces to march on Detroit.
Disappointed, returns to Kaskaskia.
The Mississippi and Ohio country, northwest, saved by Clark's achievements.
Increased immigration to Kentucky.
Miami tribes troublesome.
Bowman's expedition.
His failure and retreat.
Logan covers latter.
Gallantly drives back the enemy, with severe loss.
Chaos of war over the colonies everywhere.
Industrial and monetary depression.
Virginia seeks to replenish by sale of Kentucky lands.
Land law passed.
Provision for "squatters."
Disputes over claims settled by a commission.
Isaac Shelby's claim first presented.
Three hundred family boats reach the falls in the spring of 1780.
Corn reaches one hundred and sixty-five continental dollars per bushel.
Many locate and improve at Lexington.
Description then.
Bryan's station established.
Pittman's station, near Greensburg, built.
Squire Boone builds Painted Stone station, near Shelbyville.
McAfees return to their old station, in Mercer county.
The "hard winter" of 1779–80.
The McCoun boy taken prisoner and burnt at the stake.
Rogers and Benham attacked on the Ohio river.
Nearly one hundred men slain.
Ferocious Byrd.
Benham's peril and suffering.
Rescued at last.

As the end of 1778 drew nigh, Colonel Clark was made gravely apprehensive of the condition which the affairs of the North-west were threatening to assume. The auxiliary forces which he had expected and fondly wished for had not arrived. Virginia was too deeply involved in the revolutionary struggle to spare re-enforcements so much needed. The colonial army under Washington had passed through the discouraging gloom and distress of Valley Forge, in the previous winter, and every soldier was needed for the continental army at the opening of spring. True, the alliance by treaty with France had given an inspiration of hope to the rebels; but the French

auxiliaries had not arrived in numbers sufficient, as yet, to afford relief. Captain Helm was compelled to depend entirely upon the loyalty of the newly-converted French and Indian population to maintain his established authority at Vincennes, not even being supplied with a body-guard of Kentuckians.

In this phase events drifted until January, 1779, Colonel Vigo, a wealthy and distinguished merchant of St. Louis, brought to Clark's headquarters at Kaskaskia the intelligence that Governor Hamilton had led an expedition from Detroit, late in December, and recaptured Vincennes, and reduced it to British power. The news was fully confirmed. It appeared that there was really but one other soldier besides the captain in the fort at the time of capture, by the name of Henry. When Hamilton approached with his forces, Captain Helm had a cannon well charged and placed in the open fort gate, while he stood by with a lighted match in his hand. When the British came in hailing distance, the American officer cried out, "Halt!" Hamilton stopped the movement, and demanded a surrender of the garrison. "No man shall enter till I know the terms," responded Helm. "You shall have the honors of war," answered the English officer; and then the fort was surrendered, with its garrison of one captain and one private.

The information given by Colonel Vigo was important, as developing the plans and resources of the English. Hamilton had brought with his British troops some four hundred Indian auxiliaries, and had planned to march on Kaskaskia after capturing Vincennes. To keep these restless allies employed, he had detached some to harass the Kentuckians, and others to watch the Ohio river, as the season was now too far advanced to attempt the march on Clark's fortified posts on the Mississippi. The arrest of further military operations on the part of the British for the present was necessitated by the impassable condition of the country. The territory lying east of the Mississippi, and including the Wabash river and its tributaries, over Illinois and Indiana, was a vast prairie-land, with intervening growths of timber, and generally flat. The valleys of the streams draining this country, especially of the Wabash and its tributaries, were usually from one to five miles wide, and level with the banks of the rivers and creeks. At every unusual rainfall, these streams would fill the channels with their turbid waters, and overflow the valleys to the skirting banks of the table land. Even this level upland prairie, in the rainy seasons, was covered over with vast sheets of shallow waste water, for which there was not sufficient drainage, rendering it most difficult and uncomfortable for the movement of bodies of men. These rainfalls even yet occur almost annually, and usually about the midwinter season, flooding the face of the country and inundating the lower valleys.

At midwinter, 1779, the flood was on, and Hamilton felt himself more secure at Vincennes, behind the barricades of water which spread over hundreds of obstructed miles between him and his enemy, than by the walls of

his fort. In the meantime, from this double security he was planning and preparing for a sweeping campaign at the opening of spring, which aimed at no less than the obliteration of the Kentuckians and of Virginia authority west of the Alleghanies. These plans were correctly outlined by Colonel Vigo, who showed himself to be a true and worthy friend of the Americans. His statements were fully confirmed by the reports of spies, and by official documents that afterward came under the eye of Clark. With the British and Indian forces at Vincennes, Hamilton was to march on and capture Kaskaskia. "Here, he was to be joined by two hundred Indians from Michillimachinac, and five hundred Cherokees, Chickasaws, and other tribes of the South." With these combined forces, under orders from the commander-in-chief in Canada, he was "to penetrate up the Ohio to Fort Pitt, sweeping Kentucky on the way; and the more effectively to do this, a battery of artillery, composed of light brass cannon, was to be added to the military arm." Colonel Vigo imparted the important and pivotal fact, upon which future operations might mainly revolve, that Hamilton at that time had but eighty regular soldiers in garrison at Vincennes, and three cannon and some swivels mounted for the defense of the fort.[1]

Colonel Clark formed his resolutions with that promptitude for which he was ever noted. His tactics were those of aggression, not defense, whenever it was possible for him to employ them thus. "I would have bound myself," said Clark, "a slave for life for seven years to have had five hundred troops. I knew that if I did not take him, he would take me." Dauntlessly, he determined to invade the wilderness of floods, and with what arms he had, and such as he could improvise, march on and besiege the British in their fortified position, and determine the wage of battle at the enemy's headquarters.

He immediately fitted up a large Mississippi boat as a galley, mounted it with two four-pounders and four swivels from the fort at Kaskaskia, and placed it in command of Captain John Rogers, with a company of forty-five men, with orders to force their way up the Ohio and Wabash, if possible, and station themselves at the mouth of White river, and suffer nothing to pass until further orders. Next, through the ardor of the French, he raised two companies from among the citizens of Kaskaskia and Cahokia: one in command of Captain McCarty, and the other of Captain Francoise Charleville. These, added to the Kentuckians, made the expeditionary force one hundred and seventy men. On the 7th of February, nine days after the receipt of the information brought by Colonel Vigo, this forlorn hope began its march over the drowned prairies and across the inundated valleys and swollen rivers.

To divert his men from the dreariness and fatigues of such a march, Colonel Clark used many devices. He encouraged parties in hunting and in invitations successively to feasts of game, with war dances at night after the

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 138. Butler, pp. 79–81; Clark's Memoirs.

Indian manner, and other amusements. In this way they reached the Little Wabash on the 13th with comparatively not very serious obstruction. At this point the forks of the stream were three miles and the opposite banks five miles apart, the interval flooded with water from three to four feet deep. From a graphic description, by Mr. Bodley, of the remainder of this march, and its issues and results, copiously illustrated with quotations from the preserved memoirs of Captain Bowman and Colonel Clark, we deem it of interest to our narrative to quote here:

"This aggressive march across the flooded flats of Illinois was the most desperate recorded in history. After days of trudging through rain and bog, and fording small streams, and night after night, wet, cold, without tents, without even a dry spot to lie upon, with only a little parched corn and the game they could kill for food, they at last reached the immediate valley of the Wabash, and their expected boat was not there. Here before them were miles and miles of water—two rivers swollen into one—and on the other side an enemy who, once warned of their approach, would fall upon and easily destroy them. Yet they did not falter. Their young commander, himself painfully aware of their desperate plight, had through these days of weary marching resorted to every device which the most prolific ingenuity could suggest to keep up their spirits and cheer them on. They set to work, felled some trees, built a couple of canoes to carry their ammunition, and boldly pushed on into the deep and cold rivers at midwinter.

"One of the brave men, Major Bowman (afterward Governor of Illinois), left a small diary in which, from day to day, he had noted the doings of this little band of men. Singularly and fortunately, it was preserved through fire and flood, and it tells the thrilling story so simply and so well that we can not do better than briefly quote from it:

"'*February 16th.*—(They had been marching nine days.) Marched all day through rain and water. Crossed the Fur river. Our provisions began to be very short.

"'*February 17th.*—Marched early; crossed several very deep runs; sent our commissary with three men to cross the Embarrass river, if possible, and steal some canoes to ferry us across the Wabash. Traveled till eight o'clock at night in mud and water, but find no place to encamp on. Still keep marching on. Found it impossible to cross the Embarrass river. We found the water falling from a small spot of ground, and stayed there the remainder of the night. Drizzly and dark weather.

"'*February 18th.*—At daybreak heard Governor Hamilton's morning gun. Set off and marched down the Embarrass river. At two o'clock came to the bank of the Wabash. Made rafts for four men to cross and go up to the town and steal boats, but they spent the day and night in the water to no purpose, for there was not one foot of dry land to be found.

"'*February 19th.*—Colonel Clark sent two men in the canoe down to meet the galley, with orders to come on day and night, that being our last

hope, and we starving. Many of the men much cast down. No provision of any sort now two days. Hard fortune.

"'*February 20th.*—Camp very quiet, but hungry. Some almost in despair. One of our men killed a deer, which was brought into camp very acceptably—one deer for one hundred and seventy men.

"'*February 21st.*—At break of day began to ferry our men over the Wabash in two canoes to a small hill. The whole army being over, we thought to get to town that night; so plunged into the water, sometimes to the neck, for more than three miles, when we stopped on another hill, there being no dry land on any side for many leagues. Our pilots say we can not get along; that it is impossible. The whole army being over, we encamped. Rain all this day. No provisions.

"'*February 22d.*—Colonel Clark encourages his men, which gave them great spirits. Marched on in the waters. Those that were weak and famished went in the canoes. We came to some sugar camps, where we stayed all night. Heard the evening and morning guns from the fort. No provisions yet. Lord, help us!

"'*February 23d.*—Set off to cross the plain, about four miles long, all covered with water breast high. Here we expected that some of our brave men must certainly perish, having froze in the night and so long fasting. Having no other resource but wading this plain, or, rather, lake of waters, we plunged into it with courage, Colonel Clark being first. In the midst of this wading rather than marching, a little drummer boy, who floated along on his drum-head, afforded much of the merriment that helped to divert the men from their hardships.'

"Clark, in his own brief memoir, a masterpiece of its kind, continues the story: 'A canoe was sent off and returned without finding that we could pass. I went into the water myself; found it as deep as my neck. I returned. The loss of so much time to men half starved was a matter of consequence. I would have given now a great deal for a day's provisions, or even for one of our horses. I returned but slowly to our troops, giving myself time to think. Every eye was fixed on me. I unfortunately spoke in a serious manner to one of the officers. The whole were alarmed without knowing what I said. I viewed their confusion one minute; whispered to those near me to do as I did; gave the war-whoop, and marched into the water without a word. They gazed and fell in, one after another, without saying a word. I ordered those near to me to begin a favorite song; it soon passed through the line, and the whole went on cheerily. We reached a sugar camp and took up our lodging. This was the coldest night we had. The ice in the morning was from a half to three-quarters of an inch thick. A little after sunrise I lectured the whole. What I said to them I forget, but I concluded by informing them that passing the plain that was then in full view and reaching the opposite woods would put an end to their fatigue; that in a few hours they would have a sight of their long wished-for object;

and immediately stepped into the water without waiting for a reply. A loud huzza took place. A little drummer boy, the pet of the regiment, was placed on the shoulders of a tall man and ordered to beat for his life. I halted and called to Major Bowman to fall in the rear with twenty-five men, and put to death any man who refused to march, as we wished to have none such among us. The whole gave a cry of approbation, and on we went. This was the most trying of all the difficulties we had experienced. I judged from my own feelings what must be those of others. Getting into the middle of the plain, the water about mid-deep, I found myself sensibly failing; and as there were no trees nor bushes for the men to support themselves by I feared that many of the weakest would be drowned. I ordered the canoes to make the land, discharge their loading, and ply backward and forward with all diligence to pick up the men; and to encourage them I sent some of the strongest men forward, with orders, when they got to a certain distance, to pass the word back that the water was getting shallow, and when near the woods to cry out "land!" This stratagem had its desired effect. The men, encouraged by it, exerted themselves almost beyond their abilities, the weak holding by the stronger. The water never got shallower, but continued deepening. Getting to the woods, where the men expected land, the water was up to my shoulders; but gaining the woods was of great consequence; all the low men and the weakly hung to the trees and floated on the logs until they were taken off by the canoes. The strong and tall got ashore and built fires. Many would reach the shore and fall with their bodies half in the water, not being able to support themselves without it. The end of the worst had come. To our inexpressible joy, on the evening of the 23d we got on *terra firma*. We were in full view of the fort and town. Every man now feasted his eyes and forgot that he had suffered anything, saying that all that had passed was owing to good policy and nothing but what a man could bear, and that a soldier had no right to think.'

"But still the final contest was not won, and mere fighting could not win it. Strategy alone could succeed against so strong an enemy, and failure meant torture and death. But Colonel Clark was never wanting in devices, and on this occasion his device was of the most audacious character. He made his men capture a Frenchman, and sent him with a letter to the French citizens, telling them that he would storm the fort that night; that they had the alternative of remaining quietly in their homes and receiving his friendly protection, or of repairing to the British fort and abiding the consequences. When this message was delivered he could see the whole town was in a commotion—people running here and there, and many coming out to see. This was precisely what he desired. Some elevated ground lay between him and the town, and with beating drums and flying colors he marched and countermarched his men behind it in a circle, so that the townsmen could only see them and their banners passing at certain points, and counted each soldier a dozen times over and for a dozen men. The stratagem worked. The

French citizens, overawed by what they supposed a large army from Virginia, determined to obey the injunction of Clark's letter and remain neutral. Night came on; the town was entered and guarded, and the British fort vigorously besieged. All that night, and nearly all of the next day, the hot battle went on."

During the fire, the ammunition of the assaulting party ran alarmingly low. The value of the aid from the citizen allies now appeared. Colonel Legrass and Major Busseron had, on the approach of Hamilton, secreted a quantity of powder and balls outside the fort, which were of inestimable worth. The newly-converted friend, Chief Tabac, came forward and offered his services, with one hundred warriors. The warrior re-enforcement was declined, though the presence and counsel of Tabac were requested. The siege attack continued, the Kentuckians lying within thirty yards of the fort walls, feeling the more secure from the elevation of the guns of the fort, and picking off the gunners with their rifles whenever any part of a body was exposed. They at last clamored to storm the fort, but Clark refused, satisfied of his advantage.

In the evening, the commander sent a flag of truce, asking for three days' respite from assault. This Clark declined, and demanded a surrender at discretion. A meeting of the officers on both sides soon was arranged. Hamilton inquired of Clark his reasons for declining the surrender on the terms proposed? The reply was, "I know the principal Indian partisans from Detroit are in the fort, and I only want an honorable occasion of putting such instigators of Indian barbarities to death. The cries of the widows and orphans made by their butcheries require such blood at my hands. So sacred do I consider this claim upon me for punishment, that I think it next to divine; and I would rather lose fifty men than not to execute a vengeance demanded by so much innocent blood. If Governor Hamilton chooses to risk the destruction of his garrison for the sake of such miscreants, it is at his own pleasure."

Upon this, Major Hay exclaimed: "Pray, sir, whom do you mean by Indian partisans?"

Clark keenly and promptly replied: "I consider Major Hay one of the principal ones."

The change in Hay's countenance was instantaneous, as though he felt himself convicted of this horrible crime of murder of non-combatant men, and of innocent women and children, with all the atrocities of savage cruelty, at the instigation of the English officers and with the approval of their Government. The wretched man turned pale, and trembled to such a degree that he could scarcely stand, while Hamilton hung his head in confusion and shame for an officer who disgraced not only his countrymen, but the civilization which he claimed to represent. Clark relented, and said to Governor Hamilton that they would return to their respective posts, and inform him of the conclusion.

On the 24th of February, the capitulation was agreed on, and the garrison received as prisoners of war. The stars and stripes were hoisted over the fort, and a salute of artillery fired in honor of the signal and important victory. A few days after, Captain Helm was dispatched with a troop up the Wabash, to intercept, on the way down, stores of value to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, which were captured, together with forty prisoners. On their return down the river, with British flags left flying, the armed galley from Kaskaskia hove in sight, having just arrived, and was preparing to give a miniature naval battle, when the enemy's ensigns were hauled down by Captain Helm and the American flag run up. The forces on the little war vessel were regretful that they were too late to share in the contests and in the spoils of victory.

Colonel Clark next cast the covetous eye of conquest on Detroit, as recent information assured him that it was now defended by not exceeding eighty regular soldiers. He writes after: "Twice has this town been in my power; had I been able to raise only five hundred men when I first arrived in the country; or when I was at St. Vincent's, could I have secured my prisoners, and only have had three hundred good men, I should have attempted it." He was even meditating the hazardous move, when dispatches from Governor Henly, of Virginia, were received, promising a re-enforcement of another battalion, and it was deemed prudent to postpone. Governor Hamilton was sent a prisoner to the seat of government, in Virginia, while Clark was left complete master of the North-west. He soon after returned, upon his armed galley, to Kaskaskia, leaving Captain Helm in command of St. Vincent's, and in charge of all military and Indian affairs at that post. He went on making new treaties with the tribes, and established the American power so securely, from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, that it was never afterward shaken by the British. Well did he merit the eulogium of Marshall, that "these bold and decisive measures which, whether formed on a great or small scale, mark the military and enterprising genius of the man who plans and executes them."

To what extent the conquest of this country of the North-west affected the political destiny of Kentucky, the delineation of Virginia, the autonomy of a future citizenship, and the territorial adjustment between Great Britain and the United Colonies by the treaty stipulations, at the close of the revolutionary war, November, 1782, is left for curious and ingenious conjecture. It is not a violent supposition that from these mischievous, fortified posts there would have gathered composite armies of whites and Indians, under direction and equipment of the British, sufficiently strong to have carried out the plans of Governor Hamilton for the conquest and occupation of all the country from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. One such armed expedition of five hundred men, with a small battery of light artillery, and the military arts of siege and assault so well known to the English, would, in 1778, have captured every stockade fort in Kentucky, and marched with

almost uninterrupted success to the investment of Fort Pitt, at the head of the Ohio river.

To have allied and leagued all these tribes in concerted war upon the uncovered frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania, disciplined and directed by the military skill of British officers, would have been as dangerous and disastrous as an assault upon the rear of a great army engaged at the front in battle. It is assuredly certain that without this North-west conquest, the territory north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi would have remained in the possession of the English at the close of the war, and, as in the case of Canada, England's claim to its retention would have been well nigh indisputable. Her treaty at Stanwix with the Six Nations, who passed to her their acknowledged title of conquest to all this country west of the mountains, including Kentucky, for the consideration of ten thousand pounds, paid in 1768, and which was practically a confirmation of the title by the cession of France in the treaty of Paris in 1763, gave her as good a basis of demand for the retention of the North-west as she had for the retention of Canada and Acadia. The difference was, that she held possession of the latter; Clark had wrested from her the possession of the former. Otherwise, it is a question of doubt whether the close of the revolutionary contest would not have left the territory now embracing the Commonwealths of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin in the same relation with Canada—a colonial dependence of Great Britain.

The achievement of Clark broke the western arm of England's power, and the vast expanse of wilderness, instead of being subjected to the humility and barrenness of a political dependent, became the fruitful matrix of empire out of which were born the sovereignties of five noble and independent Commonwealths.

We can see and appreciate with the sagacious Clark that his work, though of vital importance, was not a complete one. The Shawanees and confederate tribes, making up the warlike Miami family, inhabiting the Miami, Muskingum, and Scioto valleys in Ohio, were the most persistent and pestilent enemies of the Kentuckians. Their convenient location, their jealousy at the encroaches on their old and pre-empted hunting-ground, and their revengeful hostility to the Virginia frontiersmen whom they had so often met in battle, made them well nigh irrepressible. Their communications were with the British authorities at Detroit and Sandusky; hence the capture of Vincennes and Kaskaskia did not much affect them. Could Clark have followed out his entire programme, and added to his achievements the conquest of Detroit and Sandusky, the Miamis and a number of tribes in Northern Ohio and Michigan, whom the British instigated to continued murders and atrocities on the weak and exposed border of Pennsylvania, would have been subdued and kept on comparatively harmless terms.

The intelligence of Clark's conquests and of the fortified establishment at Falls of Ohio gave new impetus to emigration to Kentucky, early in 1779,

and the posts were strengthened as well as increased in number by these accessions. Still, the settlers were harassed continuously by the incursions of savages from the Ohio country, and it was determined to undertake an expedition to severely chastise them.

In the spring, Colonel John Bowman, lieutenant of Kentucky county, notified the people to finish planting their corn and other crops, and hold themselves in readiness to rendezvous in May at the mouth of Licking, the present site of Covington.[1] Captain William Harrod, who commanded at the Falls of Ohio, was directed to join the expedition there with all the men he could raise. Captains Benjamin Logan, John Holder, and John Bulger, with recruits from St. Asaph's, Harrodstown, and Boonesborough, and Captain Levi Todd, with some from Lexington and Bryan's station, were joined by others under Lieutenant John Haggin, from Martin's and Ruddle's. With Colonel Bowman chief, and Captain Logan second in command, they took up their line of March in May, and reached the mouth of Licking in due time. Here Captain Harrod joined them with a small company from the falls. The entire force now amounted to over two hundred. From the rendezvous they marched on to Chillicothe, which place they reached without giving the slightest alarm to the enemy. We continue the narrative from McClung's Sketches:

"Here the detachment halted at an early hour in the night, and, as usual, sent out spies to examine the condition of the village. Before midnight they returned, and reported that the enemy remained unapprised of their being in the neighborhood, and were in the most unmilitary security. The army was instantly put in motion. It was determined that Logan, with one-half of the men, should turn to the left and march half way around the town, while Bowman, at the head of the remainder, should make a corresponding march to the right; that both parties should proceed in silence until they had met at the opposite extremity of the village, when, having thus completely encircled it, the attack was to commence.

"Logan performed his part of the combined operation with perfect order and in profound silence; and having reached the designated spot, awaited with impatience the arrival of his commander. At length daylight appeared. Logan, still expecting the arrival of Colonel Bowman, ordered the men to conceal themselves in the high grass, and awaited the expected signal to attack. No orders, however, arrived. In the meantime, the men, in shifting about through the grass, alarmed an Indian dog, the only sentinel on duty. He instantly began to bay loudly, and advanced in the direction of a man who had attracted his attention. Presently, a solitary Indian left his cabin and walked cautiously toward the party, halting frequently, rising upon tiptoe, and gazing around him.

"Logan's party lay close, with the hope of taking him without giving the alarm; but at that instant a gun was fired in an opposite quarter of the town,

[1] Butler, pp. 108–9.

as was afterward ascertained, by one of Bowman's party, and the Indian, giving one shrill whoop, ran swiftly back to the council house. Concealment was now impossible. Logan's party instantly sprang up from the grass and rushed upon the village, not doubting for a moment that they would be gallantly supported.

"As they advanced they perceived the Indians of all ages and of both sexes running to the great cabin near the center of the town, where they collected a full force and appeared determined upon an obstinate defense. Logan instantly took possession of the houses which had been deserted, and, rapidly advancing from cabin to cabin, at length established his detachment within close rifle shot of the Indian redoubt.

"He now listened impatiently for the firing which should have been heard from the opposite extremity of the town, where he supposed Bowman's party to be; but, to his astonishment, everything remained quiet in that quarter. In the meantime, his own position had become critical. The Indians had recovered from their panic, and kept up a heavy and close fire upon the cabins which covered his men. He had pushed his detachment so close to the redoubt, that they could neither advance nor retreat without great exposure. The enemy outnumbered him, and gave indications of a disposition to turn both flanks of his position, and thus endanger his retreat.

"Under these circumstances, ignorant of the condition of his commander, and cut off from communication with him, he formed the bold and judicious resolution to make a movable breastwork of the plank which formed the floors of the cabins, and, under cover of it, to rush upon the stronghold of the enemy, and carry it by main force; but before the necessary steps could be taken, a messenger arrived from Bowman with orders to retreat.

"Astonished at such an order, at a time when honor and safety required an offensive movement on their part, Logan hastily asked if Bowman had been overpowered by the enemy? No. What, then, was the cause of this extraordinary abandonment of a design so prosperously begun? Logan, however reluctant, was compelled to obey. A retreat is always a dispiriting movement, and with militia is almost certain to terminate in a complete rout. As soon as the men were informed of the order, a most irregular and tumultuous scene commenced. Not being buoyed up by the mutual confidence which is the offspring of discipline, and which sustains regular soldiers under all circumstances, they no longer acted in concert.

"Each man selected the time, manner, and route of his retreat for himself. Here a solitary Kentuckian would start up from behind a stump, and scud away through the grass, dodging and turning to avoid the balls which whistled around him. There a dozen men would run from a cabin, and scatter in every direction, each anxious to save himself, and none having leisure to attend his neighbors. The Indians, astonished at seeing men rout themselves in this manner, sallied out of their redoubts and pursued the stragglers, as sportsmen would cut up a flock of wild geese. They soon united

themselves to Bowman's party, who, from some unaccountable panic, had stood stock still near the spot where Logan had left them the night before.

"All was confusion. By great exertions on the part of Logan, well seconded by Harrod, Bulger, and the gallant Major Bedinger, of the Blue Licks, some degree of order was restored, and a respectable retreat commenced. The Indians, however, soon surrounded them on all sides, and kept up a hot fire, which began to grow fatal. The sounds of the rifle-shots had, however, completely restored the men to their senses, and they readily formed in a large hollow square, took trees, and returned the fire with equal vivacity. The enemy were quickly repelled, and the troops recommenced their march.

"But scarcely had they advanced half a mile, when the Indians reappeared, and again opened fire upon the front, rear, and both flanks. Again a square was formed and the enemy repelled; but scarcely had the harassed troops recommenced their march, when the same galling fire was opened upon them again from every tree, bush, and stone capable of concealing an Indian. Matters now began to look serious. The enemy were evidently endeavoring to detain them until fresh Indians could come up in sufficient force to compel them to lay down their arms. The men began to be unsteady, and the panic was rapidly spreading from the colonel to the privates. At this crisis, Logan, Harrod, and Bedinger selected the boldest and best-mounted men, and dashing into the bushes on horseback, scoured the woods in every direction, forcing the Indians from their coverts, and cutting down as many as they could overtake. This unexpected aggressive move from a retreating foe put the enemy on a final rout.

"In the beginning of the retreat, the noted chief, Blackfish, was killed, when Red Hawk, a new chief, took command. In the charge on horseback, he, too, was killed, when the Indians fell back in precipitate retreat. The loss of the whites was nine killed and several wounded. As usual, it was difficult to judge of the Indian losses; but the fall of the two chiefs and the repulse of the Indians, and their inability to pursue further, led to the belief that it was far in excess of that of the Kentuckians. A portion of Chillicothe was burned, and a considerable amount of personal property destroyed or brought away. Among the latter were over one hundred and sixty horses, which the whites managed to gather up from the town and vicinity, and bring off with them."

Butler states that Colonel Bowman was informed by a negro, just before the time for attack, that Simon Girty, with one hundred Mingos, had been sent for by a runner, to come to the relief of Chillicothe. General James Ray says that the vigorous fire of the Indians from their shelter kept Bowman from giving Logan the signal.

The whole country, from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, was a maelstrom of war; the roar of the cannon heard, and the tomahawk brandished. The industrial and financial conditions were greatly demoralized. Paper bills had been issued and substituted for coined

metals without a basis of redemption, and its quantity so increased that its depreciation was sensibly felt, and rapidly progressing. Could it even have been absorbed by taxation, there was nothing to supply its place as a circulating medium, without again putting the same money into circulation; nor could the colonies prosecute the war without the continuance of the old, or the issue of new, bills.

In this emergency, Virginia began to look to the sale of Kentucky lands as an important source of replenishment for her overstrained treasury. This disposition was encouraged, in the doubts and disputes about titles, by some who wanted the sanction of law to support their existing claims, and by others to acquire a safe possession in the soil so fertile and inviting. The whole people of Virginia desired it as a relief from the growing burden of war-taxes, now more onerous than the impositions of the British Government which provoked the people to take up arms. Such are the variable calamities of war.

[1]At the May session of the Legislature, the *Land Law* of Virginia was passed, by which the terms of allodial property in the soil were prescribed. This was an event of more than ordinary importance, and being coincident with the brilliant conquests of Colonel George Rogers Clark, seemed to open a new era in the affairs of Kentucky. In many districts of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina, the marches and conflicts of the contending armies of the Englisn and Continentals had made residence and property as insecure as it was on the distant frontiers of Kentucky under the dangers from Indian incursions. The new law gave the people all they could ask—a pure *fee simple* in the land already acquired or to be purchased hereafter. It went further, and required that no citizen should be eligible to a seat in the General Assembly unless he was the possessor in his own name and right of a *freehold estate;* and to secure the citizen in his domicile, the law partially exempted this freehold estate from liability of sale for debt. Whatever may be thought of these provisions, they were highly esteemed and lauded by some of the leading political economists of the day.

Marshall says of them: "These are the great sheet anchors of the public policy of Virginia, and of her private morality. To these, she owes her stability, her consistency, and her influence, as well as her dignity and her prosperity. Yielding enough to democracy, which is ever to be respected when duly restrained, and never disparaged but in its excesses, she has wisely embraced in her constitution of government some restraints to its licentiousness, some checks to its violence, and some security against its follies."

The emphasis of these sentiments will be better understood when viewed in contrast to the acquisition and tillage of the soil in the first settlement of Virginia. The first settlers were under direction of powerful and wealthy land companies, which ordered the cultivation of the soil in common, with-

1 Marshall, pp. 78–89.

out any interest on the part of the agriculturist in the soil until long after, and upon conditions. Under the operations of such a land monopoly, there was a repetition of defective crops, notwithstanding the fertility of the James river bottoms and the mildness and salubrity of the climate. The worn and wasted lands of Virginia attested the impolicy of repeating such experiments in the new West. In the first explorations in Kentucky, attempts were made by prior surveys and assumed rights of claim on the part of land monopoly companies to absorb the more desirable tracts, and to find a speculation in the colonization of these on an extended scale.

The Ohio Company was formed previous to the rupture with England, under a charter from the latter Government, consisting of great personages on both sides of the Atlantic. It had employed a few active agents, who had explored and surveyed much of western Virginia and Kentucky, with a view of obtaining patents therefor. Christopher Gist was commissioned by this company "to go out westward of the great mountains and search out and discover the large bodies of good and level lands on the Ohio river, as far down as the falls." Gist reached the Shawanee town, now Portsmouth, on the Ohio river, in 1751, and found about one hundred houses on the Ohio side and forty on the Kentucky side, the only Indian residents known in Kentucky by the whites. Here were found also English and French traders, and we learn that here Colonel George Croghen and Andrew Montour made speeches to the Indians in council. We hear of them soon after marveling over the wonders of Big Bone Lick, and subsequently of their divers surveys. For these, the deranged state of the country and the outbreak of the rebellion prevented the issue of patents.

The Indiana Company was much similar, and shared a similar fate. The Transylvania Company followed, and would have fared no better, save the indemnifying grants of two hundred thousand acres each by Virginia and North Carolina. Many other surveys had been made on various claims, some of which were exceedingly mythical, and afterward came in for a share of the land litigation over Kentucky.

The Land Law of 1779 set forth that—

"WHEREAS, the various and vague claims to unpatented lands, previous to the establishment of the Commonwealth's land office, may produce tedious litigation, discourage the taking up of lands, and frustrate the raising of funds for the public debt and expenses; therefore,

"*Be it enacted*, That all surveys of waste and unappropriated lands made prior to January 1, 1778, by any county surveyor commissioned by the masters of William and Mary College, and founded upon charter duly proved and certified, and upon entries made before October 26, 1763, and not exceeding four hundred acres, etc., shall be and are hereby declared good and valid; but that all surveys of such lands made by any other person, or upon any other pretense whatsoever, shall be and are hereby declared null and void."

But many worthy and meritorious claimants had, with honest intent to become permanent settlers, "squatted" on lands and made improvements, without an opportunity of survey and entry in the disturbed condition of affairs. For such it was enacted "that such persons as have, at their own charge, settled upon or settled others upon any unappropriated lands which no other person hath any legal right or claim to, shall be allowed, for every family so settled, four hundred acres or less, as the party may choose, for which two and one quarter dollars per hundred acres shall be paid."

Thus was the *fee simple* to be completed. This was not all the privilege granted, however. To every person entitled to a settlement, there was, at his option, allowed a pre-emption of not exceeding one thousand acres adjoining his settlement. For this he was to pay the State price, at the rate of forty dollars per hundred acres.

[1] The question of land titles having now been settled, and every influence being auspicious, the emigration mania seemed to spread abroad among the people like an epidemic of fever. The autumn of 1779 was made memorable for the removal of great numbers from Virginia and the bordering States. Four commissioners were appointed to hear and determine all disputes relative to land claims, and to grant certificates of having settled in the country and of prior rights to purchase, or of pre-emption rights to those entitled to them. The first board for Kentucky county was composed of William Fleming, Edmund Lyne, James Barbour, and Stephen Trigg, all non-residents of the county. On the 13th of October this important land court was opened at St. Asaph's, in Lincoln county, and John Williams, Jr., appointed clerk. The commissioners afterward held court in turn at Harrodstown, Falls of Ohio, Boonesborough, and Bryan's station.

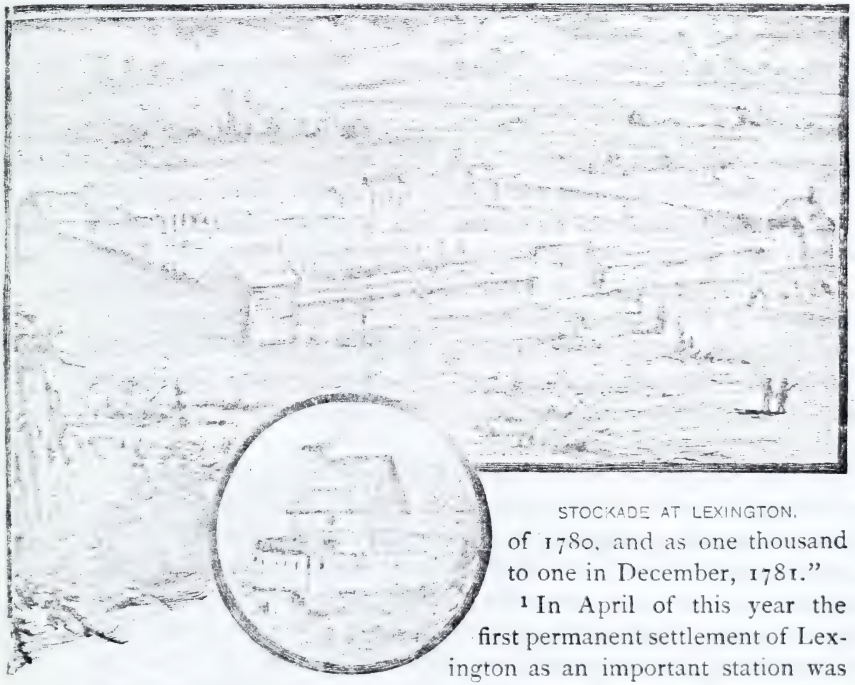
The first claim presented was that of Isaac Shelby, to a settlement and pre-emption about two miles south-east of Knob Lick, on the divide of the waters of Dick and Salt rivers, *for raising a crop of corn in the country in 1776.* This perfected his title to four hundred acres, and gave him a prior claim to enter one thousand acres more adjacent. For the first he paid two and a quarter dollars per hundred acres, and for the second forty dollars per hundred acres. This seemed an overflow of charity and consideration for the hardy settlers, to sell them farms on such low terms, and, under another provision, on credit; but never was a measure more fruitful of dire woes and calamities to any people than the Land Law of Virginia proved to be to the Kentucky community. It was the Pandora's box in after years to lure the confiding to investments of fancied security, only to trick them out of the fruits of years of toil and sacrifice, distracting the courts and Legislatures with endless perplexities and doubtful interpretations.

The tide of "movers" once set in seemed to swell into the flow of a mighty stream by the next year. The emigration was unprecedented, and Anglo-American conquest and occupancy in Kentucky and the North-west

[1] Marshall, Vol. I., pp. 98–99.

became a manifest destiny. Clark's master-stroke of generalship and statesmanship was the pivotal point on which balanced the fate of empire.

Colonel Floyd afterward writes: "Three hundred large family boats arrived during the spring of 1780 at the falls, and as many as ten or fifteen wagons could be seen daily going from there. By this time there were six stations on Beargrass creek, with a population of six hundred souls. The price of corn fluctuated from fifty dollars per bushel in December, 1779, to one hundred and sixty-five in January, 1780, and thirty dollars in May. These prices were at a season of obstructed navigation during the unparalleled cold winter of 1779–80, and in continental paper which had depreciated as forty to one at the close of the year 1779, as seventy-five to one at the end



STOCKADE AT LEXINGTON.

of 1780, and as one thousand to one in December, 1781."[1] In April of this year the first permanent settlement of Lexington as an important station was made. A number of citizens of Harrodstown and vicinity came over to the north side of Kentucky river to locate and improve this place. Among these were Robert Patterson, James Morrison, Samuel Johnson, David Mitchell, Josiah Collins, Elijah Collins, James Parberry, William McConnell, Hugh Shannon, John Maxwell, James Masterson, and James Duncan, a number of whom were noted as among the most enterprising and daring of the pioneers of Kentucky. As improved and fortified during the year, Lexington consisted of three rows of houses or cabins, the two outer rows constituting a portion of the walls of the stockade. These extended from the corner of a square, afterward known as Levy's corner, to James Master-

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 179; Ranck's History.

son's house, on Main street. The intervals between the houses were stockaded. The outlet was a puncheon door with a bar to secure it. A block house commanded the public spring, and a common field included the site of the court-house square. Though the discipline about the fort is said never to have been very rigid, nor the stockade kept in strict order, this station escaped any serious danger from Indian attack.

Out of this little plant grew the neat and beautiful city of Lexington, the charmed center of the famed Bluegrass region of Kentucky. Its beginning was under the fostering energy and care of Colonel Robert Patterson, a brave and meritorious adventurer among the frontiersmen who laid the foundations of the Commonwealth in the cement of blood and toil. He owned and improved the property on the hill in the western part of the city.

In this same year Bryan's station, about five miles north-east of Lexington, was settled by four brothers from North Carolina, one of whom, William Bryan, had married a sister of Daniel Boone.[1] This vicinity was afterward much infested by the Indians.

Martin's improvement on Stoner, three miles below Paris, was reoccupied and strengthened with stockade defenses between the cluster of cabins that formed the main outline of the station. Isaac Ruddell also rebuilt and fortified Hinkson's in the same way, and the two became this year the main rendezvous for the settlers on the waters of Licking.

Pittman's station, one of the earliest in the Green river country, was established on the right bank of Green river, in this year, and about five miles west of Greensburg, near the mouth of Pittman's creek, showing a disposition to extend the settlements to regions distant from the first centers.

One of the most important stations erected during the year was that by a party led by Squire Boone, in Shelby county. Besides himself and family, the following men, some of them with families, were of the party: Evan Hinton, Alexander Bryan, Richard Cates, John Stapleton, and George Yunt.[2] Squire Boone referred to this in a subsequent deposition as "his station on the Painted Stone." It was located on Clear creek, near the present site of Shelbyville, and for two years was almost the only settlement between Beargrass and Leestown, now Frankfort.

This year brought back to Kentucky, and to their old survey improvement on Salt river, the McAfee brothers and their families. The war with England, in which several of the family participated, and the derangement of home affairs, had kept them nearly three years away, during which time their cattle had run wild in the woods, or fallen a prey to Indian marauders. They were once more back on the old ground of their first choosing, having passed Cumberland Gap with pack-horses. They at once proceeded to fortify their position by erecting the usual quadrangular enclosures of cabins and stockades, well known subsequently as McAfee's station.

1 McClung; Collins, Vol. II., p. 186. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 710.

The winter of 1779–80 became noted in history as the severest in the early annals of Kentucky. From the middle of November to the middle of February there was no cessation of cold, and thick ice and deep snow continued without thaw. Many of the cattle perished, and numbers of bears, buffaloes, deer, wolves, beavers, and wild turkeys were frozen to death. Sometimes the famished wild animals would come up in the yards of the stations along with the tame cattle. Such was the scarcity, from the interruption of transportation and the increase of population, that a single johnny cake would be divided into a dozen parts, and distributed around to the inmates of the house, to serve for two meals. Even this supply gave out, and all were compelled to live for weeks on wild game.

Early in the spring, some of the men from McAfees went to the Falls of Ohio, where they purchased some corn at sixty dollars a bushel, the Ohio river being for months frozen over. This was an enormous price, even at the value of the depreciated money; yet it was better than starvation. Fortunately, a delightful spring opened, and the rapid growth of vegetation promised relief from these privations. They saw the peach-trees they had planted five years before break out in full bloom, and bear loads of young fruit, most luscious to their tastes when matured. The young apple-trees, too, were growing well, and gave to all a homelike air.

Dr. Davidson's narrative continues:

"Plenty and happiness smiled upon the settlement, and all seemed propitious, when their flattering prospects were all at once damped by a melancholy event that filled every heart with gloom.

"Joseph McCoun, a promising lad, the youngest and favorite of the whole family, was surprised and carried off by a party of Shawanee Indians, while looking after some cattle in an adjoining glade. His companion escaped, and immediately gave the alarm; but pursuit was vain. The savages carried their unhappy victim to a little town on the headwaters of Mad river, about six miles above the spot now occupied by the town of Springfield, Ohio, where they tied him to a stake, and burned him with excruciating tortures. After this heartrending event, which took place in March, 1781, the families, seven in number, abandoned the farms they had been cultivating, and took refuge in the station. This step was rendered absolutely necessary, for the Indians were prowling in every direction, stealing horses, attacking the armed companies that passed from one station to the other, and killing and scalping every unfortunate straggler that fell into their hands. The expedition under General Clark, in which the men of the Salt river settlement, burning for vengeance, participated, daunted them for a time, and restored quiet.

"The insecurities of the settlers, and the hazards to which they were exposed about this period, appeared to have been very great. There was no communication between the stations, of which there were now several, except by armed companies. The inhabitants, not daring to spend the night

out of the fort, cultivated their corn during the day, with the hoe in one hand and a gun in the other. A party went one morning to a neighboring plantation to assist in pulling flax, a friendly office always cheerfully tendered, but were unconsciously waylaid by a band of Indians. The wily savages, afraid to make an open attack, cut down bushes and constructed a screen in a fit situation for an ambuscade, so that no one would be able to discover them till within a few yards. Behind this leafy screen they lay, watching for the return of their unsuspecting victims, and anticipating, with savage eagerness, the pleasure of scalping the whole party. One of the young men, John McCoun, Jr., proposed to his companions, on their way homeward, to deviate a little for the purpose of gathering plums, a quantity of which grew at no great distance. As the sun was not yet down, they consented; and in consequence of this suggestion, they reached home by a more circuitous but safer route. We may imagine the mingled amazement and delight with which they discovered next day what an escape they had made from imminent danger. The deserted blind, and the spot where the Indians lay, till their impatience and chagrin became insupportable, were objects of curiosity for several years."

An encounter of memorable fatality took place between a large party of Indians and Colonel David Rogers and Captain Robert Benham, commanding a couple of keel boats loaded with military stores from New Orleans, and manned by nearly one hundred men. Colonel Rogers, with the keel boats, ascended the Ohio, on his return to Pittsburgh, and took Captain Benham on board at Louisville. The latter was then placed in command of one of the boats, and the little squadron—the second escort of military supplies procured from New Orleans—moved on its destination up the Ohio. When Colonel Rogers reached the sand bar above the present city of Cincinnati, he found it bare more than half the width of the river. He now discovered a number of Indians, on rafts and in canoes, coming out of the mouth of the Little Miami river, which was then high, and shot its waters, and, consequently, the Indians on their crafts, nearly across the Ohio river. On seeing the enemy, Colonel Rogers ordered his men to land and attack, thinking he would be able to surprise them; but on landing and marching through the willows with which the bar was then covered, and before they arrived at the place where they expected to meet the Indians, they were themselves surrounded by nearly five times their number. The enemy quickly despatched the greatest part of the crew with Colonel Rogers. The remainder endeavored to retreat to the boats, but they were pursued too relentlessly with the tomahawk. One of the boats, however, escaped with two men and reached the falls. Not more than nine or ten ever returned to their families and friends. It may be safely affirmed that the annals of Indian or border warfare contain not a bloodier page.

Compared with the battle of the Blue Licks, Rogers' defeat was undoubtedly the more sanguinary. In both instances, the success of the Indians may

be attributed more to the nature of the battle-ground than to their numerical superiority. They lay encamped at the foot of the river hill, a few hundred yards from its bank, on which Rogers and his men stood anxiously watching the rafts and canoes mentioned above. In this situation the Indians had only to *flank* to the right and left from the base of the hill to the river—a maneuver which they always performed with skill and celerity—to secure their prey. Thus hemmed in, surrounded and surprised, it is only astonishing, considering the disparity of numbers, that they were not all massacred.[1]

Leonidas in the straits of Thermopylæ had not to contend with more discouraging circumstances than the brave and unfortunate Rogers in this bloody horseshoe. The Indians took and plundered one of the boats, by which they got considerable booty, consisting of ready-made clothing and munitions of war, which Colonel Rogers had obtained from the Spaniards for the use of the forts on the frontier of Virginia.

It may be asked, what could have collected on the banks of the Ohio, at so early a period, four or five hundred Indian warriors armed and equipped for battle? They were for a predatory incursion against the white settlements in the interior of Kentucky—an expedition which they had undertaken in the vain expectation of extirpating the settlers. The chief of this daring band of marauders was a Canadian Frenchman of the half blood by the name of Byrd. Born and reared among savages, he was alike distinguished for cunning and ferocity—qualities which are supposed to be somewhat peculiar to this mongrel breed. Such, however, was the outline of his character as drawn by Colonel Campbell, whom he carried a prisoner to Detroit, and who was treated by him on the way in a most barbarous manner.

Captain Benham, shortly after breaking through the enemy's line, was dangerously wounded through the hips. Fortunately, a large tree had lately fallen near the spot where he lay, and with great pain he dragged himself into the top, and lay concealed among the branches. The Indians, eager in pursuit of the others, passed him without notice, and by midnight all was quiet. On the following day, the Indians returned to the battle-ground, in order to strip the dead and take care of the boats. Benham, although in danger of famishing, permitted them to pass without making known his condition, very correctly supposing that his crippled legs would only induce them to tomahawk him on the spot, in order to avoid the trouble of carrying him to their town. He lay close, therefore, until the evening of the second day, when, perceiving a raccoon descending a tree near him, he shot it, hoping to devise some means of reaching it, when he could kindle a fire and make a meal. Scarcely had his gun cracked, however, when he heard a human cry, apparently not more than fifty yards off. Supposing it to be an Indian, he hastily reloaded his gun and remained silent, expecting the approach of an enemy. Presently the same voice was heard again, but much nearer. Still Benham made no reply, but cocked his gun, and sat ready to

[1] Butler, pp. 102–6; McClung's Sketches.

fire as soon as an object appeared. A third halloo was quickly heard, followed by an exclamation of impatience and distress, which convinced Benham that the unknown must be a Kentuckian. As soon, therefore, as he heard the expression, "Whoever you are, for God's sake, answer me!" he replied with readiness, and the parties were soon together. Benham, as we have already observed, was shot through both legs. The comrade, John Watson, who now appeared, had escaped from the same battle, *with both arms broken!* Thus, each was enabled to supply what the other wanted. Benham, having the perfect use of his arms, could load his gun and kill game with great readiness; while his friend, having the use of his legs, could kick the game to the spot where Benham sat, who was thus enabled to cook it. When no wood was near them, his companion would rake up brush with his feet, and gradually roll it within reach of Benham's hands, who constantly fed him and dressed his wounds, as well as his own, tearing up both of their shirts for that purpose. They found some difficulty in procuring water at first; but Benham, at length, took his own hat, and placing the rim between the teeth of his companion, directed him to wade into the Licking, up to his neck, and dip the hat into the water by sinking his head. Watson, who could walk, was thus enabled to bring water by means of his teeth, which Benham would afterward dispose of as was necessary.

In a few days they had killed all the squirrels and birds within reach, and Watson was sent out to drive game within gunshot of the spot to which Benham was confined. Fortunately, wild turkeys were abundant in these woods, and his companion would walk around and drive them toward Benham, who seldom failed to kill two or three of each flock. In this manner they supported themselves for several weeks, until their wounds had healed so as to enable them to travel. They then shifted their quarters, and put up a small shed at the mouth of the Licking, where they encamped until late in November, anxiously expecting the arrival of some boat, which should convey them to the Falls of Ohio.

On the 27th of November, they observed a flatboat moving leisurely down the river. Benham instantly hoisted his hat upon a stick, and hallooed loudly for help. The crew, however, supposing them to be Indians, with intention to decoy them ashore, paid no attention to their signals of distress, but instantly put over to the opposite side of the river, and manning every oar, endeavored to pass them as rapidly as possible. Benham beheld them pass him with a sensation bordering on anguish, for the place was much frequented by Indians, and the approach of winter threatened them with despair, unless speedily relieved. At length, after the boat had passed him nearly half a mile, he saw a canoe put off from its stern, and cautiously approach the Kentucky shore, evidently reconnoitering them, with great suspicion. He called loudly upon them for assistance, mentioned his name, and made known his condition. After a long parley, and many evidences of reluctance on the part of the crew, the canoe at length touched the shore, and Benham and

his friend were taken on board. Their appearance excited much suspicion. They were almost entirely naked, and their faces were garnished with six weeks' growth of beard. Benham was barely able to hobble upon crutches, and Watson could manage to feed himself with one of his hands. They were instantly taken to Louisville, where their clothes, which had been carried off in the boat which deserted them, were restored to them, and after a few weeks' confinement, both were perfectly restored.

In this age, and at this distant interval of time, it is difficult for us to realize that there were sufficient inducements to attract immigrants to a country so beset with dangers, and where life and property seem daily to have been at the hazard of savage assault. Yet, we find to-day that the restless spirit of adventure, and the ever insatiate curiosity in man, are alone sufficient to incite him to deeds of daring and danger as great as those which beset the early Kentuckians. Though disaster and failure follow upon each vain attempt to reach the North Pole, yet others are ever ready to put their lives in jeopardy again, and hazard their all, when another Arctic expedition is announced. Thus, the restless goings of men explore and reveal to us the mysteries of interior Africa, the antiquated wonders of Corea and China, and the isolated resources and treasures of Mexico and Central America. Besides this mere spirit of unrest and desire for change, there were the prospective homes and fortunes, the peace and plenty, and the security and independence that must come at last to the Kentucky pioneer, if not for himself to enjoy, at least for his children.

CHAPTER XV.

(1780.)

Distress from the famous "hard winter" of 1780.

Cattle and wild animals perish.

Increased immigration.

Fort Nelson built on the site of Louisville.

First land entries on same.

First lands confiscated for disloyalty.

Clark builds Fort Jefferson on the Mississippi.

Intrigues of the French and Spanish ministers.

To control the navigation of the Mississippi.

To limit the United States territory.

To make of Kentucky a Spanish province.

Chickasaw Indians attack Fort Jefferson.

Badly defeated.

Colonel Byrd, with five hundred Indians and some Canadians, captures Ruddle's and Martin's stations.

Cruel barbarities to the prisoners.

John Hinkson's escape.

His perilous adventures in flight.

General Clark aroused to retaliation by these aggressions.

Calls out one thousand volunteers to rendezvous at the mouth of Licking.

Builds a block house on the site of Cincinnati.

The first house built there.

Marches on and captures Chillicothe and Pickaway towns.

Indians flee.

Towns and crops destroyed.

Fight at Pickaway.

Kenton remembers the town where he was to be burned.

Pays the Indians back with his rifle.

Jacob Wickersham baffles an Indian foe with pumpkins.

Stephen Frank killed near the site of Frankfort.

This the origin of the name, Frankfort.

Capture and escape of Alexander McConnell near Lexington.

Attack on the Montgomery settlement.

Bloody work.

Logan's pursuit.

Edward Boone killed near Blue Licks.

Indian dog trails Daniel in pursuit.

Boone shoots it.

Stroud's station attacked.

Thrilling incident of Boone.

First settlements in Hardin county.

First in Logan county.

Induced by survey parties on Tennessee and Kentucky boundary.

Surveyed by Dr. Walker, for Virginia, and Colonel Richard Henderson, for North Carolina.

The latter abandons the survey.

Kentucky divided into three counties, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Fayette.

John Fitch, the inventor of the first passenger steamer, comes to Kentucky.

Daniel Boone loses large sums of money in traveling to Virginia, his own and others.

Stephen Trigg and John Todd elected representatives in the Virginia Assembly.

Estill station erected.

Also George Boone's, Stephen Hancock's, David Crew's, and John Tanner's, in Madison county.

Settlements in Clay, Estill, and other counties from these.

The enemies to the colonization and settlement of Kentucky, which assumed such a tidal growth, found a new ally in the unprecedented severity

of the winter that ushered in the year 1780.[1] The increase of population the preceding autumn had consumed the limited supply of the products of the field and garden by the closing of December. It was expected to replenish by transportation, as needed, but the solid ice, the deep snow, and the extreme rigors of the weather, made this impossible. The privations and sufferings consequent were sufficient to make the season ever after remembered as the "hard winter." For months, the creeks or smaller streams were frozen solid. Many families, moving in by river and land, were compelled to encamp and abide the inhospitable elements, and to endure the pains of hunger and cold in the midst of the solitudes of the wilderness. The desolate camp-fires were lit along the banks of the navigable rivers wherever the enfolding ice may have arrested the floating boat; or in the forests, where the swelling snow-drifts forbade further progress of the wearied pack-horse. The diminishing stores of food were doled out with miserly hands, and saved for the ominous future by substituting for the time the spoils of the hunter from the adjacent woods. Some, more destitute, were compelled to depend on the generous sacrifice of neighboring camps to share with them the meager supplies.

In the meantime, both the domestic cattle and the wild animals became so impoverished that many of both kinds died for the want of nourishment where there happened to be no cane, the common winter herbage for the buffalo and deer, as well as for cattle. Such was the extremity to which some emigrants were reduced, that they were forced to eat of the flesh of these dead animals, or accept the alternative of themselves perishing of hunger. The supply of breadstuffs was generally exhausted, and the majority of the people for months lived on meat alone. With rich and poor, master and servant, delicate and robust, one common fate and one common fare were shared together.

The advance of the vernal season afforded some relief. The springing cow, feasting on the foliage of leaves and grasses, divided her secretive treasury with the friendly family, but too eager to add the items of milk and butter to the short bill of fare so long endured. The indigenous salads and early berries came next, and finally the feast of garden vegetables and the unctuous roasting-ears of corn gave relish to the appetizing hunger of long fasting. Bounteous Providence restored again, and there was plenty in the land; but not yet its adjunct, peace. The sunshine that melted the snows and ice, and which brought to the people these blessings, brought also their old and familiar acquaintances, the Indians.

In the meantime, and despite all discouragements, the inflow of immigration continued, new arrivals were frequent, and new settlements multiplied, until the inchoate Commonwealth began to assume the proportions of an interior colony.[2]

The Falls of Ohio seemed to attract the especial attention of emigrants, land agents, and adventurers, as well as increase in importance as the center

1 Marshall, Vol. I., pp. 102–3. 2 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 103.

for military operations. There were now on the waters of Beargrass, Linn, Sullivan, Hoagland, Floyd, Spring, and Middle stations, besides the Falls. Early in the year, Colonel George Slaughter, with one hundred and fifty State troops, descended the Ohio to the Falls, where Colonel Clark still maintained headquarters.

Fort Nelson, on the north side of Main, between Seventh and Eighth streets, mentioned before, was much extended and strengthened, and was now, and after, invulnerable to any attack to be made upon it.[1] Of the lower part of the plain on which Louisville is built, two thousand acres were patented December 16, 1773, in the name of John Connolly, a surgeon's mate in the hospital of the royal forces, by virtue of the English king's proclamation of 1763; and two thousand acres adjoining, and below Connolly's, to Charles de Warrendorff, an ensign in the royal regiment of Pennsylvania. In 1774, the latter conveyed his tract to Connolly and to Colonel John Campbell, an Irish gentleman, who settled afterward in Louisville, and became a prominent citizen. Connolly, after this, conveyed half of the first tract to Campbell, and Campbell conveyed half the Warrendorff tract to Connolly, so that they held two thousand acres each, the upper and lower thousands belonging to Connolly, and the middle two thousand to Campbell.

An episode, which is a part of our history, in connection with Dr. Connolly's title here, is most interesting. In 1774, James Douglas, deputy for Colonel William Preston, surveyor for Fincastle county, Virginia, surveyed two thousand acres for Alexander McKee, on the headwaters of the south branch of Elkhorn. In 1780, the Virginia Legislature established *Transylvania Seminary*, and one-sixth of the surveyor's fees, together with eight thousand acres of the first land in the then county of Kentucky, which should be *confiscated for disloyalty* to the American cause, were granted for the endowment of said institution.

On July 1, 1780, the first inquisition of escheat was held at Lexington, by the sheriff of Kentucky county, George May escheator. John Bowman, Daniel Boone, Nat. Randolph, Waller Overton, Robert McAfee, Edward Cather, Henry Wilson, Joseph Willis, Paul Froman, Jere. Tilford, James Wood, and Thomas Gant, *gentlemen*, jurymen, were empaneled to try whether John Connolly and Alexander McKee be British subjects or not. The verdict was duly rendered, that they were British subjects, and after April 19, 1775, of their own free will, departed from the said States and joined the subjects of his Britannic majesty, and that on the 4th of July, 1776, said Connolly "was possessed of two thousand acres on the Ohio, opposite the falls," and said McKee "of two thousand acres, on the headwaters of the south branch of Elkhorn, and no more." A large portion of Louisville is therefore built on the confiscated land that formed a part of the first tributory offerings of disloyalty to American liberty.

1 Collins, Vol. II., pp. 359-60; Louisville Directory, 1858.

2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 183.

In 1780, the Legislature of Virginia passed an act for establishing the town of Louisville at the Falls of Ohio, and appointed John Todd, Stephen Trigg, George Slaughter, John Floyd, William Pope, George Merriwether, Andrew Hynes, and James Sullivan, *gentlemen*, trustees to lay off the town on a tract of one thousand acres of land, which had been granted to John Connolly by the British Government, and which he had forfeited by adhering to the said Government. Each purchaser was to build on his own lot "a dwelling house, sixteen feet by twenty at least, with a brick or stone chimney." The city plat was laid off this year, by William Pope. Subsequently, a new survey was made by William Peyton and Daniel Sullivan, who platted the out-lots. All traces of these surveys, as well as that of Captain Bullitt's, in 1773, have been lost. As far back as 1819, the only plat on record was that of Jared Brookes, adopted in 1812, which is just one-half of the two thousand acres granted to Connolly, the division line having been run in 1784, by Daniel Sullivan.[1]

Though the heavy re-enforcement of Colonel Slaughter, with one hundred and fifty men, and the improvements made, rendered Fort Nelson a secure retreat, the garrison seems to have afforded but little protection to the neighboring settlements, and rather to have drawn the attention of the Indians to that quarter. It was probably noticed by them that the folks were less cautious in this vicinity than in other places, and this carelessness from fancied security only invited the attacks of the enemy. The vicinity of the Ohio, being the apparent boundary between the hostile parties, offered to the savages some advantages. They could with impunity approach its bank upon their own ground, cross it when convenient, strike the settlement a blow, and recross the river, before a pursuing party could be organized. Under these advantages, soldiers were shot near the fort, lives were lost or prisoners taken among the adjacent settlers, and horses stolen, with frequent impunity and occasional retaliation. Yet, the improvements extended in different directions.

Early in the summer, Governor Thomas Jefferson having sent instructions to establish a post on the Mississippi, with cannon to fortify it, Colonel George Rogers Clark, with about two hundred soldiers, left Louisville and proceeded down the river to a point called the Iron Banks, five miles below the mouth of the Ohio, and there erected a fort, with several block-houses, which he called Fort Jefferson. This division and depletion of the forces for the defense of Kentucky caused some dissatisfaction among its people, who felt that all were needed for frontier safety. The step was thought wise and imperative, however, by the sagacious governor of Virginia.[2] It was well known that both the courts of France and Spain were inimical to the extension of the American boundary to the Mississippi, and that these pow-

1 Collins, Vol. II., pp. 371 and 360.

2 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 111; Butler, p. 112; Clark's Memoirs; Jefferson's Letters, June, 1778, and April, 1780.

ers in Europe, and their provincial agents in their gulf coast possessions and west of the Mississippi, employed every artifice to prevent this aggrandizement by the United States.

The French minister at Philadelphia had prevailed on Congress to instruct its ministers in Paris "to govern themselves by the advice and opinion of the French Government," and finally obtained an instruction to the American minister, Mr. Jay, not to insist on the free navigation of the Mississippi below latitude thirty-one degrees north, a point not far from Natchez.[1] The efforts of Spain and France for years after to limit the United States to the territory east of the Alleghanies, and to divide the great West to the Mississippi river between Spain and Great Britain, making the Ohio river the line, form an interesting chapter of Kentucky history which will receive attention hereafter. At this time, and subsequently, the aim was, by the arts and intrigues of diplomacy, to make of Kentucky a Spanish province. The second born infant Commonwealth to the thirteen confederated States of the revolution, and with a geographic relation to command the navigation of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and her own political destiny a key to determine the claims of the first powers of Europe and of the United States to the territorial empire of the Mississippi valley, the history of Kentucky embraces in its amplitude the discussion of some of the most important questions of national and international politics in its earliest annals.

The instructions of Governor Jefferson of course were meant to counteract the intrigues and encroachments of these interested European powers in the great valley of the West. The Chickasaw Indians were at this time the undisputed owners of that part of Kentucky now lying west of the Tennessee river, including the ground at the mouth of Mayfield creek, where Fort Jefferson was built. By some misadventure, the instruction of the governor to purchase the site, or get consent of the Indians, was not carried out, thus arousing their fierce resentment. After awhile, they began marauding and murdering individuals of the isolated families that had settled around the fort; among others, the entire family of Mr. Music, excepting himself. They captured a white man, and compelled him to reveal to them the condition of the fort garrison and the families who had sought refuge there. There were but about thirty men in the garrison, under Captain George, and a large proportion of these sick with the ague and fever. They were very much reduced in food supplies from the presence of the refugees, and the destruction of their field and garden crops near by the Indians. In this condition, and under the lead of a Scotchman named Colbert, who had lived with and acquired a great influence over these Indians, they appeared in force, several hundred strong, and began a siege and attack upon the fort in the summer of 1781.[2] After resistance of five days, the respective leaders, Colbert and George, met under a flag of truce to try and agree on terms of capitulation.

1 Butler, p. 112; Pitkin's United States, Vol. II., p. 512; Jay's Life, Vol. I., p. 237.
2 Butler, p. 119; Collins, Vol. II., p. 39.

a summons to surrender within an hour having been refused. Terms could not be arranged, and the fighting was resumed. The issue was near at hand, as a messenger had been dispatched to Kaskaskia for aid. A desperate night assault was made by the Indians in force. When they had advanced in short range and in close order, Captain George Owens, who commanded one of the block-houses, had the swivels loaded with rifle and musket-balls, and fired them into the crowded ranks. The fire was very destructive and the slaughter excessive. The enemy, repulsed and disheartened, fell back to their camps. Soon after, Colonel Clark arrived with a relief force, and the Chickasaw army gave up the siege. This fort was some time after abandoned, from its isolated position, and the difficulty of supplying so remote a garrison. The evacuation was the signal for peace, which was tacitly accepted by the Indians and faithfully observed by both parties after.

The daring expeditions of Clark and Bowman into the Indian country seem to have aroused the British authorities to greater exertions, in order to counteract the impressions made on their Indian allies of the prowess of the Americans. With this view, a formidable military force of six hundred Canadians and Indians, commanded by Colonel Byrd, of the English army, with several pieces of artillery, made an incursion into Kentucky. The artillery and its equipment were embarked on boats down the Miami and up Licking river, as far as the forks, where Falmouth now stands. From this rendezvous, Colonel Byrd marched in full force for Ruddle's station, and on the 22d of June, signalized the presence of his army before that place by the report of one of his cannon discharged. The occupants were completely taken by surprise. This was remarkable, as the invading army had been twelve days on the march from the Ohio river, and had cleared a wagon road over much of the way. It showed a want of vigilance in the measures of safety and defense, so common to the garrisons of these posts. A timely warning would have availed nothing against the formidable numbers and their equipment, but a timely retreat to a place of safety might have been effected. The sight of such an army and of the artillery paralyzed all hope of resistance; and on a summons by Colonel Byrd to an unconditional surrender, Captain Ruddle answered that he would consent only on condition that the prisoners should be under the protection of the English, and not delivered to the Indians. To these terms Colonel Byrd consented, and promptly the fort was surrendered and the gates thrown open. The savages rushed into the station in advance, and each Indian seized the first person he could lay his hands on, and claimed such as his prisoner. In this way, families were separated and torn asunder, and subjected to the cruel caprices of their savage captors. Husbands and wives, parents and children, old and young, were made victims to their barbarities. The distressful cries of the children, the distracted throes of the mothers, when torn asunder, were heartrending. The scenes were indescribable. Captain Ruddle remon-

strated with Colonel Byrd against the atrocious conduct of the allies; but the latter could only answer that, while he deplored and condemned these proceedings, it was out of his power to restrain the savages; their numbers being so much greater than that of the English soldiers that he himself was completely in their power.[1]

After appropriating all the property in the fort, and dividing the prisoners among themselves, the Indians eagerly importuned Colonel Byrd to march on and capture Martin's post, five miles further on. He was so affected by the brutal conduct of the Indians toward the captives and their insubordinate license in his command that he firmly refused, unless the chiefs would pledge themselves in behalf of their warriors that all the prisoners taken should be entirely under his control, and that the Indians should only be entitled to the plunder. Upon this basis of agreement, the army marched to Martin's station, and captured it without opposition. The agreement was here carried out, and the prisoners surrendered to the British, while the property was seized by the red men. They next urged the British commander to march at once on Bryan's station and Lexington, so elated were they at the easy successes and rich spoils of the two recent captures. Byrd firmly declined to invade farther, alleging the improbability of success, the impossibility of procuring supplies for his soldiers and the prisoners, the impracticability of moving his artillery through a heavily-wooded country without roadways, the dangers of being surrounded and cut off from retreat to the Ohio river by an overwhelming force, and finally the necessity of descending the Licking river before the subsidence of the high water.

There is a tradition, founded on the statements of prisoners afterwards returned, that Colonel Byrd was so affected by the inhuman conduct of the Indians toward the unfortunate captives that he determined in his own mind not to be a further instrument to execute the diabolical orders of the British Government, or to a re-enactment of the atrocities of its savage allies; and that this was the real cause of his sudden withdrawal from the country. However this may be, there was certainly plausible force in the reasons assigned, that there was difficulty in moving artillery through the unbroken forests, danger from an attack of five or six hundred riflemen from the cover of trees, after their custom, and a want of food supply in the country after the exhaustive winter previous.

Byrd's army returned to the forks of Licking, and embarked with all possible dispatch upon the boats that were left there, with its artillery and stores. At this place, the discontented Indians separated from Byrd, and took with them all the prisoners from Ruddle's station. They were treated with violence, especially the weak and feeble, and such as sank down exhausted under their burdens were murdered with tomahawk or scalping-knife. Some were captives for years; some children, perhaps, never returned.

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 107; Butler, p. 110; Collins, Vol. II., pp. 327–8.

Among the prisoners was John Hinkson, a daring and expert woodsman. The second night after separation from Byrd, the Indians encamped near the river at nightfall. While they were kindling a fire with difficulty, on account of the wet, Hinkson sprang out into the dark, and soon disappeared in the brush. The alarm was given and pursuit made, but against hope. Hinkson ran some distance into the woods, and lay down by the side of a log, with the shadow of a large beech tree to help conceal his person, until he felt satisfied that the Indians had given up the pursuit. He then moved off stealthily under the clouds of a very dark night. He had no object nor thing to guide his course, and directing his steps, as he thought, toward Lexington, soon found himself in hearing of the camp of Indians he had just escaped from. Without light enough to see the moss on the bodies of the trees to guide him, he was much perplexed. Finally remembering that the little air stirring was from the west, he would moisten his hand and hold it up until the cold side indicated the point of the compass, and by this sign traveled for some hours toward Lexington; then, in weariness, sat down by the root of a tree and fell asleep. Before day he awoke, and found all enveloped in a dense fog. At dawn of light, the gobbling of turkeys, the bleating of fawns, and the hoot of owls, were heard in various directions. Hinkson was too expert in Indian wiles to be thus deceived. He distinguished the imitations of the cries of birds and animals, and avoided the spots from whence they came. Though several times very near to them, with the aid of the fog, he managed to escape, and to safely reach Lexington with the full news of the disaster at Ruddle's and Martin's.

The disastrous defeat and massacre of the forces of Colonel Rogers and Captain Benham, near the mouth of the Licking, and the capture of Ruddle's and Martin's, by Byrd, called into active operation the military policy of Colonel George Rogers Clark, who held that no injury of importance done by the enemy should go unpunished. He waged a war of relentless aggression and retaliation, and held that the Indians must not long be influenced by the prestige and encouragement of any temporary successes in their war upon the whites. Clark now hastened from Vincennes to Louisville, and from the latter headquarters began his arrangements and issued his orders, rallying and organizing all the men of arms in Kentucky for a campaign against the Miami towns, in Ohio. Six hundred men were gathered at Louisville, and the remainder from the interior. The general rendezvous was the mouth of Licking river. The troops camped on both sides of the Ohio. So promptly had the militia responded to the call that over one thousand troops gathered at the appointed place, all armed and eager to be led forward. A small battery of artillery was added to the equipment. General Clark assumed chief command, while the two regiments into which the force was divided were led by Colonels Logan and Linn,[1] ready for the march, every man eager to avenge the injuries inflicted.

[1] Marshall, Vol. I., p. 109; Clark's Memoirs; Collins, Vol. II., p. 449.

While tarrying a few days in camp, opposite the mouth of Licking, and where is now reared the queenly city of Cincinnati, with its vast commerce and teeming population, it was found necessary to build a block-house, for the purpose of leaving some stores, and some men wounded by skirmishing Indians on the way up the Ohio. The sound of the axman's strokes and the falling timbers echoed through the virgin forest, and the first house ever built on the site of the great city of to-day, speedily went up under the busy hands of the Kentucky foresters.

The expedition impatiently took up its march northward into Ohio, from the place of rendezvous. The objective points were Chillicothe, Pickaway, and other noted towns on the waters of the upper Scioto and Miami rivers. With celerity and all the secrecy which could be observed, the Kentuckians appeared before Chillicothe in time to take the Indians by surprise, who fled without resistance, leaving all their property at the mercy of the avenging army of Clark. The houses and all their rude furnishings were set to the consuming torch; and after feasting on all that could be consumed of garden vegetables, of luscious roasting-ears, and of the orchard fruits just ripe, the remainder was destroyed, and a scene of desolation made of the homes of the red men. Following on to Pickaway town, the retreating savages halted and gave battle. After a sharp fight under their usual methods, with about seventeen whites killed and a number wounded, and many Indians, they again retreated, leaving the town and all property in its vicinity defenseless.

The same destructive measures were adopted here as at Chillicothe. At no other point did the Indians make a stand for battle. From Pickaway, Colonel Logan was sent out some twenty miles further, with a force to destroy another town of considerable importance, and where was located a store from whence the savages obtained supplies of arms and ammunition. Other detachments were sent to distant villages, and a general waste spread over the country of Indian habitation. This season of the year was purposely chosen for this destructive invasion, which was a sort of substitute for an investment and capture of Forts Detroit and Sandusky, the strongholds behind. The crops for the winter, and next year's supply, were just matured, and once destroyed, could not be replaced. Great destitution and suffering must follow until another harvest, twelve months off; and the Indians would be in no condition in that time for another formidable move against the whites. The victorious troops, loaded with such spoils as they could bear away, and carrying back large numbers of horses and cattle, were marched on return to the rendezvous on the Ohio, and then discharged for their respective homes. The effect was as expected; no considerable body of Indians entered Kentucky for nearly two years after.

An incident of this campaign bears a tinge of romance. Simon Kenton commanded a company from Harrodstown in Logan's regiment,[1] and was in

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 448.

the front of the fight at Pickaway, after piloting Clark's army on the entire route. Here, two years before, he had been forced to run the gauntlet amid the uproarious laughter and shouts of the hundreds of savages in double line, ready, each one, to assail and beat him down with club or bludgeon, his sufferings or his death alike the subject of hilarious *fun* to warriors, women, and children. Kenton, the incarnation of an Indian hater and fighter, recognized his old acquaintances in front, and on familiar ground that brought vividly to mind the provoking reminiscences. At the head of his marksmen, he dashed into the thickest of the fight, dealing death to every enemy in his power, thus repaying, with usurious interest, the old dues of the past.

Many incidents of individual massacres, of thrilling dangers, and of hair-breadth escapes occurred from scurring bands of hostiles, some of whom were never absent from the country. Now and then the ludicrous would come in, and furnish many a joke with merry laughter among the foresters, in spite of serious phases.[1] A month or two after the return of Clark's troops to Louisville, two athletic young men, Adam and Jacob Wickersham, went out to a small field they had cleared and planted the spring before, two or three miles from the fort on Beargrass. Filling a bag with pumpkins, Jacob threw it over his shoulder and got over the fence, going home. An Indian sprang out from concealment, and raising his tomahawk, ran up behind him, with the weapon uplifted. Seeing himself covered under the eye of Adam, and disconcerted, he dropped the tomahawk and seized Jacob around the body. The latter, by a sudden movement, threw the bag and pumpkins across the Indian's neck, jerked loose, and ran for life. The red man released himself from the troublesome bag, seized his gun, and fired at the swift-footed Jacob, but missed. Another Indian gave attention to Adam, in the hope to capture him. The latter was on the inside of the fence; the former, outside. Now began a race for life, each eyeing the other, and each maneuvering, with the fence between. The white was the fleetest; and gaining a distance in advance, sprang over the fence and darted through the brush in front of the Indian. Turning down a ravine, he leaped the huge body of a fallen tree in his way. The Indian followed; but not active enough to leap over the tree, he hurled his tomahawk, with the pole foremost, and planted a stinging blow on Adam's back, leaving a blood-red spot. The report of the gun brought a dozen men rapidly out from the fort, in time to save their comrades, but too late to catch the wily Indians.

A party composed of William Bryan, Nic. Tomlin, Stephen Frank, and others, from Bryan's and Lexington, on their way to Mann's Salt Licks, in Jefferson county, for a supply of salt, camped on the bank of Kentucky river, where Frankfort now stands. They were here attacked by a band of Indians, who killed Frank and wounded Bryan and Tomlin. From this event, the city of Frankfort first derived its name.[2]

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 359 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 241.

It was in the early months of 1780 that Alexander McConnell, of Lexington, went to the woods with a horse to bring in a deer he had killed. A party of five Indians coming up on it, ambushed for the return of the hunter. Coming in sight, the Indians fired and killed his horse, and made him a prisoner while he struggled to extricate himself from the fallen animal. The Indians proved a remarkably merry, good-natured set, leaving McConnell not only unbound by day, but with gun in hand. Feigning cheerfulness and showing expertness in shooting game, he seemed a favorite with them. Traveling thus several days, they came to the banks of the Ohio. They had bound him only at night; but here he complained of the hurt from the buffalo thongs, and they tied him very loosely, attaching the other ends of the cords to the bodies of two Indians.

[1] The latter fell asleep; while McConnell, awake, planned his escape before crossing the Ohio. Near one of the Indians lay a knife, under the light of the camp fire, loosed from its sheath. To move his body would wake the Indians to whom he was tied. With difficulty he grasped the knife between his toes, and after long and stealthy effort, drew it in reach of his hand. The thongs were cut and the prisoner loosed. What next? His work was only well begun. To leave his captors alive, was to risk being recaptured, with death his fate. To attempt to destroy the Indians with the knife, was to risk the waking of the balance on killing one. The guns of the sleeping men were stacked near by. These he quietly moved to a place of concealment in the brush, except two. Returning, he took a rifle in each hand, rested the muzzles on a log, pointed one at the head of an Indian, and the other at the heart of another, pulled the triggers, and fired simultaneously. Both were killed, and the others sprang up out of their slumbers in dazed confusion. McConnell sped to the hidden guns. With one, he fired at two Indians in line, killing one and wounding the other, who, with the fifth man, disappeared in the woods. Selecting his own rifle from the guns, McConnell made his way to Lexington again.

Mrs. Dunlap, of Fayette, who had been several months a prisoner among the Indians on Mad river, made her escape and returned to Lexington soon after this adventure. She reported that the survivor returned to his tribe with a lamentable story. He related that a fine young hunter was captured by his party near Lexington and brought to the Ohio river; that while in camp there, a body of white men had fallen upon them suddenly at night, and killed all his companions, together with the poor prisoner, who lay bound hand and feet, unable to escape or resist.

A party from Harrodsburg, going toward Logan's fort, were fired upon, and two of them very badly wounded. One reached the fort, and reported the other to have laid down in the cane, too severely hurt to go further, their companions having fled. Logan at once called together a number of his men, and repaired to the assistance of the unfortunate man, whom they

[1] McClung's Sketches.

found alive, but helpless. No time was to be lost, for the Indian signs were around. Having no suitable conveyance, he was placed on Logan's back, who carried him thus to his own home. After leaving the wounded man, as they were returning, the Indians fired on them, and wounded another man. They were beaten off, when Logan took on his shoulders the last one wounded, and bore him safely into the fort.

By this time Colonel Logan had moved his mother and a sister, together with a numerous family connection, to selected lands in the vicinity of St. Asaph's. Among these were William Montgomery, his wife's father, with his family, and son-in-law, Joseph Russell, and his family. They came out from Virginia late in 1779, and took refuge in the fort, where they remained a few months. Apprehending little danger, at the first opening of spring, the elder Montgomery, with his sons, William, John, Thomas, and Robert, and his son-in-law, Russell, moved out into four cabins they had built twelve miles south-west of the fort, on the headwaters of Green river.

[1] In March they were attacked by savages. Mrs. Montgomery was at the fort, with her youngest child, Flora, and Thomas and Robert were absent scouting. The others of the families, old and young, were at home, with some slaves owned among them. At night, the Indians surrounded the cabins, which were built close to each other in a square, and lay in wait until morning light. The elder Montgomery, followed by a negro boy, arose and stepped outside the cabin door, when they were suddenly fired on, and both killed. The daughter Jane, afterward the wife of Colonel William Casey, of Adair county, sprang forward and shut the door, and called for the gun of her absent brother, Thomas. Betsey, a twelve-year-old sister, clambered out the chimney, which was built low, and ran for Pettit's station, over two miles distant. An Indian pursued her some distance, but the fleet-footed girl outran him, and reached Pettit's. A messenger immediately was dispatched from here to Logan's for help.

William Montgomery, Jr., occupying an adjacent cabin, barricaded his cabin door, and directed an apprenticed boy living with him to support the barricades. Then grasping his rifle, he fired twice at the Indians, killing one and wounding another. His brother John, yet in bed, was shot through a crack, as he attempted to rise up, and mortally wounded, in another cabin. His door was then forced open, and his wife made prisoner. Russell, the brother-in-law, escaped from his cabin, and his wife, three children, and a servant-girl were made prisoners. The savages then retreated, bearing off their captives and the man wounded by William. They had not long started, when the Indian who had pursued Betsey returned and mounted a log in front of William's cabin; Montgomery fired through an opening in the log walls, and shot him dead.

On arrival of the messenger at the fort, Logan gave a few loud blasts with his horn, the signal of alarm, and in a few minutes a dozen or more

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 472.

mounted foresters, with rifles in hand, came in from the neighboring cabins. Under Logan's lead, they galloped to the assaulted cabins, and there took the trail. Pursuing rapidly, and aided by signs which Mrs. Russell had presence of mind to make with broken twigs and pieces of a handkerchief broken off and dropped, they first came upon the negro girl, who had been tomahawked, scalped, and left for dead. She had revived, and on hearing the voice of Logan, sprang up, and joyfully exclaimed, "*Bless God, it's Massa Ben!*" She afterward recovered.

A few minutes after, they came in sight of the savages, when Logan ordered a charge with a shout, so as to give the Indians no time to massacre and scalp the prisoners. They fled with precipitancy, leaving their wounded comrade to the mercy of the whites. A daughter of Mrs. Russell, twelve years old, spying Logan in front, clapped her hands, and like the negro, cried out, "*O, there's Uncle Ben!*" when the savage in charge struck the innocent child dead with his tomahawk. The remainder of the prisoners were recaptured without injury. Encumbered with these, and with the main object of pursuit accomplished, the rescuers returned, and reached their cabins in safety before nightfall.

In October of this year, Daniel Boone and Edward, his brother, were returning from Blue Lick with a supply of salt, when they were fired on by concealed Indians near Grassy Lick, Bourbon county. Edward fell dead by his side, and the scalping knife was applied within Boone's sight, as he ran for his own life into the woods.[1] The pursuing Indians put a dog on the trail of the retreating man, which followed him some miles, greatly to his annoyance. Finding that safety required, Boone halted until the dog came within sight and range, when he shot it, and made his escape. From Bryan's, Lexington, and Strode's stations, he hastily summoned a troop of sixty, under Captain Charles Gatliffe and James Ray, who went in pursuit of the Indians. Passing through the eastern part of Mason county, they followed the trail to a point where it crossed the Ohio river below the mouth of Cabin creek, when they abandoned it and returned home

Strode's station, two miles from the present Winchester, was this year assailed by a considerable body of Indians; but after some fighting, without serious or decisive results, they withdrew to other parts.

The following characteristic tradition of Boone[2] was often told by James Wade, an old acquaintance, and a well-known pioneer of Bath county, in years gone by: In passing alone, as he often did, in 1780, from Boonesboro to Upper Blue Lick, Boone diverged eastward of the direct route down Slate creek. Fresh signs of Indians near Gilmore's station, twelve miles east of Mt. Sterling, caused him to move very secretively. Passing over several miles of level forest, afterward Judge Ewing's, two miles south of Owingsville, he reached the brow of a gentle slope extending to Slate creek, and halted to quench his thirst at a spring. A bullet whistled near, and scaled

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 562. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 49.

a piece of bark from the tree by the spring. Bounding rapidly down the slope to the creek, he swam to the opposite bank, and disappearing in a thick cane brake, parted his way through the brush down the creek, a hundred yards. The Indians also had gone down the creek, and were cautiously advancing toward it, as though suspicious that the hunter had *treed*, and was watching for his victim. Boone aimed to kill both at a shot, and leveling his rifle on one, waited for the other to come in line. He did so, and Boone fired, the ball passing through the head of one, and lodging in the shoulder of the other. The wounded Indian dropped his gun, and with a yell of pain and fright, darted off. Recrossing, Boone selected the best of the Indians' guns, and threw the other into the water, and made his way to Blue Lick.

[1]The first settlements in Hardin county were made in the fall and winter of 1780. Thomas Helm, Andrew Hynes, and Samuel Haycraft settled where is now the site of Elizabethtown, and built three forts with block-houses, about one mile from each other. The site of that built by Captain Thomas Helm was the same on which was built afterward the residence of the late Governor John L. Helm. Haycraft's was on the hill above the cave spring, while Colonel Hynes' occupied the other side of the triangle. There is record of no other settlements between Louisville and Green river in that day. Of those who came in the colony with Haycraft, were Jacob Vanmeter and wife, thirteen sons, daughters, and sons-in-law, with children, besides a considerable family of slaves. Most of these opened farms in Severn's valley. Colonel Nicholas Miller, Judge John Virtues, Miles Hart, with others followed. Among the earliest comers was Christopher Bush, of German descent, who reared a large family of sons and daughters. Of the latter, one married Thomas Lincoln, an excellent carpenter, and father of the late president, Abraham Lincoln, who was the son of a former wife. The second wife was notedly a good woman, and had much to do with the early training of her step-son.

As a good specimen of the pioneer boy, it is worthy of mention that, on Christmas day, 1780, Benjamin Helm, fourteen years old, walked barefooted to Louisville for some food supplies, a distance of forty miles.

This year stations were also first established in Logan county, one at Maulding's, on Red river, one at Russellville, and one on Whippoorwill creek. Davis' and Kilgore's came shortly after, the latter soon attacked and broken up by Indians. It is most probable that these settlements on the fine prairies, or barrens, of that region were induced by the passing through in 1779–80 of the survey party of Dr. Walker, of Virginia, who was appointed by that State, to act in conjunction with a commissioner of North Carolina, to run and fix the boundary line between the two—the same line that now separates Kentucky and Tennessee. Colonel Richard Henderson was the commissioner for North Carolina. The boundary line of the two States,

1 Collins, Vol. II., pp. 307–8.

thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north, had never been traced farther than the Alleghany mountains, and serious inconveniences and disputes arose as to jurisdiction and title among the settlers westward of that terminus. The commissioners, with their attendants and apparatus, met by appointment, and began the location of the line. But soon one, or both, making observations under State prepossessions or inaccurate instruments, they soon disagreed in the result; and each adhering to his own opinion, they deviated, until they crossed each other's lines, and became irreconcilably at variance. Each continued his line to the top of Cumberland mountains, yet were widely apart, when Colonel Henderson abandoned the survey. Dr. Walker pursued his course, and marked his line to the Tennessee river. He descended this by water, and, on observation, ascertained that the line of latitude would strike the Mississippi, not the Ohio, river. This only increased confusion and discontent, and the boundary was left undefined until years after, as we shall note in time.[1]

About the 1st of November, Kentucky was divided into three parts, each of which composed a new county, as follows:

"All that part of the aforesaid county on the south side the Kentucky river, which lies west and north of a line beginning at the mouth of Benson creek, and running up the same and its main fork to the head, thence south to the nearest waters of Hammon's creek, and down the same to its junction with the Ohio, to be called *Jefferson county*.

"All that part of the said county of Kentucky which lies north of a line beginning at the mouth of the Kentucky river, and up the same, and its middle forks to the head, and thence south-east to the Washington line, to be called *Fayette county*.

"And all the residue of said county of Kentucky to be called *Lincoln county*."[2]

Among the notable men who appear in Kentucky history this year was John Fitch, the inventor of the first steam passenger boat known in the world. His occupation was that of surveyor, and he was descending the Ohio in boats, with a party conveying cattle and horses to Kentucky, when, at the mouth of Big Sandy, they were fired on by Indians, who wounded two of the crew, besides killing and wounding some seventeen of the animals. It is barely proper here to mention Fitch's famed and successful experiment with his first steamer, on Delaware river; the failure of timid capitalists to support his enterprise; his retirement to Bardstown, Kentucky, in poverty and disappointment, and his last years of residence, and final death, at the home of Dr. McCoun, of that place.

A sad mishap befell Daniel Boone at this period. Desiring to avail himself of the benefits of the new land provision, he converted the main part of his possessions into continental currency, with which he purposed buying land warrants for entry of land. With about twenty thousand dollars of this

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 113. 2 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 111.

depreciated money of his own, and considerable amounts entrusted to him by friends, he started to Virginia to make the outlay. On the way, the ingenuous and confiding old pioneer was robbed of the whole amount. Boone returned to Kentucky penniless and depressed; but suffering far more intensely from the chagrin of losing thus the money of friends entrusted to him than from his own pecuniary loss.

There was deep sympathy for the unfortunate veteran, whom all revered; yet some seemed ready in their resentment to cast unworthy reflections on him, and these touched profoundly the sensitive nature of Boone's integrity and manly pride.

Of the men who had entrusted more largely their money to Boone were Captain James Estill, Samuel Estill, Nathaniel Hart, Esq., John Boyle, the father of Chief Justice Boyle, and their neighbors. Boone set out for Williamsburg, Virginia, by the Wilderness road, then also known as Boone's old trace. He was intercepted and robbed by the Indians, or by renegade whites disguised as Indians, who infested the road, while passing through the mountainous region, of all his own and the money which he held for others. It was natural that complaints should be heard from the suffering and uncharitable; but after a full hearing and review of the facts, Boone was honorably acquitted of all blame, by Samuel Estill, in a deposition yet on file in the Madison Circuit Court, and by Captain Hart in a letter to Colonel Thomas Hart, formerly of Lexington, Kentucky.

Stephen Trigg and John Todd were this year elected members of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, for the county of Kentucky.

In February, 1780, Captain James Estill cut the initials of his name on a hackberry tree, on Little Muddy creek, in Madison county, and completed a cabin in that month previous to moving thence from Boonesborough. We are told that it took eight or ten days to build the cabin, and that Estill's station was then erected at the same place. This station was surrounded by large fields of corn, wheat, and other produce of agriculture. It soon became a place of importance, and for many years was the point of most danger in East Kentucky. Among the settlers known to have been there in 1780 were Green Clay, James Estill, Samuel Estill, Peter Hackett, Thomas Warren, David Lynch, James Miller, Thomas Miller, Adam Caperton, and others.

In the same year, George Boone, a brother of Daniel, founded a station in Madison county, about six miles north of Richmond, on the present turnpike leading to Lexington. The adjoining stations of Stephen Hancock, David Crews, and John Tanner were shortly afterward established, and became attractive points for settlers locating in that part of the State. The stations of Estill, Boone, Crews, Hancock, and Tanner contributed more to the settlement of Kentucky than was done by the old fort at Boonesborough, which was rather a rallying point for settlers distributing over the State at large.

The subsequent settlements in Clay, Estill, and other counties toward Cumberland Gap, in Eastern Kentucky, were mainly offshoots from these early settlements in Madison county. These early stations were long the objects of Indian jealousy and hatred; and in defense of them were lost the lives of Captain Nathaniel Hart, Captain John Kennedy, Colonel Richard Callaway, Captain James Estill, Lieutenant John South, Captain Christopher Irvine, and Richard Hinds.

The Estills were early pioneers. They came to Boonesborough in 1776, and shared in the vicissitudes of forest life, until the death of Captain James Estill, in 1781. They gallantly fought at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774. Colonel Samuel Estill lived through the perilous period of Indian hostilities and the last war with England in 1815. He left Kentucky in 1833 to reside with Mrs. Annie Day, a daughter, in Tennessee, where, in 1837, he died at the age of eighty-two years, and his remains were buried on the Cumberland mountain. He was a man of large and portly person, and in his later years weighed four hundred and twelve pounds. Making profession of religion toward the close of life, and desiring to be baptized by immersion, he was seated in his large arm-chair, and four men called to assist the officiating minister, Elder Thomas Ballew, in the ordinance.

CHAPTER XVI.

(1781.)

Clark mans a fortified boat, to patrol the Ohio from the Falls to the Licking river.

With two companions, he leaves Fort Jefferson for Harrodstown and the Falls.

Their disguise and narrow escapes.

Reaches a fort on Red river, Logan county.

Finds the land-hunger epidemic at Harrodsburg.

Closes the land office, with Surveyor May's acquiescence.

Enlists the men.

Estills and Dutchmen ambushed by Indians.

Captain Estill wounded.

A Dutchman kills his Indian.

General Clark's designs on Detroit.

Visits the capital of Virginia to organize a force.

Many difficulties intervene to defeat the plans.

Bloody defeat of Loughrey on the Ohio.

A blow to Clark's designs on Detroit.

Captain Linn killed.

Indian raids around Louisville.

Captain Whittaker's fight near the Falls.

Squire Boone abandons his station, near Shelbyville, from danger of Indians.

His party disastrously cut up while moving to the Beargrass settlement.

Colonel Floyd pursues the Indians, and is defeated.

Incident of Wells saving the life of Floyd.

Mrs. Woods attacked in her house.

Her daughter chops an Indian's head off while a negro man holds him down.

Bryan and Hagan attacked while hunting on Elkhorn.

William Bryan killed.

Indian raid on McAfee's station.

Sharp fighting.

McGary relieves the station with a party from Harrodstown.

Raids in Hardin county.

Peter Kennedy pursues.

His skill as an Indian fighter, and fleetness of foot.

Taken prisoner.

His escape.

Small proportion of females in Kentucky hitherto.

Large immigration of same after 1780.

Custom for all to marry.

Habits and equipments of the domiciles.

Manner of living.

Neighborly accommodations.

The abundance sustained the settlers in their wars with the wilderness and the savages.

Contrast with the present.

The heroic men and women suited for the times.

The religious privileges and worship of the pioneers.

Materials for clothing.

Virginia Legislature scales down the value of paper money to that of specie.

First court in Kentucky at Harrodsburg, in 1781.

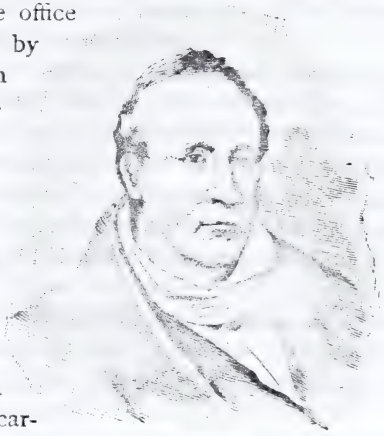
The invasion of Clark's army and the destruction of the towns and fields of the Miami tribes in Ohio secured Kentucky from the annual aggressive operations on the part of these hostiles, on any extended scale, during the year 1781. The general-in-chief had also better organized and varied the sys-

tem of defense against such dangers, one of the more novel features of which was the fitting up of an armed row-galley, with breastwork protections on the sides, for the patrol of the Ohio river from the falls to the mouth of Licking.[1] This was built at Louisville, and was intended as a floating fortification—not very formidable to those accustomed to the implements and usages of civilized warfare, but as effective against Indian weapons and methods as the stockade forts on land. It proved to have a good effect in deterring the savages—whether from alarm at the novelty or fear of its armed crew, it mattered little—and, indeed, was said to have stopped a threatened invasion of magnitude. The short career of this impromptu naval structure and its abandonment were mainly caused by the aversion of the militia foresters to the new element of service, for which they had no liking, and by the reduction of the regular force. The galley was finally stranded at the mouth of Beargrass, and the obstruction is said to have produced the formation of the Point.

Spies and scouting parties were distributed and sent to important parts of the country, and headquarters kept well advised of all that was going on. A characteristic incident is related of Clark: After the establishment of Fort Jefferson on the Mississippi, in company with Josiah Harlan and Harmar Consilla, he proceeded on foot to Harrodsburg. The perils of the way were great. They painted and decked themselves like Indians, and advanced as far as Tennessee river without interruption.[2] They found a flood tide of water, and Indians of the Chickasaw tribe hunting on both sides of the river. They constructed a raft tied together with grapevines, on which they placed their guns and clothes, plunged into the foaming current, and swam over. Under cover of the high banks, they had reached nearly the middle of the stream, when the enemy discovered them, and quickly exchanged whoops of intelligence. A deep creek put in on the opposite side, and the white party, by drifting and swimming, landed below, so as to put this between themselves and the Indians on that side, and thus escaped. In approaching a fort on Red river, in Logan county, they were mistaken for Indians by the garrison, and only the loud calling of his own name by Clark saved them from the deadly bullets of their friends. On their route, they met a party of forty emigrants almost starved for food. Their unpracticed hunters failed to kill the buffalo, of which there were plenty on the prairies here, from want of a knowledge of the fact that the hump on the back requires a different aim to hit the heart from that of other animals. Clark and companions soon set them right on this point, and killed for them a supply for all present wants. They ran with the herd, and fired and loaded as they went, until they had killed fourteen. The strangers, themselves expert hunters of other game, were amazed to witness such results, in contrast with their own failure. As in many other cases, the hunter's long experience only sufficed.

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 120. 2 Butler, p. 115.

Reaching Harrodsburg, he found the people almost crazed over the land excitement. Every one was trying to secure lands, and nothing else was talked of, or would be considered. The office of Mr. May, the surveyor, was besieged by crowding applicants, and little attention was paid to Clark's authority. He proposed to May to close up his office, that attention might be given to the defense of the country. The latter replied that he had no authority to do this; but if the general would issue an order, he would be the first to obey it. Accordingly, such an order was placed on the door of the surveyor's office, notifying that the office was closed by order of Brigadier-General Clark until after an expedition could be carried on against the enemy. The result was, the enlistment of the forces that were led against the Pickaway towns.



COLONEL SAMUEL ESTILL.

During this year, a company of Dutchmen came into Madison county to select a suitable place for a settlement.[1] Ripperdan, Boyers, and several others went over to Estill's station, about two miles above the mouth of Little Muddy creek, to ask the aid of Captain James Estill and his brother, Sam Estill, a noted forester and Indian fighter. As they rode along a path through the cane, they passed a large oak tree which had lately fallen near the trace. Behind its dry red leaves a band of Indians were ambushed, and they had cut and placed upright in a crack in the tree some cane, the better to conceal them. Sam Estill's quick and trained eye discerned a moccasin behind the tree, and he at once raised his rifle and fired at the spot, then threw himself off his horse on the opposite side, and shouted, "Indians!" The savages fired also, one shot breaking the right arm of Captain Estill, whose horse wheeled and galloped back to the station. The rider, not able to check him, with his gun in the remaining hand, seized the bridle in his teeth, but could not control him. A big savage, painted and feathered in horrid style, sprang out and endeavored to tomahawk Ripperdan, all having dismounted. The Dutchman, not much used to Indian fighting, and sorely frightened, called to Sam Estill to shoot the Indian. Estill had just emptied his gun at the savages, and cried out, "Why don't you shoot him, d—n you; your gun's loaded?" Reassured by Estill's voice and command, Ripperdan jerked his gun to his shoulder and fired, in a few feet of the enemy. The Indian dropped his gun, gave a shriek like a wounded bear, and fell dead. This checked the attack, and the savages retreated through the cane. Sam Estill, believing that his brother had galloped off to save himself, when he should have remained through the fight, was indignant at what he deemed a

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 527.

cowardly desertion. But on reaching home and learning the facts of Captain Estill's misfortune, he held him in higher esteem than ever before. That broken arm, still weak and partially disabled, cost him his life while bravely battling for his country and people, a year after.

The project of an expedition for the capture of Detroit, as a necessary strategic move to hold in control the Miami tribes in Ohio, and to thus complete the conquest of the North-west, was yet in the mind of General Clark, ever vigilant and fertile in expedients for the safety and advancement of the settlers of the Great West.[1] In December of 1780, he repaired to the capital of Virginia and urged the Government there to aid him in raising and equipping a force of two thousand men to execute this long-cherished design. The plan was approved by the State authorities; but before the necessary arrangements could be completed, a British force sent out from New York, under Arnold, carried hostilities into the heart of Virginia. Clark took a temporary command under Baron Steuben, and participated in the active operations against the traitor general.

After several months spent in preparing the force designed to be sent against Detroit, the several corps organized for the purpose were ordered to rendezvous in March, 1781, at Louisville; but unexpected and insuperable difficulties intervened to postpone, and finally to defeat, the execution of the project, greatly to the chagrin of Clark. He had set his heart on this final blow to British influence in the North-west. In the exigencies of the day, when Virginia was taxed to the extremest limit of her resources to sustain her arms against the English forces east of the Alleghanies, but a single mishap might prove the prelude to the catastrophe of failure. The incident of such a mishap was not wanting.

[2] Colonel Archibald Loughrey, of Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, at the instance of General Clark, raised a force of one hundred and twenty men to join in the Detroit expedition, with which he was to meet Clark's army at Fort Henry, now Wheeling, and proceed in body to the Falls; but Clark's troops becoming restless, and some of them deserting, he hastened on down the river. Loughrey followed after, with various delays. He sent Captain Shannon ahead in a boat, with four men, to overtake the main body and obtain some supplies needed. Captain Shannon and party were captured by the Indians, and with them a letter to Clark detailing Loughrey's situation. This intelligence was confirmed by some deserters, and the Indians collected below the mouth of Little Miami river, determined to destroy the Pennsylvania contingent if possible. The five prisoners were placed in a conspicuous position on the Indiana shore, near what was afterward called Loughrey's island, a few miles above Rising Sun, and opposite Belleview landing, on the Kentucky side, and made to act the part of a decoy, upon forfeit of their lives if they refused. The Indians concealed themselves near

1 Clark's Memoirs; Collins, Vol. II., p. 139.
2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 54.

by; but before reaching this point, and about opposite the mouth of Loughrey's creek, two miles below Aurora, one of the boats landed on the Kentucky side, and Captain William Campbell's men went on shore and began cooking some buffalo meat. While around the fires, and the rest of the troops yet bringing their horses ashore to graze them, coming to join them in the meal, they were assailed by a volley of rifle-balls from the overhanging Kentucky bank, covered with large trees, behind which the Indians proved to be sheltered in great force. The volunteers defended themselves as long as their ammunition lasted, and when this gave out, attempted to escape by their boats. These sluggish crafts were slow to reach the current over the shallow water near the shore, the Indians firing into them continually. When they were carried out into the current, another large body of Indians from the Indiana shore waded out on the sandbar, and fired into them from another quarter. Without ammunition, further resistance was vain, and they were compelled to surrender. The inhuman savages fell upon and massacred Colonel Loughrey and several other prisoners, before the chief arrived and put a stop to the butchery. Over three hundred warriors were engaged in the attack; and of the Pennsylvanians, forty-two were killed in the fight or massacred after, and sixty-four made prisoners. Most of the latter were ransomed, two years after, by British officers, and exchanged for soldiers taken in the Revolutionary war. This blow, struck upon the rear of General Clark's forces, was most discouraging to the intended expedition to Detroit; and doubtless had much to do in defeating its execution altogether.

The settlements from Beargrass to Squire Boone's station, on Clear creek, were much harassed by the incursive raiding of quite a body of Indians, early in this year. They entered about the vicinity of the Falls, at several places, and in several parties, and ambushing the paths frequented, killed Colonel William Linn, Captains Tipton and Chapman, and one other citizen. Captain Aquila Whittaker, with fifteen men, pursued and traced them to the foot of the Falls, near Shippingsport. Supposing them to have crossed, he embarked his men in canoes to cross over and continue the pursuit. As they were in the act of starting over, the Indians, who were concealed in the rear, on the bank, fired upon them, and killed or wounded nine of the party, or more than half. Undaunted by this fearful loss, Captain Whittaker gallantly ordered his men to land again, attacked the savages, and put them to flight, killing over twenty of them. The survivors, five or six in number, escaped by flight in the undergrowth into the swamps south of Louisville. A personal rencounter took place in the skirmish between Captain Whittaker and an Indian chief. Each one from his sapling eyed the other: both raised their rifles for work, and both fired simultaneously. The Indian's bullet cut the lock of hair off of Captain Whittaker's left temple, while his went crashing through the chief's mouth and head. In this Indian style of fighting, which the whites were compelled to adopt, these man-to-man combats were frequent and fatal.

[1]Among the most intelligent and prominent pioneers of Kentucky, Colonel Aquila Whittaker may justly be ranked. He was born in Baltimore county, Maryland, in the year 1755, and came to Kentucky in an exploring company in the year 1775. He was a man of medium size, of great nerve, strength, and energy, and fond of adventures. He was a bold and active leader, and took part in many dangerous and thrilling scenes, perilous incidents and trials, in the exploration and settlement of Kentucky. In 1779, he moved his family to Kentucky, and settled at Sullivan's station, near the Falls of Ohio. In 1783, he moved to the neighborhood of Shelbyville, where he lived for many years. At this place, his brother, John Whittaker, was killed by the Indians, near the present town boundary, while clearing up the ground for cultivation. In the important military and aggressive movements made by General George Rogers Clark, in and from Kentucky, he was a lieutenant and captain, and ranked high as a brave, efficient, and intrepid officer, adding greatly, by his ability as an officer and soldier, to the achievement of the great success attending these movements. Prior to 1794, he was captain of the different parties from Boone's, Wells', and Whittaker's stations, and other stations (now Shelby and Jefferson), in pursuit of marauding bands of Indians, and many were the rencounters with them while engaged in their descent and forages on the settlements in that section of the State.

So troublesome had the Indians become in the section of country in the rear of Louisville, that Squire Boone determined to abandon his station on Clear creek, in Shelby county, and to remove all the families and their household goods and stock, for protection, to the stronger forts on Bear-grass. As the men were moving, encumbered with families and property, they were attacked by a party of Indians and dispersed in much confusion through the forest, with considerable loss, near Long Run. Colonel John Floyd, hearing of the disaster, hastily collected about thirty men, and pursued the Indians, whom he supposed on the retreat. He advanced with his usual caution, dividing his force into two parties, one led by Captain Holden, and the other by himself. This prudence did not avail; for he was surprised by an ambuscade of Indians, estimated to be two hundred in number, whose deadly fire killed and wounded half the whites, or more; the latter stubbornly holding their ground until overpowered and attacked with tomahawks, when they were forced to retreat. Some ten of the Indians were killed. While Colonel Floyd was retreating on foot, almost exhausted and closely pursued by the Indians, Captain Samuel Wells, who yet retained his horse, dismounted and forced him into the saddle, and ran by his side to protect and support him. The magnanimity of this action was enhanced by the fact that the two men had been estranged in friendship, and were personally hostile to each other. This was now canceled, and the two men were ever after the warmest of friends. These raids were very harassing and

[1] Allen's History of Kentucky.

fatal to this section during 1781, and over one hundred lives of men, women, and children were sacrificed to savage atrocity, within a radius of thirty miles of Louisville, in less than a year. Near the Shelbyville turnpike, and sixteen miles from Louisville, on the land of Mr. Abner J. Smith, stands a marble monument, erected by order of the Legislature of Kentucky, with the following inscription: "Erected by the Commonwealth of Kentucky, to the memory of fourteen brave soldiers, who fell, under Captain John Floyd, in a contest with the Indians, in 1783."

An incident, illustrative of the perils which fell to every member of the household of the pioneer, occurred near Crab Orchard, in Lincoln county: One morning Mr. Woods left his family, consisting of a wife, a daughter not yet grown, and a lame negro man, and rode off to the station, near by, for the day. Mrs. Woods, while out a short distance from the cabin, spied several Indians approaching, and screaming loudly to give the alarm, ran into the house and attempted to shut the door. One Indian in advance, however, pressed inside before the door could be closed and fastened. He was instantly seized by the lame negro, who threw and held him on the floor. Mrs. Woods busy at the door to keep it fastened, the negro called to the girl to seize the ax and kill the savage while he held him. This, after some effort, she did with a well-directed blow on the head. The other Indians were endeavoring to force the door, when the plucky black man, elated with his prowess, called out, "*Missus, jes' let the red devils in, one at a time, and we'll kill 'em fast as dey come!*" But there was no need of the doubtful experiment. The cabin was in easy hearing of the station, and the men from the latter, coming promptly to the rescue, fired on the Indians and killed one more of their number, when the remainder sought safety in flight.

Bryan's station was much infested with raiding Indians this season, and the people were compelled to hunt in bodies of ten or twenty. In May, William Bryan, the brother-in-law of Boone, left the fort with twenty men for a hunt on Elkhorn.[1] Reaching the ground, he divided his men into two parties of ten each, one led by James Hogan, to hunt on both sides of the creek. They were to meet at night and camp at the mouth of Cane Run. Hogan had not gone far before a loud voice, in pretty good English, called out, "Stop, boys!" Looking back, they saw several Indians in hot pursuit, when they put spurs to their horses and dashed off through the woods, the enemy pursuing. A led horse, for packing game, was left behind, with a bell on, and fell into the hands of the Indians. After such a disorderly retreat, and out of sight of the Indians, it occurred to the party that they might venture to give the savages a check, or feel of their numbers. They crossed Elkhorn to unite the forces, that they might more safely reach the fort in case of necessity. They then dismounted and awaited the enemy. Night coming on, the Indians were heard coming, when presently a single warrior descended the bank and began to wade through the stream. When

1 McClung's Sketches.

about the middle, Hogan fired on him, and he fell, splashing the water, after which all became quiet again. This stopped pursuit, and Hogan's party returned to the fort. To apprize Bryan of danger, they left the fort at daylight next morning, and rode rapidly down toward the mouth of Cane Run. When near where they supposed Bryan's camp to be, they heard the reports of many guns, and conjectured that Bryan's party had fallen in with a herd of buffaloes, and hastened their steps to take part in the sport. The morning being misty, as they approached the banks of the stream they came upon the Indians, comfortably seated around and preparing their pipes. Both combatants were startled; but recovering quickly, both sheltered themselves behind covers, and the action opened briskly. For half an hour the Indians maintained their position, but a flank move put them on the retreat, which ended in a rout and sharp loss. Of the whites, one was killed and three wounded.

It happened that Bryan's party had camped at the mouth of Cane Run, as agreed on, and were unable to account for Hogan's absence. About daylight, they heard the familiar sound of the bell worn by the pack horse captured, and Bryan and Grant mounted their horses and went in search, as they supposed, of Hogan's party. They soon fell into an ambuscade, and were fired on by the Indians, and Bryan wounded mortally and Grant seriously. Both, however, kept the saddle, and rode into the station shortly after breakfast. The Indians next fell upon Bryan's camp and dispersed the remainder of the men, and were in the act of resting and regaling themselves when Hogan came upon them.

From McClung's Sketches we learn that early in May, 1781, McAfee station, in the neighborhood of Harrodsburg, was alarmed. On the morning of the 9th, Samuel McAfee, accompanied by another man, left the fort, in order to visit a small plantation in the neighborhood, and at the distance of three hundred yards from the gate, they were fired upon by a party of Indians in ambush. The man who accompanied him instantly fell, and McAfee attempted to regain the fort. While running rapidly for that purpose, he found himself suddenly intercepted by an Indian, who, springing out of the cane-brake, placed himself directly in his path. There was no time for compliments; each glared upon the other for an instant in silence, and both raising their guns at the same moment pulled the triggers together. The Indian's rifle snapped, while McAfee's ball passed directly through the former's brain. Having no time to reload his gun, he sprang over the body of his antagonist, and continued his flight to the fort.

When within one hundred yards of the gate, he was met by his two brothers, Robert and James, who, at the reports of the guns, had hurried out to the assistance of their brother. Samuel hastily informed them of their danger, and exhorted them to return. James readily complied, but Robert, deaf to all remonstrances, declared he must have a view of the dead Indian. He ran on for that purpose, and, having regaled himself with that spectacle,

was hastily returning by the same path, when he saw five or six Indians between him and the fort, evidently bent upon taking him alive. All his activity and presence of mind were now put in requisition. He ran rapidly from tree to tree, endeavoring to turn their flanks and reach one of the gates, and, after a variety of turns and doublings in the thick woods, he found himself pressed by only one Indian. McAfee, hastily throwing himself behind a fence, turned upon his pursuer, and compelled him to take shelter behind a tree.

Both stood still for a moment, McAfee having his gun cocked, and the sight fixed upon the tree at the spot where he supposed the Indian would thrust out his head in order to have a view of his antagonist. After waiting a few seconds, he was gratified. The Indian slowly and cautiously exposed a part of his head, and began to elevate his rifle. As soon as a sufficient mark presented itself, McAfee shot and the Indian fell. While turning, in order to continue his flight, he was fired on by a party of six, which compelled him again to tree. But scarcely had he done so, when, from the opposite quarter, he received the fire from three more enemies, which made the bark fly around him and knocked up the dust about his feet. Thinking his post rather too hot for safety, he neglected all shelter and ran directly for the fort, which, in defiance of all opposition, he reached in safety, to the inexpressible joy of his brothers, who had despaired of his return.

The Indians now opened a heavy fire upon the fort in their usual manner, but, finding every effort useless, they hastily decamped, without any loss beyond the two who had fallen by the hands of the brothers, and without having inflicted more on the garrison. Within half an hour Major McGary brought up a party from Harrodsburg at full gallop, and, uniting with the garrison, pursued the enemy with all possible activity. They soon overtook them, and a sharp action ensued. The Indians were routed in a few minutes, with the loss of six warriors left dead upon the ground and many others wounded, who, as usual, were borne off. The pursuit was continued for several miles, but, from the thickness of the woods and the extreme activity and address of the enemy, was not very effectual. McGary lost one man dead upon the spot and another mortally wounded.

[1] In 1781, a band of Indians came into Hardin county, and, after numerous depredations and killing some women and children, were pursued by the whites. During the pursuit, a portion of the Indians who were on stolen horses took a southerly direction, so as to strike the Ohio about where Brandenburg is now situated, while the other party, who were on foot, attempted to cross the Ohio at the mouth of Salt river. The whites pursued each party, the larger portion following the trail of the horses, the smaller the foot party. Among the latter was the hero of this sketch, Peter Kennedy. Young Kennedy was noted for his fleetness of foot, strength of body, and wary daring. He was selected as their leader. They pursued the

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 312.

Indians to within a mile of the river, the latter awaiting them in ambush. They were ten in number, the whites six. As they were hurried on by their daring leader in an effort to overtake them before they could reach the river, all of his comrades were shot down, and he was left to contend single-handed with ten fierce and savage Indians. This was an odds calculated to make the bravest tremble; but young Kennedy was determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. With a bound, he reached a tree, and awaited an opportunity to wreak vengeance upon the foe. The savages, with their usual wariness, kept their cover; but at last one, more impatient than the remainder, showed his head from behind a tree. As quick as thought, Kennedy buried a rifle-ball in his forehead, and instantly turned to flee; but no sooner did he abandon his cover than nine deadly rifles were leveled at him and instantly fired, and with the fire a simultaneous whoop of triumph, for the brave Kennedy fell pierced through the right hip with a ball. Disabled by the wound and unable to make further resistance, he was taken prisoner and immediately borne off to the Wabash, where the tribe of the victorious party belonged.

The wound of Kennedy was severe, and the pain which he suffered from it was greatly aggravated by the rapid movement of the Indians. The arrival of the party was hailed with the usual demonstrations of Indian triumph; but Kennedy, owing to his feeble and suffering condition, was treated with kindness. His wound gradually healed, and, as he again found himself a well man, he felt an irresistible desire for freedom. He determined to make his escape, but how to effect it was the question. In this state of suspense he remained for two years, well knowing that, however kindly the Indians might treat a prisoner when first captured, an unsuccessful attempt to escape would be followed by the infliction of death, and that, too, by the stake. But still Kennedy was willing to run this risk to regain that most inestimable of gifts—freedom. The vigilance of the Indians ultimately relaxed, and he seized the opportunity and made good his escape to this side of the Ohio.

Hitherto Kennedy had rapidly pressed forward without rest or nourishment, for he knew the character of the savages and anticipated a rapid pursuit. Hungry and exhausted, he was tempted to shoot a deer which crossed his path, from which he cut a steak, cooked it, and had nearly completed his meal, when he heard the shrill crack of an Indian rifle, and felt that he was again wounded, but fortunately not disabled. He grasped his gun and bounded forward in the direction of Goodin's station, distant nearly thirty miles. Fortunately, he was acquainted with the localities, which aided him greatly in his flight. The chase soon became intensely exciting. The fierce whoop of the Indians was met with a shout of defiance from Kennedy. For a few minutes at the outset of the chase the Indians appeared to gain on him, but he redoubled his efforts and gradually widened the distance between the pursuers and himself. But there was no abatement

of effort on either side, both the pursuers and pursued putting forth all their energies. The yell of the savages as the distance widened became fainter and fainter; Kennedy had descended in safety the tall cliff on Rolling Fork, and found himself, as the Indians reached the summit, a mile in advance.

Here the loud yell of the savages reverberated along the valleys of that stream, but, so far from dampening, infused new energy into the flight of Kennedy. The race continued, Kennedy still widening the distance to within a short distance of Goodin's station, when the Indians, in despair, gave up the chase. He arrived safely at the station, but in an exhausted state. His tale was soon told. The men in the station instantly grasped their rifles, and, under the direction of Kennedy, sallied forth to encounter the savages. The scene was now changed. The pursuers became the pursued. The Indians, exhausted by their long-continued chase, were speedily overtaken, and *not one returned to their tribe to tell of the fruitless pursuit of Kennedy!* Kennedy lived in Hardin to a very old age, and left a numerous and clever progeny.

Among the topics of interest worthy of description are those relating to the manners and characteristics of society in these primitive times of Kentucky history. Previous to 1781–2, the proportion of females to males in the country was small; painfully so, to the gallantry and devotion of the males. Within the last two years, great numbers of females came out to the West; and with the loss of life by Indian hostilities among the men, an equality of the sexes was fairly established. A license to marry is said to have been the first process issued by the clerks of the new counties, and it is probably as true that they were the most numerous processes. It was the almost universal rule for the young men and women to marry, and at an early age.

The conventional restrictions and artificial obstacles, real and imagined, which a falsely-fashioned civilization imposes to deter the young of both sexes from assuming the relations of the divinely-ordered institution of marriage, did not then exist. The husband and the wife were the complement and perfection of the domestic unit, on which God has ordained that society shall be based. The young husband and wife were helpmates for each other; all sufficient, because they could in simplicity adapt themselves to circumstances, and live and love together, burdened with few of the cares of the modern elaborate household. If there were no servants, the meal was grated or pounded, the woods were cleared, the fields and gardens were planted, the wood was chopped and hauled, and all other rough work done by the men; while the women cooked, spun and wove, milked the cows, and did all the housework, and with cheerful happiness and content. If there were no mansion of many apartments, there were plenty and content in the log cabin, and these in the reach of all who had the industry to secure them.

But few lawsuits existed at this time in Kentucky, as lands and property were too cheap and too much in common to be subjects of litigation or dis-

pute. Deerskins were extensively used for dress, to compose the hunting-shirt, the overalls, and the soft and pliable moccasins; while the skins of the bear and buffalo furnished the bed and the covering for the night. Ropes and strings were made of thongs cut from hides. Stores and shops were unknown. Wooden vessels prepared by the cooper, the turner, or the rude axman, were the common substitutes for table furniture. Gourds for drinking and dipping water, and larger ones for storing many articles of domestic use, were grown in the gardens, and boiled and scraped at maturity, until clean and pure for use. A tin cup or a piece of china-ware were things of rare luxury, and so was an iron fork. Every hunter carried a knife, too aptly called a *scalping-knife* in the hands of the white man, as well as the Indian. Two or three knives would usually compose the cutlery for the family, usually four or five members to each knife. The furniture of the cabin was appropriate; the table was a slab, or thick, flat timber split, and roughly hewn with the ax, and supported by wooden legs prepared with the same instrument. The ax was the principal tool of all mechanical work; and fortunate was the man who could count also his rifle, his augur, and his adze in addition. Stools made on the order of the tables supplied the place of chairs. The bed was on slabs laid across poles, and the latter supported by forks set in the ground, unless the floor was covered with puncheons; in such case the bed was of hewn pieces, let into the sides of the cabin by augur-holes in the logs. The baby was not neglected. A cradle, much after the fashion of the sugar-trough that was made to receive the sap of the maple, was hewn out of half a log, of the right length, scooped on the flat side, and made to rock smoothly on the round outside.

The food in these rude habitations was the richest of milk and butter, furnished by the luxuriant pastures of bluegrass and clover, varied with the rich peavine and perennial cane. The beef and pork were unsurpassed for tenderness and nutrition, while the forests supplied abundant meat of the buffalo, bear, deer, turkey, and smaller game. Corn meal and hominy were the staple breadstuffs, with a limited addition of wheat bread. Of vegetable, unctuous roasting ears, pumpkins, potatoes, beans, and other garden products, were usually plentiful. Wild fruits and nuts from the woods, and the products of the orchards now beginning to bear, gave variety and plenty from these sources as well. There was little of money and less of markets. The surplus that one neighbor had was divided with another, and the kindness hardly thought to possess the name of merit.

This fertility and abundance of food supply is often said to have afforded that assistance to the pioneers, without which they could never have maintained their possession of the country against the fierce hostilities of the aborigines. The immense distance, and the obstacles of mountains and forests, would have been insuperable to the transportation of supplies enough to the interior to have met the wants of settlers; while the Indians would have intercepted the same, both by river and land.

The hospitality of these times was less a merit than we might suppose; yet it was generous and unrestrained. It was usually an enjoyment and social relief, as well as protection, to both host and guest. The entertainment was rude and without ceremony, but ever hearty and genuine in its expression. The life and men of the times are well portrayed further by Butler: "It would not, however, be justice to the manners and character of the present state of society, any more than to those of the times we are describing, to conclude the portrait here. Hardihood, bravery, endurance of suffering, and generosity were prominent features in the character of the first settlers of Kentucky. These qualities are attested by the whole history of their gallant, hardy, and magnanimous deeds in the conquest which they made of this lovely land, from such wily, ferocious, and formidable tribes of Indians, assisted by the ample resources of Great Britain. Literature and science, with their train of humanizing arts, and the thousand delightful excitements to activity of mind which they furnish, it would be worse than folly to expect in these primitives of Kentucky. Government was nearly as simple as the impalpable policy subsisting among the Indians; the complexities of law were uncalled for in this condition of few wants and nearly universal means of gratifying them. Trade there was none, for there was nothing yet to give in exchange. Did any man want land? He could occupy any quantity that he could defend against the Indians. Did he want clothing or subsistence? His rifle would furnish any supply of either which his activity and his industry could command. Avarice and the love of gain had scarcely, at first, a temptation to develop them. What a chasm must there have existed to be filled by one of the fiercest and most insatiate passions of the human mind! Still, let it not be supposed that our early society was quite one of Arcadian fiction. Though politics did not distract the community with their noisy dins and bitter contentions; though traffic and labor did not furnish their topics of strife and sources of discontent; still, there was no absence of rivalry, and that pursued with sufficient bitterness. They would dispute who was the best shot, who the most supple wrestler, the strongest man, or the "better man" in a fight; nor were these disputes always bloodless, and even sometimes were settled with the knife and the rifle. The female sex, though certainly an object of much feeling and regard, was doomed to endure much hardship. In fine, our frontier people were much allied to their contemporaries of the forest in many things more than in their complexions. To be sure, this is but a general sketch of the early mass; there were among them men of finer mold and superior character, who would have adorned any state of society; and these remarks must be severely restricted to the body of the earliest emigrants. This picture has little or no resemblance of Clark, of Harrod and Boone, Bullitt and Logan, Floyd, the Todds, Hardin, and no doubt many other noble spirits who were the lights and guides of their times. It was a state of society peremptorily *exerting* high physical faculties, more than mental exertions or artificial endowments."

When, therefore, we learn that Boone, Harrod, and Logan were little advanced in artificial learning, let no reader be so unjust or unthinking as to treat their memory with contempt. Letters could have ill supplied their manly spirit, their vigorous frames, and, above all, their talents and tact in commanding the respect and confidence of a rough and fierce class of men while living, and which excited their sincerest regrets when dead. These gallant and magnanimous hunters of Kentucky will ever be sacred in the hearts of all lovers of brave and noble deeds, however they may have been adorned by the polish and beauty of learning. Charlemagne was no less the Emperor of the West of Europe; he was no less the master spirit of his time, stamping his impress on his generation, because he *signed*, and could not artificially subscribe his name. Artificial education, or the learning of books, is too often confounded with that higher education, consisting in the development of the mind, inspired by surrounding circumstances, and which is open to all the children of man, whether favored by civilization or not.

The religion of these times must necessarily have suffered amid the pressing privations surrounding the inhabitants. It could not have been greatly cultivated amid the struggles with want and battles with Indians. Yet the heart of the hardiest male, much more of the female, must often have melted with reverence for that Being, whose secret and invisible providence watched over their weakness, and saved them from the perils of the rifle and the tomahawk. True, many fell victims to the Indians; many were burned and tortured, with every refinement of diabolical vengeance; others were harrowed with the recollection of their children's brains dashed out against the trees, and the dying shrieks of their dearest friends and connections. Still, the consolations of Heaven were not absent from the dying spirits of the former, or the wounded hearts of the latter.

The religion of the heart, gratitude to God, and love for man flourished in the rudest stages of society; and not less frequently, with more purity than amid the accumulated temptations of refined life. There was, indeed, as might very naturally be expected, a roughness of exterior; though conventional forms of society are never to be confounded with the essence of true politeness. There was too exact a retaliation of the savage warfare of their subtle and ferocious enemies, and too little respect for the rights and moral claims of Indians. But to lie, to cheat, to desert a fellow pioneer in distress, were vices unknown to the brave and simple men who conquered Kentucky. A manly love of truth, an independence of spirit, which would right itself in the "courts of heaven," were almost invariable traits in their characters.

There are some curious particulars in our early arts, which may well be recorded. Hats were made of native fur, and sold for five hundred dollars in the paper money of the times. The wool of the buffalo, and the bark or rind of the wild nettle were used in the manufacture of cloth, and a peculiar sort of linen out of the latter.

The Virginia Legislature had early fixed by law a scale of depreciation for the paper money, at one and a half for one in silver or gold. In 1781, that body extended the scale of depreciation to the enormous difference of one thousand dollars in paper for one in specie. Certificates of depreciation were issued on this basis, and directed by law to be taken for taxes and for public lands, at fifty cents per hundred acres, in specie. A certain consequence was to inundate the country with land warrants. To this circumstance may be traced the embarrassments, the confusion, and the litigation of after years in the Commonwealth of Kentucky; for thus were the means and the inducements furnished to *shingle* over one claim with another, until they were sometimes tripled and quadrupled upon the same tract of land.

The first court ever in Lincoln county was organized at Harrodsburg, January 16, 1781. A commission from the Governor of Virginia was produced and read, appointing the following thirteen "gentlemen" justices of the peace to hold the county court, and to be commissioners of any court of oyer and terminer or for the trial of slaves, one of the first seven to be a part of each court to make it legal: John Bowman, Benjamin Logan, John Logan, John Cowan, John Kennedy, Hugh McGary, William Craig, Stephen Trigg, Abraham Bowman, Isaac Hite, William McBride, William McAfee, and James Estill. Two were already dead when the commission was received, killed by Indians, Kennedy and McAfee; and within seventeen months after, three more fell victims to the savages in battle, Trigg, McBride, and Estill.

Benjamin Logan and John Cowan first administered to John Bowman the oath: First—Of allegiance to the Commonwealth of Virginia; Second—Of a justice of the peace; Third—Of a commissioner or a judge of oyer and terminer. John Bowman then administered said oaths to Messrs. Benjamin and John Logan, McGary, Trigg, and McBride. John Cowan, because he had already taken the oath of fidelity to the United States, refused to take the oath of allegiance to the State of Virginia; but having slept upon it, and received new light, came into court next morning and "took the oath," and a seat upon the bench. The others qualified when they could conveniently come to court, except Abraham Bowman, who removed to Fayette county.

On January 21, 1783, the court was increased in numbers by the commission and qualification of George Adams, John Edwards, Hugh Logan, Gabriel Madison, and Alexander Robertson, gentlemen. At the September term ensuing, William Montgomery, Sr.; at the November term, Isaac Shelby, Christopher Irvine, and John Snoddy, became justices and members of the court. In February, 1787, shortly after the formation of Madison and Mercer counties had taken off large portions of the territory, with justices residing therein, eight new justices were commissioned by the Governor of Virginia.

CHAPTER XVII.

(1782.)

1782, a year of tragedies.
Estill's defeat near Mount Sterling.
A desperate battle.
Captain Estill and the Indian chief slain.
Heroic gallantry of Rev. Joseph Proctor.
Saves the life of Irvine.
His bravery in other fields.
Over fifty years in the ministry.
William Irvine.
Gallant bravery of the slave, Monk.
Sam South.
Holder's repulse.
Bryan's station attacked by over five hundred warriors under Simon Girty.
Strategy and sharp fighting for two days.
Girty's cruel malice to the whites.
Three renegade brothers.
Their lives and characters.
Gloomy forebodings of Indians on peace with England.
Williamson's massacre of the Moravian Indians.
Crawford's expedition to exterminate the Indians.
Three hundred whites killed and captured.
Crawford's thrilling tortures while burning at the stake.
Girty's demoniac exultation.
Confederation of tribes under Girty.
Attack on Bryan's station.
Ruse of sending the women to the spring for water.
Girty seeks to negotiate a surrender of the fort, and fails.
Baffled and repulsed, the Indians retreat.
Re-enforcements coming in, premature pursuit is made.
Boone advises to wait for Logan.
Officers mostly agree.
McGary's rashness.
The Indian army halt and give battle to one-third their own number.
Plan and incidents of the battle.
Disaster of Blue Licks.
Israel Boone killed.
Retreat of the Kentuckians.
Netherland's bravery.
Reynolds saves Patterson's life.
Logan's heavy re-enforcements come, but too late.
They bury the dead, and return.
Letters of Colonels Logan and Levi Todd, of Patterson and others.
The Indians kill four prisoners to equalize the slain.
Massacre at Kincheloe's, in Spencer county.
Sufferings of female captives.
Tribute to Harlan, to Trigg, to Todd.
Clark again invades Ohio, with one thousand men.
Burns and destroys the Miami villages.
Murder near White Oak station.
Captain Nat. Hart killed.
Raid in Hardin county.
Kenton hears news from home, the first in years of exile.
New offices for entering lands opened.
The flood-gates of confusion and litigation opened for future years in Kentucky.
Daviess and family attacked.
Mrs. Daviess and children captured.
Prompt pursuit and recapture.
Courage of Mrs. Daviess.
She captures a robber.

The annals will show that the year 1782 was an eventful one. The opening was marked by several successful enterprises on the part of the enemy, and with more than usual fatality to the whites. They were the

precursors to further misfortunes, more calamitous than had yet befallen our harassed countrymen. The drama opened with what has ever since been known as the "Battle of Little Mountain," or "Estill's Defeat," than which there is no record of a more desperate and bloody contest, for the numbers engaged. The account given by Rev. Proctor is most graphic and interesting. The narrative of this noted participant, taken from Montgomery's statement and embodied in a descriptive article on Madison county,[1] is accurate and intensely interesting:

"On the 19th of March, 1782, Indian rafts, without any one on them, were seen floating down the Kentucky river past Boonesborough. Intelligence of this fact was immediately dispatched to Captain James Estill, at his station, fifteen miles from this fort. Estill lost not a moment in collecting a force to go in search of the Indians, not doubting from his knowledge of their character that they designed an immediate blow at his or some of the neighboring stations. From his own and the nearest stations he raised twenty-five men. Joseph Proctor was of the number. While Estill and his men were on this expedition, the Indians suddenly appeared around his station at the dawn of day, on the 20th of March, killed and scalped Miss Jennie Gass, the daughter of Judge David Gass, and took Monk, a slave of Captain Estill, captive. The Indians immediately and hastily retreated, in consequence of a highly-exaggerated account which Monk gave them of there being forty men in the fort; that these had heard of Indians being in the country, and were then molding bullets for a pursuit and fight. There were really but four invalid men, beside the women and children. Undoubtedly, the ready sagacity of Monk saved these from a fearful massacre.



[Erected to the memory of Captain James Estill, near Richmond, Kentucky.]

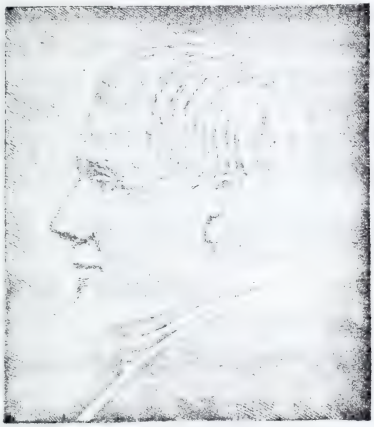
"No sooner had the Indians commenced their retreat than the women in the fort dispatched two boys, Samuel South and Peter Hackett, to take the trail of Estill and his men, and, overtaking them, give information of what had transpired at the fort. The boys succeeded in coming up with them early on the morning of the 21st, between the mouths of Drowning creek and Red river. After a short search, Estill struck the trail of the retreating Indians near the mouth of Red river. It was resolved at once to make pursuit, and no time was lost in doing so. On the ever-memorable day of March 22, 1782, at Little Mountain, just south of and opposite the depot at Mount Sterling, Captain Estill's party came up with the Indians. They proved to be the Wyandottes, and

1 Early Days in Madison County, William Chenault, in *Courier-Journal*.

twenty-five in number, exactly that of Captain Estill's. An authority in the Estill family adds two Frenchmen to the number of the Wyandottes.

"The ground was highly favorable to the Indian mode of warfare; but Estill and his men, without a moment's hesitation, boldly and fearlessly commenced an attack upon them, and the latter as boldly and fearlessly, for they were picked warriors, engaged in the bloody combat. It is, however, painful to record that in the very outset of the action Lieutenant Miller, of Captain Estill's party, with six men under his command, 'ingloriously fled' from the field, thereby placing in jeopardy the whole of their comrades, and causing the death of many brave soldiers. Hence, Estill's party numbered eighteen and the Wyandottes twenty-five. Between these parties, at the distance of fifty yards, the battle raged for the space of three hours. Deeds of desperate daring were common. On either side wounds and death were inflicted, neither party advancing nor retreating. 'Every man to his man, and every man to his tree.' Captain Estill was now covered with blood from a wound received early in the action. Thirteen of his brave companions lay dead upon the field, or so disabled by their wounds as to be unable to continue the fight. Himself wounded also, Estill's fighting men were now reduced to four. Among this number was Joseph Proctor. The brave leader of this Spartan band was now brought into personal contest with a powerful and active Wyandotte warrior. The conflict was for a time fierce and desperate, and keenly and anxiously watched by Proctor, with his finger on the trigger of his unerring rifle. Such, however, was the struggle between these fearless and powerful warriors that Proctor could not shoot without greatly endangering the safety of his captain. Estill had his right arm broken the preceding summer in an engagement with Indians; in the conflict with the Wyandotte warrior on this occasion that arm gave way, and in an instant his savage foe buried his knife in the brave hero's breast. Instantly the gallant Proctor sent a ball from his rifle to the Wyandotte's heart. Thus ended this memorable battle. It lacks nothing but the circumstance of numbers to make it one of the most memorable in ancient or modern times. The loss of the Indians in killed and wounded, notwithstanding disparity of numbers after the shameful retreat of Miller, was even greater than that of Captain Estill. There is a tradition derived from the Wyandotte town, after a peace, that but one of the warriors engaged ever returned to his nation. It is certain that the chief who led on the Wyandottes with so much desperation fell in the action. Throughout this bloody engagement the coolness and bravery of Proctor were unsurpassed. But his conduct after the battle has always, with those acquainted with it, elicited the warmest encomiums. He brought off the field of battle, and much of the way to the station, a distance of forty miles, bearing on his back his badly wounded friend, the late Colonel William Irvine, so long and so favorably known in Madison county. With the few horses left, the wounded were alternately packed by horses or men."

The story, with all its circumstances of locality and the fight, was told again and again, until even the children knew it by heart. No legendary tale was ever listened to with as intense anxiety, or was inscribed in so vivid and indelible impress on the hearts of the few of both sexes who then constituted the hope and the strength of Kentucky.



COLONEL WILLIAM IRVINE.

The names of the men who survived the battle, as given by Collins, in his history, are as follows: Colonel Wm. Irvine, Rev. Joseph Proctor, Reuben Proctor, James Berry, Wm. Cradlebaugh, David Lynch, Henry Boyer, John Jameson, David Cook, and Lieutenant Wm. Miller. The names of those who were killed are all but one given by Collins, viz: Captain James Estill, Adam Caperton, Jonathan McMillan, Lieutenant John South, Jr., John Colefoot, and — McNeely. With regard to William Miller, for over twenty years David Cook watched patiently for him to come to Richmond, swearing he would kill him on sight; but Miller prudently kept away. If he had met the threatened fate, no jury in Madison county would have convicted Cook, so intense was, and is to this day, the admiration for those who fought and the detestation of those who so shamefully retreated from the most desperate and deadly of all the frontier battles. The men who escaped from Estill's defeat scattered to Boonesborough, Hoy's station, Tanner's station, Irvine's Fort, and Estill's station. A draft was immediately made, Estill's station was closely guarded for forty days, and scouting parties were sent in every direction. But the next appearance of the Indians was in the lower end of the county, where they captured two boys from Hoy's station and the daughter of Captain Holder.

The death of Estill was a great loss to the immigration of the county. He was an exceedingly active man, and often traveled from Boonesborough to Cumberland Gap alone, to assist and direct pioneers crossing the mountains from North Carolina and Tennessee. Many incidents of his kindness to strangers moving into the county were remembered by the early settlers. A single illustration is all that we can refer to in this brief sketch: At Cumberland Gap, Thomas Warren, who was on his way to Madison, was met by Estill. On a lame horse, Warren had packed all his property. He and his wife, foot-sore and weary, were at the verge of starvation. Estill said to him: "I will kill you a buffalo, and place it in the trace near a spring, and lay some cane across the trace at the point where you ought to turn off to go to Boonesborough." When Warren reached the place named, he found the cane in the path, and the buffalo killed and ready to be eaten. He often

stated that he was then so hungry that he did not take time to skin the buffalo, but cut out the tongue and ate it.

The name of the Indian chief who commanded the opposing force at Estill's defeat has never been known. The chiefs most celebrated in the country were Little Turtle, Black Fish, Red Hawk, and Corn Stalk; but history is silent as to who commanded this body of daring Wyandottes. It is conceded by all acquainted with the facts in the case that this chieftain exhibited, in miniature, an exquisite specimen of the military art. McClung, in his sketches of "Western Adventure," says "that a delicate maneuver on the part of Estill gave an advantage which was promptly seized upon by the Indian chief, and a bold and masterly movement decided the fate of the day. The great battles of Austerlitz and Wagram exhibit the same error upon the part of one commander and the same successful step on the part of the other." Estill's station was for some time afterward the object of Indian vengeance.

One of the most painful incidents of the war was the murder at this station of Miss Jennie Gass, who went out early in the morning to milk the cows, and while her mother, who saw the Indians, cried from the station, "Run, Jennie, run; the Indians are coming!" the poor girl was caught and tomahawked in sight of the mother. Her murderers, in mockery of the agonized mother, jumped upon a log and shouted in response, in broken jargon, "Run, Jennie, run!"

The man whose deeds in this day's battle seemed to approach the highest order of heroism was the Rev. Joseph Proctor. He was at the post of peril and need every moment of the battle, and on the fall of Estill and Irvine, fought bravely with unerring rifle in the ranks, while he, with coolness and order, directed the incidents of the bloody strife. Besides the slayer of Estill, other foemen fell under his death-dealing marksmanship. Toward the close of battle, with William Irvine and two others, he was covering the retreat, when Irvine was wounded by a bullet and two buckshot, in the groin. The Indian who shot him sprang from cover, and ran to tomahawk and scalp him. Irvine raised and sighted his empty gun at him, when he sheltered behind the tree again. Proctor, seeing the danger, called to Irvine to mount the horse of the slain Estill and make his way to a designated spot, some three miles on the road to their station, where he would come to his aid. Irvine attempted to mount, when the Indian dashed out again; and Irvine again drove him to cover with his empty gun. Four times this maneuver was repeated, when Irvine at last mounted and rode away, as advised.

In due time Proctor and comrades fell back to the designated spot, and searching, with some difficulty, found Irvine concealed in the brush, and suffering and exhausted, with his faithful white steed near by, and patiently waiting. At first they approached stealthily, fearing an ambuscade; but the quick ear of the sufferer caught the sound of footsteps, and recognition soon followed, to the relief and joy of all. Proctor dressed his wounds, alter-

nately packed him on his shoulders and placed him on the willing horse, with one of the men behind to support him, and safely conveyed him to Estill's station. Though he suffered years with the imbedded bullets, Irvine survived his wounds, and lived nearly forty years after they were received. He was a delegate from Madison county to the Virginia convention of 1788, which ratified the Constitution of the United States. He represented the same county in the House of Delegates in 1789, and in the separation conventions at Danville from 1787 to 1790. He was presidential elector for his district in 1805, 1813, and 1817, a member of the constitutional convention of 1799, which made the second Constitution of Kentucky, a member of the Kentucky Society for the Promotion of Knowledge, organized at Danville in 1787, sometimes walking forty miles to attend its meetings. He also held other important official positions, and died honored and respected by his generation.

Rev. Joseph Proctor was among the bravest of the brave, as a typical pioneer, notwithstanding his long and devoted services as a zealous minister of the Methodist church. Three times he joined the invading expeditions against the Ohio towns, and in a fight at Pickaway slew a noted chief who had engaged him in deadly combat. He fought side by side with Boone, Logan, and other noted veterans, and nobly did a soldier's part in the days of peril, and ended his useful career with over half a century in the ministry of the Christian religion. He lived and died in ripe old age, in Estill county. He was the founder of the Providence Methodist Church, in the northern part of Madison county, and this was first called Proctor's Chapel.

A remarkable incident occurred during the battle, illustrative of the faithfulness and gallant bravery of the slaves, which were so often shown in times of peril to their masters and families. Monk, who had been captured, was still held by the Wyandottes: When the battle raged fiercely, Monk's voice suddenly rang out through the crack of the rifles and the forest echoes, in rallying tones to the whites, "Don't give way, Massa Jim; there's only about twenty-five of the redskins, and you can whip 'em!" Thus inspirited, the Kentuckians fought on to the last. Monk effected his escape in the confusion and carnage of the fight, and made his way to the whites at the close. He repeatedly rendered invaluable services to the garrisons at Boonesborough and Estill's, by supplying them with powder he had dexterously learned to manufacture from saltpetre obtained from a cave, now known as Peyton's cave, in Madison county, the first powder made in Kentucky. The worth of Monk was recognized by all around him, and his young master, Wallace Estill, gave him his freedom, besides clothing and feeding him at home for life, in token of his high regard for his faithful character.

Lieutenant Miller, with six men, in the arrangement for battle, was ordered to guard the horses of the dismounted men, and to prevent a flank movement of the enemy, if attempted. The Indians did flank, when Miller

gave way without due resistance, and disappeared from the scene of action, with all the horses lost. As the Indians advanced in this movement, Monk called out to Miller, from the bushes, in English, which the Indians did not understand, to stand his ground, and they would win the fight. Upon the return home, without a sufficiency of horses, James Berry, with his thigh broken by a rifle-ball, was carried mainly on Monk's back, twenty-five miles, to Estill's station.

Monk Estill was a noble specimen of the colored race. He was treated with all the respect and affection of a member of the family in which he was once a slave, and by whom he was afterward made a freeman. One of the Estill family, Mr. Brown Lee Yates, of Madison county, thus writes of him: "Monk was five feet five inches in height, and weighed about two hundred pounds. He was the husband of three wives, by whom he had thirty children. He was father of the first colored child, Jerry, born at Boone's fort, afterward a preacher in the Baptist church at Shelbyville. He was a respected member, when white and colored lived in the same church together, and broke bread at the same communion-table. He was my near neighbor for twenty-four years, and died about 1835."



THE SLAVE, MONK ESTILL.

The fall of Captain James Estill was greatly lamented throughout the district of Kentucky. He came from Greenbrier county, Virginia, early in the year 1775. He was one of the trustees of Boonesborough when chartered, in 1779. He was a member of Captain John Holder's company of Boonesborough riflemen. In 1780, he built Estill station, on Little Muddy creek, and took command of the troops there. In 1781, he was appointed judge of the court of Quarter Sessions at Harrodstown. Says Judge Robertson, in his well-known opinion in the case of Connelly's heirs vs. Childs, reported in 5 J. J. Marshall, page 204: "The usefulness and popularity of Captain Estill, the deep and universal sentiment excited by the death of a citizen so gallant and so beloved, the masterly skill and chivalric daring displayed throughout the action, all contributed to give to Estill's defeat a most signal notoriety and importance, especially among the early settlers." Though the numbers were insignificant, the bravery displayed made a profound impression.

Samuel South, one of the boys already mentioned as bearing the news of the killing of Jennie Gass, near the station, to Captain Estill, afterward became quite eminent as a soldier and politician of Eastern Kentucky. He represented Madison county for fourteen successive years, from 1800 to 1813, inclusive, and was chairman at different times of almost every important committee of the Legislature organized to transact its business; and at one time was defeated by Henry Clay, for speaker of the House, by but one vote. He was colonel in command of one of the regiments in Hopkins' campaign in 1812.

About the 10th of August, a band of Indians made a raiding expedition in the vicinity of William Hoy's station, five miles south of Richmond, Madison county, and capturing two boys, recrossed the Kentucky with their prisoners. Captain John Holder gathered a party of men from his own station, and increased the number by recruits as he passed by McGee's and Strode's stations, to seventeen in all. He came up with the Indians near Upper Blue Licks, and attacked them with spirit; but finding them in much stronger force than he expected, and fearing that they might flank and overpower his party, he quietly withdrew, with the loss of four men killed and wounded.

[1] On the night of August 14th, Bryan's station was invested by an Indian army of over five hundred warriors, under the lead of the noted white renegade, Simon Girty. Of the causes and forebodings which preceded this most eventful invasion of Kentucky, the following is a lucid and interesting account: [2]

"The most potent, perhaps, of all the immediate causes that led to the attack on the Kentucky settlements in 1782, and to the battle of the Blue Licks, was the malignant activity of the renegade Simon Girty.

"The atrocities attributed to Girty, or immediately associated with his name, exceed the horrors of even savage barbarity. To his bloody imagination the tomahawk and scalping-knife were but the toys of war; and the slaughter of captives, without distinction of age or sex, the merest matter of course. His delight was in the prolonged torture of his victims, and he seemed to enjoy a double pleasure in the exquisite torment of the sufferer, and the frenzied cruelty of the Indians, whom he knew only too well how to excite.

"His rude and bold nature had received a sinister education, and he seemed marked from his infancy to be the scourge of the frontier.

"Simon Girty was one of four sons of an Irish emigrant settled in Pennsylvania—a vicious and drunken wretch, who was killed by his wife's paramour. The four boys were captured in early childhood by a war party, and three of them permanently adopted an Indian life.[3] George became a Delaware, and continued with them until his death. He is said, on the

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 131; McClung, p. 62.

2 Oration of Colonel John Mason Brown, at the Centennial of the Battle of Blue Licks.

3 Perkins, Western Annals, p. 170–1, note; Campbell, Biographical Sketches, p. 147.

authority of one well informed, to have lost every trait and habit that marks the white man, and to have become an absolute savage. His fidelity to his adopted people never wavered; indeed, he knew no other kindred, and he surpassed the native Indian in that skill and cunning which is peculiarly his own. He appears to have been very brave, and to have fought the whites with skill and distinction at the Kanawha, at Sandusky, and at the Blue Licks. Tradition has rated him as a mere Indian, and he has escaped the execration that attaches to his brother's name.

"James Girty was adopted by the Shawanees. He passed in his earlier life repeatedly between the camp and war-path of the Indian and the frontier rendezvous of most abandoned whites. He imbibed all the worst vices of both races, and exaggerated them in the fury of an unbridled lust for carnage. His delight was to devise new and lingering tortures for captives, and to superintend their application.

"Even after disease had destroyed his power of walking, he would cause captive women and children to be forced within his reach, that he might hew them with his tomahawk. His life stands unrelieved by a single good deed or a single savage virtue. Once he pretended to warn some whites against an impending attack, but it seems probable that some cunning design was hidden behind it. It may be, as some have insisted, that much of the infamy that has been accorded Simon Girty belongs properly to his brother James. If it were possible to test the traditions which have come down to us, perhaps an impartial judgment might absolve the more famous renegade from many a crime that has been laid to his charge. For Simon Girty showed intellectual qualities, and at times was kindly beyond his brothers or the other renegade whites. He remembered Kenton as an ancient friend, and saved his life. In other instances he showed an almost pity. But it was in each case in his earlier life as a warrior, and before the year 1778.

"Simon Girty became in his childhood a Seneca Indian. They were his people and his friends. Though he wandered back at intervals to the verge of the white settlements, and was even for a brief time Kenton's comrade as a spy for Lord Dunmore's expedition, he returned again to his Indian life. His hatred of the whites seemed to be intensified when the Indian tribes took up the hatchet as allies of England, and after 1778 he carried on an unrelenting war. For such a man, stained with so many cruelties, abhorred and dreaded throughout the frontier, to return to his race, or hope to live within the pale of civilization, was impossible.

"The peace with Great Britain left Girty no choice but that of the Indian life, so congenial to him, no occupation but that of war to the death. Other whites, too, had, like Girty, become identified with the Indians, and had shared in their barbarities. Elliott and McKee, who had traded with the Shawanees, cast their fortunes with Girty, and, like him, devoted every energy to stirring up the Indians to war. Apostates from civilization, they surpassed the barbarian in hatred of its virtues.

"There were, therefore, abundant reasons why the year 1782 should have been signalized by a mighty effort against the Kentucky settlements. As has been seen, the leading Indians looked with dismay to their future; the renegade whites were desperate.

"But as often happens when affairs are ripe for great events, an occasion for revenge, and an argument for a great expedition, was furnished to the hands of Girty and his allies.

"During the preceding year an expedition of retaliation against the Wyandottes had marched from the Pennsylvania frontier. It was followed in the early spring of 1782 by one under command of Williamson, who chose to think that the Christian Indians upon the Sandusky, where the Moravian Mission had been established, were participants in the Wyandottes' forays. With a barbarity that might have shamed Girty, he caused forty men, twenty women, and thirty-four children, whom he had captured, to be murdered in cold blood. The awful deed was perpetrated with a formal deliberation that lent a more revolting horror to the tragedy. Williamson and his ninety men took a solemn vote, and but sixteen favored mercy.[1] The prisoners had been captured as they gleaned the poor remnants of their ravaged fields, planted under their missionaries' care, and cultivated as part of their education into a civilized life. And there they were murdered, 'all of them' (as the saintly Heckewelder tells us) 'defenseless and innocent fellow Christians.'[2]

"The awful crime of Williamson and his party, far from exciting horror, roused only a frenzy of impatience to complete the work of extermination. Another expedition was at once organized against the towns of the Moravian Delawares and Wyandottes upon the Sandusky. It rendezvoused not far from Fort Pitt, on the 20th of May, and was commanded by Colonel William Crawford, the former trusted agent of Washington. Nearly five hundred men took part in it, all well armed and mounted; and the purpose of the march was ostentatiously declared: '*No Indian was to be spared, friend or foe; every red man was to die.*'

"The Indian chiefs, and Girty and his fellows, found a ready response to their cry for resistance and revenge. So well were their measures taken that they killed and captured the greater part of Crawford's command. Williamson, the murderer of the Moravians, escaped, deserting homeward before the crisis of the expedition. The torture of Crawford, his death at the stake, the fiendish laughter of Girty as he witnessed his agony and denied the wretched sufferer's prayers for speedy death, have come down to us in the narrative of an eye-witness. The dreadful story need not be here repeated. The fortitude of the dying soldier was as conspicuous as were his agonies prolonged and acute. He died bravely, and the story of

1 A full and most pathetic account of Williamson's massacre will be found in Doddridge, Settlement and Indian Wars, pp. 250–1.

2 Heckewelder's Narrative, pp. 312–328.

his death is one of the most familiar examples of Indian barbarity.[1] These excesses of cruelty seldom failed to bring bloody retaliations.

"We may feel a pride in the fact that, although the brunt of Indian vengeance was borne by Kentucky, though her best blood paid the penalty of Williamson's crime and Crawford's error, no Kentuckian had lot or part in either. Neither expedition was suggested, organized, or promoted in any respect by the Kentucky settlers.

"In all the chronicles of those long years, from Finley's first journey in 1767 to the end of the Indian wars at the battle of the Thames in 1813, no instance, save McGary's killing of Moluntha, occurs where Kentuckians met the foe on other than equal terms and in fair fight. Hundreds of instances attest their equal readiness for single combat or contest of numbers, and almost every encounter brought death to the pioneer or his foe; but the escutcheon of Kentucky has never been tarnished with the blot of cruelty, nor her lofty courage soiled by massacre of the defenseless, or by indignity to prisoners of war.

"The excitement of Crawford's expedition, and the exultation that followed his defeat, enabled Girty and the chiefs to arrange with celerity and secrecy for a formidable incursion into Kentucky. The warriors were flushed with victory and mad with hate. An army of whites had already been destroyed, and the prestige of the Indian name restored by a victory in the open field, over a well-equipped force, commanded by a veteran and trusted officer. An achievement had crowned the Indian arms greater than the victory over Braddock or the successes of Pontiac and his allies. Heretofore, ambuscade and surprise had been their reliance. Crawford's defeat and capture had shown that the Indian could defend his own country with equal numbers in the open field. The dream of Pontiac seemed realized; the confederation which he had labored to organize seemed now accomplished, and its mission at hand. The warriors of all that broad territory that stretched from the Ohio to the lakes, and extended from the Wabash on the west to Fort Pitt and the Alleghany river on the east, were united in counsel and in hope. The concerted action of the ablest chiefs gave direction to a universal impatience for a march and an attack. The great league which Pontiac had once before formed, and which, in after years, was to be revived by Tecumseh, in the death struggle of the Indian power, was consolidated and ready for immediate action. No opportunity ever presented itself to the Indian at once so full of hope and so stimulating to his patriotism.

"The chiefs, in passionate language, called for a march that was to recover their old hunting-grounds, and at the same time secure themselves from invasion.

"If the continued settlement of Kentucky were to be allowed without resistance, the fate of the North-west was only too plain; but could the vic-

1 Western Annals, pp. 245–8.

torious league sweep from the soil of Kentucky the scattered occupants that in seven years' time had dotted its isolated center, and exterminate the pioneers as Crawford had been defeated, then would the West be indeed regained, and the Alleghanies become once more the bound to the white man's intrusion, and the bulwark of the Indian's security.

"It was a large and bold design that inspired the able chiefs of the confederated tribes. Their purpose was to regain Kentucky, and to hold the entire West from the gulf northward to the lakes; and that purpose must have succeeded but for the men whose bones lie buried here.

"The time for the decisive struggle was at hand. The opportunity was one which years might not again present. The fate of the West was to be tried. Conscious of the gravity of the enterprise, and fully competent for its organization and conduct, the war chiefs of the tribes omitted no precautions nor indulged any delays. Runners were sent out to the tribes to summon all who were willing to join in the great expedition that was to crush the Kentuckians and yield a rich booty of scalps and plunder. By the 1st of August the gathering began at the old town of Chillicothe. The response to Girty's call was prompt and general. The Shawanees, Cherokees, Wyandottes, Miamis, and Pottawattamies combined to swell the invading force, and in a few days more than five hundred warriors were on the march for Kentucky.

"It does not appear what was Girty's organization of his force or who were his lieutenants, but the conduct of the fight a few days later showed a discipline and control remarkable in such a sudden levy, drawn from so many different tribes. He was able to enforce such secrecy and rapidity of movement that no warning of his march preceded him; and, what is stranger still, had the power to restrain his men until the decisive moment of his murderous attack. It is to be presumed that McKee and Elliott were in the expedition. With a refinement of cruelty, the Kentuckians captured two years before at Ruddle's and Martin's stations, and who owed their lives to the interference of Colonel Byrd, were forced to accompany the march and witness the death of friends and kindred. They were spectators of miseries which they could not avert, and after an unwilling participation in the campaign were returned to their captivity.[1]

"The march of Girty and his Indians took Kentucky by surprise. Not a note of warning had been given. A less adroit enemy might well have succeeded in escaping detection, for not a settlement was in existence in all the territory north and east of the south fork of the Licking. From the mouth of the Licking to Louisville, and as far southward as Leestown, a station on the Kentucky river one mile below the present site of Frankfort, not a single inhabitant was to be found. The pioneers had clustered, as has been already observed, in localities that lay within a radius of mutual immediate assistance. By a kind of natural selection, the first Kentuckians

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 327.

took and held the 'Bluegrass.' The law of heredity seems to continue that preference in their descendants.[1]

"Girty, descending the Little Miami with his force, crossed the Ohio unobserved, and hastened along the war trace made by Byrd two years before, into Central Kentucky. Leaving it, however, as seems probable, near Mill creek, in what is now Harrison county, he passed rapidly to the west and south of Ruddle's station, skirting the western banks of Stoner and Cooper's Run, through Bourbon county, and, following the ridge which divides the waters of North Elkhorn from those tributary to the south fork of the Licking, suddenly appeared before Bryan's station. It was on the night of the 14th of August that Girty, with his nearly six hundred Indians, surrounded the station. Within its stockade were forty cabins, and, by rarest good fortune, every man of its garrison, of about sixty effective riflemen, was fully prepared for immediate duty. Lexington also, where forty-four men could be mustered, was in like state of preparation. Girty's prime object was to destroy these two stations and exterminate their little garrisons. If that were accomplished, all Kentucky north of the Kentucky river was regained. The plan failed only because of his own too great promptitude.

"In order to draw the small companies of defenders from the protection of their stockades, Girty detached a party of Wyandottes, who rapidly pushed on to Hoy's station, on the south side of the Kentucky river, in what is now Madison county, a few hundred yards from the site of the village of Foxtown. They so timed their march that on the 10th of August they committed some depredations there and captured two boys, retreating in no great haste eastward and across the Kentucky river. Captain Holder, with a few men, pursued, and augmenting his force by small additions at McGee's and Strode's stations, continued to follow the retreating Wyandottes, sending the alarm in the meantime to Bryan's station and Lexington. Holder came up with the enemy at the Upper Blue Licks on the 12th of August, and was forced to retreat with loss. At the news of his defeat, which was received at Bryan's station on the 14th, it was resolved to march at daybreak on the morrow to relieve Hoy's station and assist Holder.

"Girty had expected that the news would have been received, and the march made on the 14th, and for that reason, when he surrounded the station, he thought to have the double advantage of an easy capture of the station and the non-combatants, and of cutting off its garrison in the open country.

"Had Girty's arrival been delayed but a few hours, his expectation would have been realized; for when, long after midnight, he surrounded the station, a busy activity was to be noted within the fort. Lights still burned, and fires glowed in every cabin, though the heat of midsummer was oppressive. The real cause of this unusual and unexpected wakefulness was the intended

1 The first allusion to bluegrass, or English grass (as it is there called), as a distinctive growth, will be found in the proof quoted in the case of Darnall vs. Higgins, Hardin's Kentucky Reports, p. 52.

march of the men at the coming of dawn. The women were industriously repairing moccasins and cooking rations for their husbands and brothers. The men were molding bullets and putting in complete order their trusty rifles. Not a soul within the fort dreamed that six hundred Indians already lay around them and within gunshot.

"The dawn found Girty's preparations all completed and those within the station yet ignorant of their imminent peril. The gates were opened and the well-prepared pioneers started on their march. Fortunately for them, Girty's orders were only too well obeyed. A heavy fire was opened on them. Ten minutes more of delay would have secured for Girty his grand opportunity. But the alarm had been given, and the weight of the volley betokened the number of the assailants. The Kentuckians fell back instantly within their defenses, and all hope of surprise was lost to the Indian army. Bryan's station, if taken at all, was to be captured by assault and desperate fighting.

[1] "Girty, in order to inflame the minds of the young warriors against the Kentuckians, called them around him, took an elevated stand, disengaged his arm from his blanket, assumed the attitude of an orator, and delivered the following address:

"'Brethren, the fertile region of Kentucky is the land of cane and clover, spontaneously growing to feed the buffalo, the elk, and the deer. There the bear and the beaver are always fat. The Indians from all tribes have had a right from time immemorial to hunt and kill these animals, and to bring off their skins to purchase clothing, to buy blankets for their backs, and rum to send down their throats to drive away the cold, and rejoice their hearts after the fatigue of hunting and the toil of war. [Great applause from the warriors.] But, brethren, the Long Knives have overrun your country and usurped your hunting-ground; they have destroyed the cane, trodden down the clover, killed the deer and buffalo, the bear, and the raccoon. The beaver has been chased from his dam and forced to leave the country. [Palpable emotion among the hearers.] Brothers, the intruders on your lands exult in the success that has crowned their flagitious acts. They are planting fruit trees and plowing the land where not long since were the cane-brake and clover-field. Was there a voice in the trees of the forest, or articulate sounds in the gurgling waters, every part of the country would call on you to chase away these ruthless invaders, who are laying it waste. Unless you rise in the majesty of your might and exterminate their whole race, you may bid adieu to the hunting-grounds of your fathers, to the delicious flesh of the animals with which it once abounded, and to the skins with which you were once enabled to purchase your clothing and your rum.'

"There were men within the station whose long experience of a frontier life fitted them for the emergency. Elijah Craig was in command, and with

[1] Bradford's Notes, Sec. 13.

him Robert and Cave Johnson and others—well-tried men. Though they were but sixty opposed to six hundred, no thought of anything but energetic fight was entertained. The little garrison was distributed along the stockade. The very children contributed to the defense, and while their mothers molded bullets which their fathers shot at the foe, they busied themselves in extinguishing the flames lighted by fire arrows from the Indian camp, and stimulated by the general display of courage, went from place to place with their buckets and gourds, playing their parts as became their parentage. Such, at five years of age, was the first lesson and service in war of William Johnson, who was afterward to save Harrison and the Western army by his relief of Fort Meigs, and to die—too early—from the exposure of the campaign of the Maumee.

"And such was the lullaby of that youngest infant there, who was in after years to share in large measure the honors of his State and nation, but whose proudest distinction it was that Richard M. Johnson commanded, in the final battle of the Indian wars, that regiment of Kentucky riflemen before whom the noble Tecumseh and the renegade Girty fell.

"The news sent out from Bryan's station on the morning of the 15th of August had not stopped at Lexington or Todd's station. It flew like the summons of the fiery cross throughout the settlements. By nightfall, Boone received the tidings at Boonesborough, and at early dawn was in motion with all his little force. With him in this, which was to be the old pioneer's last of all his fights, went his youngest boy—his Israel—destined to death in the coming battle, the father's last sacrifice on yonder mountain in the cause to which he had so devoted himself. Trigg, too, came up in haste from Harrodsburg, bringing with him Harlan and McGary, and the men from across the Kentucky.

"Logan was warned at St. Asaph's, and with all possible rapidity collected such as could be drawn from the remoter settlements. The word had gone out that every fighting man was needed. The response to the call was instant and unanimous.

"During the 17th, Boone and Trigg, Harlan and McBride, and McGary and their men had reached Bryan's station. Enough men had hurried thither to swell the number to what the better account, on the authority of Boone, fixes at one hundred and eighty-one riflemen. Their rendezvous was not obstructed by the Indians. With a deep and subtle purpose Girty permitted them to pass unattacked into the station."

The builders of the fort had committed the common error of locating it apart from the spring which supplied the garrison with water. As a cunning strategy, the Indians had placed in ambush, in easy shot of this spring, a formidable body of warriors. Another party was to attack on the other side, and drawing the attention of the garrison in this direction, to create an opportunity for a successful assault from the ambushed force. The opening of the gate and the visit to the spring of a party of water-carriers, they

hoped would present this opportunity. The dilemma presented two evils, between which it was hard to choose.

The designs of the Indians were quickly penetrated by Elijah Craig and his veteran foresters; and after manning the gates, the bastions, and the loopholes to the best advantage, and repairing the palisades, the very grave question of a supply of water came up for action. They well divined the ambushed foe in easy range of the spring, and that almost certain death awaited any party of men who should expose themselves there; also, that the concealed warriors would not likely unmask until the continuous firing on the other side was returned with such warmth as to induce the belief that the feint was successful. The strategy of the Indians must be counteracted with more cunning strategy on the part of the whites. The latter fell upon this ruse: They called together all the women, and explained to them the improbability of injury being offered to them, until the firing had been returned from the opposite side of the fort, and urged them to go in a body to the spring, and each bring up a bucket of water. The gentle sex rather demurred, insisting that they were not bullet-proof, and that Indians had hitherto shown no distinction of delicacy between male and female scalps.

To this it was answered, that women were in the habit of bringing water every morning to the fort, and that if the Indians saw them so engaged as usual, it would lead them to think their ambuscade was undiscovered; and that they would not unmask for the sake of firing at a few women, when they were hoping to gain complete possession of the fort by remaining concealed; that if the men should go to the spring, the Indians would suspect something to be wrong, and despairing of their ambuscade, would rush on them, shoot them, and follow them into the fort.

The decision was soon made. The bolder declared their willingness at once, and the younger and more timid acquiesced. They marched down in a body to the spring, under the death-dealing guns of hundreds of warriors, and in point-blank range. Some of the girls betrayed symptoms of fear, but the married women moved with a steadiness and composure that completely deceived the Indians. Not a shot was fired. One bucket after another was filled, without interruption; and although their steps became quicker and quicker, and, as they neared the gate, degenerated into a rather unmilitary haste, attended with some ungraceful crowding in passing the gate, yet not more than one-fourth of the water was spilled on the entire way.

The defensive arrangements completed, thirteen men were sent out of the fort to attack the decoy party, with spirit and vigor, while the remainder of the garrison, with guns ready, waited for the ambushed foe to assault. The strategy succeeded. Girty, at the head of the main body of warriors, sprang out of concealment, and rushed toward the palisades, undefended as he thought. The Indians were thoroughly undeceived, as the riflemen poured several deadly volleys, in succession, into the dusky ranks, and with destructive fatality. In a daze of consternation, they scattered to the woods,

and in a few minutes not one was visible. The smaller party of the garrison, who had sallied out on the Lexington road, now came running safely into the fort again, elated at the success of their counterplot against the savages.

Tomlinson and Bell had been dispatched on fleet horses to Lexington for re-enforcements. On arrival, they found all the fighting men had marched to the rendezvous at Hoy's station, for its protection, having had intelligence of Holder's defeat. The couriers followed them at full speed, and overtaking them on the road, informed them of the attack on Bryan's. The attack on Hoy's was no doubt a diversion, to prevent aid going to Bryan s There were with them some from other stations, on the same errand, in all about fifty men, one-third of whom were mounted. The order of countermarch was promptly given, and as promptly obeyed, toward Bryan's station. By two o'clock in the afternoon, this force appeared before the station, as yet unconscious of the numbers of the enemy. With gallant resolve, they dashed forward to cut their way into the fort. The Indians had seen the couriers break through their lines early in the morning, and were upon the alert expectant for the arrival of re-enforcements, prepared to give them a bloody welcome.

On the left of the road to Lexington, within a short distance of the fort, there was a luxuriant field of Indian corn, of one hundred acres, standing at full height of ten feet, a dense wilderness of dark green; and upon the opposite side of the road, a forest of virgin growth. Here, on either side, lay three hundred painted warriors, well hid in ambush. Firing had ceased, and all was quiet. As the re-enforce neared the fort, in file along the narrow way, the horsemen spurred into a brisk gallop, at a venture, when suddenly they were saluted with a shower of bullets from the woods and the corn-field. The gallop was quickened to a run at full speed, through a rattling fire, for several hundred yards. Owing to the rapid pace, and to the friendly clouds of blinding dust raised by the horses' feet, they entered the fort by a miracle of escape, without a wound. The foot soldiers fared not so well. They had entered the corn-field to take advantage of its cover in making their way to the fort. Instead of following out this instinct of self-preservation, when they heard the firing, without reckoning the number of guns, they rushed toward the sound of battle, and suddenly found themselves within pistol-shot of three hundred savages between themselves and the fort. There was but a saving coincidence to avert an impending slaughter. The red men had not time to reload since their fire upon the horsemen, but rushed furiously upon the little band of riflemen with brandished tomahawks. The resolute whites cocked and pointed their deadly loaded rifles at the overwhelming enemy, who were ever cautious in rushing upon these weapons in the hands of skillful backwoodsmen. Falling back to reload, the Kentuckians ran rapidly and tortuously through the sheltering corn-stalks. The Indians pursued, while the melee degenerated into a disorderly effort of every

man to run, or fight his way out as best he could. Some escaped through the corn and cane, some were shot down, and others kept up a running single-handed fight against the pursuers. A daring and active young man was hotly pursued by Girty and several warriors, when, after several feints at shooting, he felt himself compelled to pull the trigger, and Girty fell at the crack of the rifle. His red comrades stopped to gather around their leader, when the white man made good his escape. But Girty was not destined to die of that well-aimed messenger. The thick leather of his bullet-pouch caught the missive before it reached a vital point, and the concussive force but knocked the renegade down.

The corn-field was a lively theater for the life-and-death drama played for an hour. The rattling stalks of corn, as the pursued dodged the pursuers, the frequent sharp report of the rifle, and the yells and war-whoops that arose above the waving tassels from unseen combatants, presented a grand medley of exciting incidents not often repeated. Only six of the Kentuckians were killed and wounded, and the remainder of those escaping made their way back to Lexington.

It was near the close of the day, and both sides had mainly ceased firing. The Indians had not been successful in strategy, nor in the issues of battle. Their losses, especially in the morning, had been severe and disheartening. They knew that the country was now well alarmed, and that the backwoods avengers would, by an early hour the next day, be upon them in force. The chiefs spoke of decamping at once, to which Girty, who had promised and boasted much, demurred. As a forlorn, though not very animating, hope, he would try the efficacy of negotiation. Shadowing himself behind a large stump that stood not far from one of the bastions, and, crawling on his hands and knees immediately under its protection, he hailed the garrison. McClung pictures in lively words the serio-comic diplomacy that passed between Girty and a spokesman for the fort. Girty highly commended their courage, but assured them that resistance was madness, as he had six hundred warriors with him, and hourly awaited re-enforcements, with artillery, which would batter their fort walls like an egg-shell; that if the fort was taken by artillery and storm, it would be impossible for him to save their lives; but if they surrendered at once, he gave his word of honor that they should be treated as prisoners of war. He told them his name, inquired if they knew him, and assured them they might safely trust his word.

The garrison listened in silence to this speech, and many seemed dismayed at the mention of cannon, remembering the fate of Ruddle's station. But a young man by the name of Aaron Reynolds, highly distinguished for courage, energy, and gayety of temper, perceiving the effect of Girty's speech, assumed to reply to it.

To Girty's inquiry "whether the garrison knew him," Reynolds replied "that he was very well known; that he himself had a very worthless dog, to which he had given the name 'Simon Girty,' in striking resemblance to

the man of that name; that if he had either artillery or re-enforcements, he might bring them up and try them; that if either himself or any of the naked rascals with him found their way into the fort, they would disdain to use their guns against them, but would drive them out with switches; and finally he declared that *they* also expected re-enforcements; that the whole country was marching to their assistance; and that if Girty and his gang of murderers remained twenty-four hours longer, their scalps would be spread out to dry in the sun on the roofs of the cabins."

Girty took great offense at the tone and language of the young Kentuckian, and retired, with an expression of sorrow for the inevitable destruction that awaited the whites by the morrow. He quickly rejoined the chiefs, and instant preparations were made for raising the siege, and at daylight in the morning the deserted camp alone remained. Fires were still brightly burning, and several pieces of meat were left upon their roasting-sticks, showing the departure to have been just at daylight.

But the sequel to this episode of attack and repulse at Bryan's fort was as saddening to the homes and hearts of the frontiersmen as the discomfiture of the invading army had been dispiriting to Girty and his warrior hosts. On the retreat of the latter, the most energetic measures were taken to hasten forward for rendezvous at Bryan's, the re-enforcements already on the move forward from Harrodsburg, Boonesborough, Logan's fort, and other stations in calling distance. By the 18th, one hundred and eighty-one riflemen had gathered, and several hundred more were expected in less than twenty-four hours, under command of Colonel Logan, from the south side of the Kentucky river. All were but too eager for the pursuit and punishment of the savage hordes before they could recross the Ohio; and from premature action born of this eagerness resulted the disaster of Blue Licks.

Of this last signal and sanguinary contest by the invading enemy upon Kentucky soil, so fatal to many of our brave ancestors, and yet so like an expiring effort of desperation on the part of the implacable foe, we find a graphic account from an able and eloquent pen:[1]

"The Indian chiefs were dispirited by the failure of the expedition, and insisted on a retreat before the arrival of large numbers should make retreat too dangerous. The prompt response already shown warned them that the settlements would send in all their best men, and they felt how hazardous their position might become.

"Girty yielded reluctantly, or with assumed reluctance, to the demand for retreat, and siege was raised on the 17th in the forenoon.[2] Camp-fires were left burning, and pieces of meat were upon the roasting-sticks. The retreat was ostentatious, and it was supposed that the Indians were in full march for their towns beyond the Ohio. The Indians trailed their way silently, yet defiantly, northward, inviting better opportunity.

1 Colonel John Mason Brown's oration at Blue Licks' Centennial.

2 Boone's letter of 30th of August, 1782, to the Governor of Virginia.

"The remainder of the day was spent by the Kentuckians in assuring themselves that the retreat was genuine and not a mere pretense, and in deliberation as to the advisability of immediate pursuit.

"It does not appear that there was any serious diversity of opinion among the chiefs of the Kentuckians. A very large proportion of those present bore commissions in the militia, and the militia of Kentucky at that time was a body constantly employed on serious duty. The haste of the summons, the urgency of the danger, and the determined purpose of them all, made the question of military rank the least important of their considerations. In the companies that were extemporized, captains and lieutenants took places in the ranks without quibble or contention. It would seem likely, too, considering the smallness of the force, and its composition of citizen soldiery, that the interchange of opinion was general and free. There were few present whose experience of frontier life did not warrant their joining in the discussion. The pursuit was resolved on, and the march commenced.

"Following the well-defined trace south of and not far from the present turnpike road that connects Lexington with Paris and Maysville, the pursuers crossed David's Fork and the dividing ridge; thence down Houston creek and along the north bank the route lay until at a point near the present village of Houston, in Bourbon county, it forms one with the great main road reaching north-eastward.

"The evidences of the Indians' sudden retreat were numerous and seemed conclusive. In the abandoned camp the fires were left burning and cooked meat untasted. The trail was compact, as though the entire force had been called in to march off in a body. It was not a great while before the line of the Indian retreat was certainly ascertained, and it became clear that, instead of turning northward at some point near the present town of Paris and pushing by the shortest road, past where now are built Cynthiana and Falmouth, for the mouth of the Little Miami and the Pickaway towns, the Indians were moving along the main trace toward the Lower Blue Licks. They were following the straight path that the unerring instinct of the buffalo indicated to our engineers as the route for a great thoroughfare.

"The night of the 18th brought renewed consultation, for Stoner's creek had been crossed near Martin's station, three miles north of where Paris now is, and Hinkson forded near Millersburg, and the little army halted on the trail. The camp-fires passed during the day, marking the place where the Indians had halted for the previous night, had been noted by the observant pioneers. Their number was few, and they were near together, giving ground for the inference that the Indians either felt confidence in their superior numbers, and were inviting pursuit, or that they were guarding cautiously against an attack by the whites. The trees along the trace showed marks of the tomahawk, and this betokened a march free from

hurry and trepidation. Perhaps, thought some of the pioneers, Girty does not know that he is followed, and it may be that by another day's rapid marching he can be surprised in his camp. Perhaps, thought they, he fancies the perilous country already passed, and the safe bank of the Ohio so near as to put him beyond reach. The able renegade had so well conducted his force that the most experienced pioneer could not divine that he meant an ambuscade and fight.

"Girty showed a soldiership in retreating by a new route, for Clark, with a good force, was at the Falls of the Ohio, and might well take him in flank if he passed down to the mouth of the Licking. Boone and Todd were trained in Indian war—as, indeed, were all their comrades—and rightly interpreted the motive that controlled Girty. The pursuit up to the time of the battle was justified by soundest considerations.

"The march, which had already traversed that lovely succession of hill and dale, fairest of all fair views to the Kentuckian's eye, and had reached beyond the present county of Bourbon, was resumed with the coming of dawn.

"Monday, the 19th of August, came. As the morning advanced, the speed of the pursuit was quickened, for many unerring signs betokened that the enemy could not be very far distant. Still, all was order and circumspection, for the leaders were as prudent as they were brave, and every man was a veteran. The advance continued, still following the trace and the well-marked route of the foe. Yet, not an Indian was seen nor any preparation for resistance observed. Farther still the Kentuckians pressed on, vigilant against surprise and wary of ambuscade, and still the enemy were unreached.

"But as the column approached the Licking river the advanced guard caught the first sight of Indians on the further bank. Girty had safely crossed the stream, and felt that he had the vantage ground, as well as superiority of numbers.

"The Indians, when first seen, were leisurely ascending the rocky ridge that leads up from the river on its northern bank. They were but few. They paused, and seemed to regard the whites with indifference, and then disappeared over the crest of yonder hill.

"The trace which the pursuers had followed, coming down to the stream by a narrow and difficult approach on the south bank, led up the bare acclivity on the other side, surmounting its crest where a narrow ridge gave passage way between two ravines that spread on either side, with easy sweep toward the stream.

"Here it was that the Indians chose their battlefield. A better choice could not have been made, whether the purpose were to resist an assault or lay an ambuscade. The warriors were carefully secreted within the dense shrubbery that filled the ravines, and there awaited the approach of the whites.

"The pioneers stopped on the southern bank for consultation. It must be plain to all who will recall the circumstances of the assembly and the march, and bear in mind that the whole country was aroused and in motion to re-enforce them, that the pioneers had but little cause to fear an attack. Their position was strong. Flanked by difficult hills, and protected by the river in their front, they might well have counted on repelling assault and holding good their own until the coming up of their friends would enable them to take the aggressive. There was no cause or reason for retreat; but the question of advance was one of profound moment.

"Whose voice should have weight in such a crisis? Whose counsel should control or whose opinion govern? All eyes turned to the veteran, who, better than living man, knew the foe before them, and all listened with respectful attention to the brief reply he gave when interrogated by Todd. His plan was simple. It was to await the arrival of Logan, already on the march with more than two hundred men. With such a re-enforcement, the Indians could be attacked and victory fairly expected. And when Logan should arrive, the old veteran further counseled that the attack be not made directly up the rocky point, but by flanking the hills and ravines, so obviously dangerous.

"Boone knew the locality perfectly well, for he had repeatedly visited it, and four years before had been captured near the spot and led away a prisoner. He was entitled by every right to advise, and his advice met the approval of all the wiser and cooler men present.

"In this critical moment, the age and experience of Daniel Boone in Indian warfare insensibly attracted the attention of every one present to solicit his advice at this perilous moment, to obtain which Colonel Todd addressed Colonel Boone as follows: 'Skilled in Indian warfare, and familiar with the ground in the vicinity of this place, we require your opinion on the expediency of attacking the enemy in their present position.'

"The veteran woodsman, with his usual unmoved gravity, replied that their situation was critical and delicate; that the force opposed to them was undoubtedly numerous and ready for battle, as might readily be seen from the leisurely retreat of the few Indians who had appeared upon the crest of the hill; that he was well acquainted with the ground in the neighborhood of the Lick, and was apprehensive that an ambuscade was formed at the distance of a mile in advance, where two ravines, one upon each side of the ridge, ran in such a manner that a concealed enemy might assail them at once, both in front and flank, before they were apprised of the danger. It would be proper, therefore, to do one of two things—either to await the arrival of Logan, who was now undoubtedly on his march to join them, or if it was determined to attack without delay, that one-half of their number should march up the river, which there bends in an elliptical form, cross at the rapids, and fall upon the rear of the enemy while the other division attacked in front. At any rate, he strongly urged the necessity of recon-

noitering the ground carefully before the main body crossed the river. The advice was such as seemed reasonable to the more thoughtful present.

"In all the remarkable traits which the unique character of Boone presents, none is more striking than his constant self-possession and calm good sense in every emergency. No peril ever overcame his judgment; no disaster impaired his presence of mind. An unvarying tranquillity gave force to his advice, as it so often secured success to his boldest undertakings. No man in our history has so singularly blended the constant pursuit of a hazardous life with a contemplative nature and a prudent habit of thought.

"It is quite evident from the written accounts that have been prepared by various hands, and from the oral traditions which still linger in families that draw their descent from the pioneers—those stories of the olden time now dwelling in the memories of aged men as their grandfathers told them years ago—that the better opinion coincided with Boone's counsel.

"Todd and Trigg and Harlan certainly wished to await Logan's arrival. The enemy had been brought to bay, as it seemed, and a decisive battle might be fought, with every hope of success should the re-enforcements arrive. The concurrent judgment of the four—Boone, Todd, Trigg, and Harlan—decided the question, for they were the superior officers; and, what was more important in such a command, it satisfied the rank and file that to wait was expedient and not inconsistent with the truest courage, for the courage of each was proverbial, and the conduct of each had been proven in many ways and amid many dangers.

"The name of Boone was the synonym for all adventure and bold caution. The others were worthy to be his compeers.

"The four officers chief in rank agreed that Logan's arrival should be waited for. The junior officers, Majors Levi Todd and McBride, Captains Patterson, Gordon, Bulger, and others acquiesced. The entire command was content to obey the order to halt from those whose courage and judgment they implicitly trusted.

"But there was one man whose restless and insubordinate nature and rash indifference to danger could not brook the delay. To his charge has justly been laid the disorder, the tumultuous and blind rush, the heedless and unhappy disregard of Boone's counsel and Todd's commands, the brave lives lost on that sad day.

"The name of Major Hugh McGary will be remembered until Kentuckians forget the story of the pioneers. It will be mentioned whenever men tell of the battle of the Blue Licks. It will remain conspicuous in the annals of our earlier times. Even his virtues of courage and endurance come down to us, and will be further transmitted in our history, clouded by the great misfortune of which he was the cause. He was a rude, brave, violent man. No early discipline, either of the family or the school, had taught him deference to the authority of others, or formed the habit of self-control. The resolute and tranquil philosophy of Boone he could not

understand. The large and noble character of Logan was beyond his comprehension, and he despised the accomplishments of Todd and Trigg. His daring was proverbial, and his adventures as rash as they were numerous. But his bravest feats were ofttimes the outgrowth of mere turbulence, and soiled by the inspiration of personal revenge. He rose not to the noble thought that a new people and a great State were to honor in the coming years those who, with unselfish courage, should lay the foundations of the Commonwealth.

"He was foremost in every peril, and prominent in every strife. His hot blood made him dangerous even to his friends. But the courage and reckless daring with which he courted peril made him a man of mark and value in those dangerous times.

"McGary chose to construe as a want of proper courage the obvious prudence of his superior officers. A few hot words passed as he spoke with Todd and Boone, and then, with headlong impetuosity, he turned his horse's head and dashed into the stream, calling on all who were not cowards to follow him.

"The unfortunate example was contagious. Whether it was that they imagined that the order for advance had been given, or whether because of mere unreasoning enthusiasm, the hunter-soldiers followed with a shout, and rushed in disorder across the ford. It was in vain that Todd and Boone and Trigg and Harlan endeavored to restrain the excited crowd. Their men were deaf to entreaty and to command. The entire force passed the river, and they had no choice but to follow. With utmost difficulty a halt was induced, after the crossing was accomplished, on yon low ground where the ridge comes down with its rocky base to join the narrow plain. Disorder reigned, and authority had been defied.

"The barrier of the river in front had been abandoned. The flanking hills and the narrow ford, that forbade attack so long as the river intervened, could no longer afford protection to the little band.

"The river and its difficult passage was now in their rear. No kindly shelter covered either flank. In front was the rocky acclivity rising with rugged ascent to the point where the buffalo-trace disappeared over the hill-top, its nakedness relieved only by the thick-branched and stunted cedars, that made it the more difficult to surmount.

"To recross the river was impossible. McGary's insubordination had so infected the men that it was not to be thought of. To remain in the new position was madness, even had the contest been one of equal numbers. No choice was left but to advance to where fortune should offer a new and safer halting-place. With customary prudence, Boone advised a careful examination toward the front. The bold men sent forward to reconnoiter passed up the ridge, inspecting as they went either side of the road. They examined with care those converging ravines, and the narrow way between them at the crest. Still further they went, until they had explored a half

mile or more beyond. They were faithful men and brave; they were chosen because of their experience. How came it that they made report that no enemy was to be found?

"Girty handled his Indians with ability and firmness. His clear judgment appreciated the prospect for a victory that the locality afforded him. He had enough of authority to cause his Indians to fall back noiselessly and rapidly on either side—back from the sides of the trace and from the ravines, into the dense and secure cover of the adjoining hills. There they lay in perfect silence and secrecy while the reconnoissance was made. As the scouts passed in return toward the river, the Indians, in perfect order and in dead silence, moved back to their chosen positions.

"It was a masterly move, most difficult of performance, and most completely executed. It stamps Girty as a soldier, and his powers of command as extraordinary.

"The report of the reconnoitering party was explicit and satisfactory. All had right to accept it; none discredited it. Even Boone's caution seems to have been satisfied, and his apprehension allayed. The advance commenced.

"Ranged in a single line, its center pursuing the trace, while on either hand the flanks extended beyond it, the little army was told off into three divisions. Boone was on the left, there toward the west, and with him Patterson;[1] Trigg was on the right, and with him the Harrodsburg men; Todd remained in the center in general command, while Major McGary had charge of that part of the line. In front of all, Harlan, with twenty-five mounted men, moved up the trace as an advanced guard. The difficult march up the hill continued until Harlan had reached the crest, where the ravines converge. The main body was just surmounting the slope. The Kentuckians were well within the net, and the murderous fire began.

"The Indians, from their secure cover, and at short range, began their battle on the right. Trigg and nearly all the men from Harrodsburg fell in a brief space. Instantly Harlan was fired upon from both flanks, and he and all his men but three were killed. The sudden and effective fire of the enemy checked the advance and threw the line into confusion. Girty instantly extended his line, and turned the flank where Trigg had fallen, and the Indians in overpowering numbers rushed forward with tomahawk and rifle.

"The resistance was desperate but hopeless. Todd rallied his men with voice and example. His white horse made him a conspicuous mark, and it was not many minutes before he received a death-shot through the body. Mounting again, careless of his mortal wound, he renewed his effort to hold the men around the spot where Boone was still contending on the left. But the day was lost. He was seen to reel in his saddle, the blood gushing from his wounds, and he fell.

1 Colonel Patterson's Journal.

"The defeat became a rout. As may well be seen, the place afforded no shelter for a defeated force. The only hope of safety was in recrossing the river and regaining the ground which had been so rashly abandoned. Last to leave the field was Boone and his young son, mortally wounded, and borne in his father's arms until death ended his agonies."

[1]Several hundred Indians were between him and the ford, to which the great mass of the fugitives were bending their flight, and to which the attention of the savages was principally directed. Being intimately acquainted with the ground, he, together with a few friends, dashed into the ravine which the Indians had occupied, but which most of them had now left to join in the pursuit. After sustaining one or two heavy fires, and baffling one or two small parties who pursued him for a short distance, he crossed the river below the ford by swimming, and entering the woods at a point where there was no pursuit, returned by a circuitous route to Bryan's station. In the meantime, the great mass of the victors and vanquished crowded the bank of the ford.

The slaughter was great in the river. The ford was crowded with horsemen and foot and Indians, all mingled together. Some were compelled to seek a passage above by swimming; some, who could not swim, were overtaken and killed at the edge of the water. A man named Netherland, who had formerly been strongly suspected of cowardice, here displayed a coolness and presence of mind equally noble and unexpected. Being finely mounted, he had outstripped the great mass of the fugitives and crossed the river in safety. A dozen or twenty horsemen followed him, and, having placed the river between them and the enemy, showed a disposition to continue their flight, without regard to the safety of their friends who were on foot and still struggling with the current.

Netherland instantly checked his horse, and, in a loud voice, called upon his companions to halt, fire upon the Indians, and save those who were still in the stream. The party instantly obeyed; and, facing about, poured a close and fatal discharge of rifles upon the foremost of the pursuers. The enemy instantly fell back from the opposite bank, and gave time for the harassed and miserable footmen to cross in safety. The check, however, was but momentary. Indians were seen crossing in great numbers above and below, and the flight again became general. Most of the foot left the great buffalo track, and, plunging into the thickets, escaped by a circuitous route to Bryan's station.

But little loss was sustained after crossing the river, although the pursuit was urged keenly for twenty miles. From the battle-ground to the ford the loss was very heavy.

[2]An instance of generous self-sacrifice for a friend, which took place on the retreat, is worthy of historic mention here, from its intrinsic moral beauty and for the relief it affords from the repulsive tale of slaughter. Colonel

1 McClung's Sketches. 2 Marshall, pp. 137–143.

Patterson relates the facts in his journal, recently found at Dayton, Ohio: "Having a number of our best men and officers killed and wounded, and the enemy continuing firm and fast turning our right, we were ordered to fall back slowly, and return their fire to hold them in check, so as to gain and cross the river. By the time we got within one hundred yards of the bank, and that much below the ford, fifteen of the retreating men, together with the writer, could see no way of escaping, yet trying and defending ourselves, the enemy being on every side except the river. At this critical moment Aaron Reynolds rode up to me on horseback, and without asking if I would accept, he dismounted on the right side, saying, 'Get on and make your escape.' I mounted, and he, with others, ran into the river and made his escape with some of the others, while I rode directly to the ford, passing by two Indians who were behind a tree close to the river, and I was the last of our men that did get across the river.

"I directly fell in with some of our men and a wounded man on horseback held on by another, who rode behind him, and continued with them some time, directing them the route to take in order to shun the enemy. Thus making toward the road, two Indians had got abreast of me; the one on horseback dismounted and shot at me at about fifty yards distant, but missed his mark, and I kept on and arrived at home the next day; but Aaron Reynolds had arrived before I did, and related how he had furnished me with his horse on the retreat, but was not credited, and I was considered among the slain; but my arrival confirmed the story, and I, with all who heard the story, thought it incredible that a man unhurt and well mounted would, without solicitation, calmly dismount and give up his horse. History scarcely furnishes a parallel. At this distant time, in looking back, I consider it like Aaron Reynolds giving his life to save mine. The first opportunity I had, in the presence of others, I asked him what was his motive in giving up his horse. His answer was then, and he repeated the same to others afterward, that from the time I reproved him for swearing (done some months before), he felt a singular and continued attachment for me. As to making my escape, in the most favorable situation of an active body it would have been very doubtful, while I, having been some years before severely wounded, was rendered still more unable to have made my escape; and I look upon it as certain that but for the above interposition of Divine mercy, the bones that are now writing this narrative would have lain among stones that cover the earth on the bare hill about the Blue Licks, with those of many more who never were buried.

"Aaron Reynolds, having safely recrossed the river, sat down on a log to adjust his moccasins; and, being thus hastily and busily engaged with his head down, before he had any notice of their approach, two Indians had fast hold of him, and, taking his rifle from him, one held him while the other went after another man who was then in view, but trying to escape. Reynolds, seeing the frizen of the Indian's gun up, supposed that it was not loaded;

he sprang from his grasp and made his escape through the underbrush, and to the discomfiture of his dusky guard."

The loss in this battle was heavier than had been experienced in any contest that had ever taken place with the savages on Kentucky soil before, and carried distress and mourning into almost half the homes in Kentucky. Of the one hundred and eighty men engaged, sixty were killed and seven taken prisoners. Colonels Todd and Trigg were especially deplored for their eminent social and private, as well as their public, worth. Of Major Harlan, it was the common sentiment that no officer was braver and none more beloved in the field.

The action of Major McGary in precipitating the battle seems unpardonably reckless. It is due to his memory to say that he is reported to have counseled a delay at Bryan's until Logan could arrive with his powerful re-enforcement. This was tauntingly rejected by others superior in command, on the plea that such delay would enable the Indians to place themselves over the Ohio river before they could be overtaken. The impetuous McGary fiercely resented the taunt, and, in a spirit of retaliation, determined to force the battle at the hazard of any consequence to his country. The inconsiderate rashness was atoned for in the fearful sacrifice. His excuses severely condemn but offer no mitigation for his folly.

While all this was happening, Logan's command of nearly four hundred men were pushing forward, within less than a day's march of the fated field of battle. The vanguard of this force had passed Bryan's, on its way in pursuit, when it was met by the fugitives with the full intelligence of the disaster. They fell back on Bryan's until the rear came up, and then, late in the evening, began a march for the battle-ground to meet the enemy, if there; if not, to bury the dead. At noon the next day, they arrived at the spot. The savages were gone, and only the dead bodies of the slain comrades, some mangled by tomahawk and scalping-knife, some torn by wild beasts, and others the prey of vultures, signalized the carnage of the 19th. Each man had his friends and kindred among the slain, and sought them for the solemn rites of burial, and for some memento of recognition for the disconsolate at home.

[1] There was a traditional report commonly credited, the authority for which is sustained by Boone in his autobiography, that the Indians, on counting the dead on either side, found four more of their number slain than of the whites, and, therefore, ordered four of their prisoners out of seven to be murdered in a very barbarous manner, to make the loss of life even. The remaining prisoners, Yocum, Rose, and McMurtry, were borne across the river and subjected to incredible hardships, being forced to run the gauntlet several times. They were at last condemned and tied to the stake, and the fagots kindled to burn them. A furious storm of thunder and lightning, with rain, came on just in time to quench the fire and save

1 Boone's Narrative.

them. The savages believed the offended Great Spirit to have interposed, and, struck with awe and reverence, dared not rekindle the fire. Thereafter they were treated more kindly.

The main body of the Indian army recrossed the Ohio with a few prisoners, many scalps, and some booty; but some of the allies, taking their route through the settlements in Jefferson county, could not forego the temptation to increase their scalps and prisoners. Their sign was seen before they struck the intended victims a blow. From Collins we learn that:

"Intelligence was promptly communicated to Colonel Floyd, who instantly ordered out a party of militia to scour the country where the savages were suspected to be lurking. Some of the party were from Kincheloe's station, on Simpson's creek, in Spencer county, which consisted of six or seven families. On the 1st of September, the militia, unable to discover any Indians, dispersed and returned to their homes. There had been no alarm at Kincheloe's station during the absence of the men, and upon reaching home late in the evening, greatly fatigued and without apprehension of danger, they retired to rest. At the dead hour of night, when the inmates of the station were wrapt in the most profound sleep, the Indians made a simultaneous attack upon the cabins of the station, and, breaking open the doors, commenced an indiscriminate massacre of men, women, and children. The unconscious sleepers were awakened but to be cut down, or to behold their friends fall by their side. A few only, availing themselves of the darkness of the night, escaped the tomahawk or captivity. Among those who effected their escape was Mrs. Davis, whose husband was killed, and another woman whose name is not given. They fled to the woods, where they were fortunately joined by a lad by the name of Ash, who conducted them to Cox's station.

"William Harrison, after placing his wife and a young woman of the family, under the floor of the cabin, made his escape under cover of the darkness. He remained secreted in the neighborhood until he was satisfied the Indians had retired, when he returned to the cabin and liberated his wife and her companion from their painful situation.

"Thomas Randolph occupied one of the small cabins, with his wife and two children, one an infant. The Indians succeeded in breaking into his house, and, although they outnumbered him four or five to one, he stood by his wife and children with heroic firmness. He had succeeded in killing several Indians, when his wife and the infant in her arms were both murdered by his side. He instantly placed his remaining child in the loft, then mounting himself, made his escape through the roof. As he alighted on the ground from the roof of the cabin, he was assailed by two of the savages whom he had just forced out of the house. With his knife he inflicted a severe wound upon one, and gave the other a stunning blow with the empty gun, when they both retreated. Freed from his foes, he snatched up his

child, plunged into the surrounding forest, and was soon beyond the reach of danger.

"Several women and children were cruelly put to death after they were made prisoners, on the route to the Indian towns. On the second day of her captivity, Mrs. Bland, one of the prisoners, made her escape in the bushes. Totally unacquainted with the surrounding country, and destitute of a guide, for eighteen successive days she rambled through the woods, without seeing a human face, without clothes, and subsisting upon sour grapes and green walnuts, until she became a walking skeleton. On the eighteenth day she was accidentally discovered and taken to Linn's station, where, by kind attention and careful nursing, her health and strength were soon restored."

The situation of Mrs. Polk, another prisoner, with four children, was not less pitiable. She was in a state of extreme delicate health, and compelled to walk until she became almost incapable of motion. She was then threatened with death, and the tomahawk brandished over her head by a ferocious Indian, when another, who saw it, interposed and begged her life, took her in his care, mounted her on a horse, with two of her children, and conducted her safely to Detroit. Here she was purchased by a British trader, well treated, and permitted to write to her husband, who was absent from the station at the time of her capture. On receipt of her letter, he immediately repaired to Detroit, obtained his wife and five children, and returned with them safe to Kentucky. After the peace of the ensuing year, the other prisoners were also liberated and returned home.

The deadly fight of Estill near Mount Sterling, Holder's defeat, the siege at Bryan's, Blue Licks, Kincheloe's, and other scenes of conflict, evinced the aggressive temper of the Indians for the year 1782.

The catastrophe of Blue Licks bore with it a profound significance, far beyond the ordinary wage of the battle itself. The terminus of the Revolutionary war in view, and peace assured, the transmontane Americans plausibly hoped for an era of undisturbed security, and of domestic tranquillity, which, since their first advent to the forest wilds, had been denied them. Surely, in good faith would the English aim to establish amicable relations upon the borders; and now that all motive to incite the Indians to indiscriminate murder and pillage of the whites was apparently removed, the savages would find it to their best interests to cultivate the friendship of the Kentuckians. As is well said by an able authority:[1]

"The spring of the year 1782 opened upon what, indeed, seemed an era of prosperity and security for the West. The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in the preceding autumn had ended the War of Independence. Peace with England brought with it a recognized American title to the great North-west as far as the lakes and beyond Detroit. The splendid dream of Clark, which none but Jefferson seemed fully to comprehend, was fulfilled

[1] Colonel Brown's oration at Blue Licks.

in the cession of an empire. Strong men had come in numbers to seek fortune and adventure in the brakes and forests of Kentucky. Brave women encountered the hardships of the frontier, and followed husbands and fathers into the wilderness. Families had been established, and children had been born to the pioneers. Already was cradled the generation of Kentucky riflemen destined to crush, in after years, the great confederation of Tecumseh, and to assure the northern boundary of the Union."

The hope of peace seemed to wither in the budding over the invasion of Girty's army and the dire results. It was well nigh an agony of suspense, as anguish and wail went up from bereaved hearts in almost every cabin in the bluegrass of Kentucky. The feeling akin to despair followed the reaction from buoyant hope to sorrowful disappointment.

The following memorial letter, of date September 11th, was addressed to Governor Harrison, of Virginia:[1]

"The officers, civil as well as military, of this county, beg the attention of your Excellency and the honorable council. The number of the enemy that lately penetrated into our county, their behavior, and, adding to this, our late unhappy defeat at the Blue Licks, fill us with the greatest concern and anxiety. The loss of our worthy officers and soldiers who fell there, the 19th of August, we sensibly feel, and deem our situation truly alarming. We can scarcely behold a spot of earth but what reminds us of the fall of some fellow-adventurer massacred by savage hands. Our number of militia decreases. Our widows and orphans are numerous; our officers and worthiest men fall a sacrifice. In short, sir, our settlement, hitherto formed at the expense of treasure and much blood, seems to decline, and, if something is not speedily done, we doubt not will wholly be depopulated. The executive, we believe, thinks often of us, and wishes to protect us; but, sir, we believe that any military operations that for eighteen months have been carried on, in consequence of orders from the executive, have rather been detrimental than beneficial. Our militia are called on to do duty in a matter that has a tendency to protect Jefferson county, or rather Louisville, a town without inhabitants, and a fort situated in such a manner that an enemy coming with a design to lay waste our country would scarcely come within one hundred miles of it, and our own frontiers open and unguarded. Our inhabitants are discouraged. It is now near two years since the division of the county, and no surveyor has ever appeared among us but has, by appointment from time to time, deceived us. Our principal expectation of strength is from him. During his absence from the county, claimants of land disappear, when, if otherwise, they would prove a source of additional strength.

"We entreat the executive to examine into the cause and remove it speedily. If it is thought impracticable to carry the war into the enemy's country, the plan of building a garrison at the mouth of Limestone and

1 Virginia Calendar, Vol III., p. 301.

another at the mouth of Licking, formerly prescribed by your Excellency, might be again adopted and performed. A garrison at the mouth of Limestone would be a landing place for adventurers from the back parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, adjacent to a large body of good land which would be speedily settled. It would be in the enemy's principal crossing-place, not more than fifty miles from Lexington, our largest settlement, and might be readily furnished with provision from above till they would be supplied from our settlements here. Major Netherland, we expect, will deliver this. He will attend to give any particular information that may be deemed necessary. Humanity toward inhabitants, destitute of hope of any other aid, will surely induce your Excellency to spare from the interior parts of the State two hundred men and a few pieces of artillery for those purposes above mentioned."

This was signed by Daniel Boone, Levi Todd, Robert Patterson, R. Netherland, William Henderson, John Craig, and others.

Of the same tenor and in the like spirit, in a letter of August 31st, Colonel Benjamin Logan writes Governor Harrison:[1]

"From the situation of the ground on which our men were drawn (the plan whereof I have taken the liberty to inclose), I hardly know how it was possible for any to escape. I am inclined to believe that, when your Excellency and council become acquainted with the military operations in this country, that you will not think them so properly conducted as to answer the general interest of Kentucky. From the accounts we had received by prisoners who had escaped this spring, we were confident of an invasion from the Detroit Indians. Common safety then made some scheme of defense necessary. For this purpose, I was called upon by General Clark to attend a council, and, after consulting over matters, it was determined to build a fort at the mouth of Licking. Shortly, I received his orders for one hundred men to attend this business, with a certain number from Fayette. Before the day of the rendezvous, I was instructed to send the men to the Falls of the Ohio, in order to build a strong garrison, and a row-galley, thus by weakening one end to strengthen another. The upper part of the country was left exposed, and the enemy, intercepting our designs, brought their intended expedition against the frontiers of Fayette. The immense expenses incurred by the State in this western country we know are enough to prevent the Government from giving us any further aid; but when your Excellency and council are informed that the people have never been benefited by those expenditures, we still hope your compassion will be extended to a detached and distressed part of your country, as it is not in the power of the people to answer the misapplication of anything by a proper officer. General Irwin, commanding at *Fort Pitt*, as a continental officer, might probably be more assistance to this country, could he receive proper supplies from the State of Virginia, than any other measure that could be adopted,

1 Virginia Calendar, Vol. III., p. 280.

as he has the same enemies to encounter that trouble us, and stores of every kind seem to be of little account to us, ammunition excepted. Colonel Trigg being killed, there is a field officer wanting in this county; however, I am at a loss how to proceed on the occasion, for all our magistrates have been killed except three, and there can be no court to send a recommendation. Colonel Harrod, who formerly acted as a colonel, and who, agreeable to seniority, ought to have received a commission, is now in being, and I think a very proper person for that purpose."

We venture to add an extract of a letter of August 26, 1782, from Colonel Levi Todd to his brother, Captain Robert Todd, throwing some light upon the closing scenes of the battle, and giving a fuller list of the slain than has heretofore been published in history:[1]

"Our men suffered much in the retreat, many Indians having mounted our abandoned horses, and having an open woods to pass through to the river. Several were killed in the river. Efforts were made to rally, but in vain. He that could remount a horse was well off; and he that could not, saw no time for delay. Our brother received a ball in his left breast, and was on horseback when the men broke. He took a course I thought dangerous; and as I never saw him afterward, I suppose he never got over the river. Colonel Trigg, Major Harlan, Major Bulger, Captains McBride, Gordon, Kinkead, and Overton fell upon the ground; also our friend James Brown. Our number missing is about seventy-five. I think the number of the enemy was at least three hundred, but many of the men think five hundred. Colonel Logan, with five hundred men, went to the ground on the 24th, and found and buried about fifty of our dead men. They were all stripped naked, scalped, and mangled in such a manner that it was hard to know one from another. Our brother was not known.

"As people in different parts of the country will be anxious to know the names of the killed, I will add a list of what I can now remember: Colonel John Todd, Colonel Stephen Trigg, Major Silas Harlan, Major Edward Bulger, Captains William McBride, John Gordon, Joseph Kinkead, and Cluff Overton; Lieutenants William Givens, John Kennedy, Joseph Lindsey, and Rodgers; Ensign John McMurtry; Privates Francis McBride, John Price, James Ledgerwood, John Wilson, Isaac McCracken, Lewis Rose, Mathias Rose, Hugh Cunningham, Jesse Yocum, William Eadds, Esau Corn, William Smith, Henry Miller, Ezekiel Field, John Folley, John Fry, Val Stern, Andrew McConnell, James Brown (surgeon), William Harris, William Stewart, William Stevens, Charles Ferguson, John Wilson, John O'Neal, John Stapleton, Daniel Greggs, Jervis Green, Drury Polley, William Robertson, Gilbert Marshall, James Smith, and Israel Boone."

It is evident that a sentiment pervaded the people that interior Kentucky had been neglected by Clark in his measures of defense, while he was more absorbed in centralizing all military strength and resources at Louisville, for

1 Virginia Calendar, Vol. III., p. 333.

the menace and retention of the North-west. But Clark's policy was always to strike the Indians at their homes.

Here justice pleads with the historian to pause in the narrative of thrilling events, while the inspiration of noble virtues and heroic deeds bid to inscribe upon his pages, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, the tribute of admiration and affection which every true Kentuckian would offer up, in honor of the gallant and brave pioneers who so unselfishly gave up their lives for their country and their countrymen. Like Hancock Taylor, Floyd, Christian, and others, many gallant chieftains and soldiers at Blue Licks fell too early, in defense of homes and families, to have come to the full fruition of the peace and liberty for which they were so willing to toil, to sacrifice, to endure, and, if it must be, to die.

Major Silas Harlan, one of the slain, was among the first of the pioneer settlers in Kentucky. With Harrod's party, he came in 1774; and since that date, had borne an active and prominent part in the continued warfare with the Indians. He was with Clark at Vincennes, where he won applause for his soldierly services, and where every comrade was a hero. He was not less interested in the political and domestic events of his day; and his name will be found on the list of citizens who signed the declaration of June 20, 1776, forwarded to the Virginia Convention.

Not less lamented was the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Trigg, though he more recently sought a home and place among the settlers. Just three years before, he had joined the foresters of the West, and cast his fortunes with theirs; yet he was endowed with those qualities which readily win the confidence and friendship of men, and soon became popular in all the ranks of the life around him. Ready in every emergency, and brave and resolute in the execution of every duty, his comrades instinctively conceded to him a leadership in adventure. While thus respected for the dignity and virtues of superior merit, all gave to him the homage of sympathy and love. Even the oldest and ablest of the veteran leaders deferred to his judgment, and were rarely mistaken. Already had he ranked high among the immortal few of the devoted band around him; and only untimely death arrested, on the fatal 19th of August, a career that promised to be most brilliant if life had been spared.

Sad, as the saddest episode of the tragedy, was the death of Colonel John Todd, than whom there was no more devoted and gallant spirit among his comrades, and none with promise of a more honorable historic future in prospect. Though just passed his thirty-second year—seven of which were spent among the veteran pioneers who carved their way through the virgin forest—he had already written his name as indelibly for the pages of history as in the hearts of the people whom he so often and faithfully served. He was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, in 1750, adjacent to Exeter, the birthplace of Boone. His father was Scotch; his mother, a Quakeress. He was one of the very few of superior education and culture who appeared

an actor among the earliest experiences upon the theater of the great western valley. He was carefully trained, in letters and scholarship, by an uncle, Rev. John Todd, a distinguished minister of the Presbyterian Church, of Virginia.

He studied law under General Andrew Lewis, but soon after followed his preceptor as aid in the campaign which led to the battle of Point Pleasant and the invasion to the Scioto towns. Early the next year (1775), he joined Colonel Logan in the establishment of St. Asaph's station. In June, he was of a party who ventured farther into the wilderness beyond Green river and to the vicinity of Bowling Green. In 1776, he led the little party in the attempt to convey in the powder from Limestone which Clark had secured and shipped from Virginia, in which he came near forfeiting his life, with others of his men, to the vigilance and daring of the Indians. He bore conspicuous part with Clark in the North-west campaign, in the capture of Kaskaskia and Cahokia; and for faithful services and eminent ability was commissioned by the Governor of Virginia "Colonel Commandant and County Lieutenant" of Illinois county, with headquarters at Kaskaskia, though yet retaining the position of county lieutenant and colonel of militia for Fayette county.

Combining natural abilities to refined and classic culture, with an easy adaptativeness to all demands and emergencies, the fall of no man of that day carried with it a greater shock to the country or a profounder sorrow to the people from the shores of the Potomac to the Mississippi. His loss to the future of his adopted country and people in this saddest crucial day of all their experiences, they could not estimate; and with the sympathizing reader of to-day this loss can better be deplored than conjectured.[1]

The spirit of aggressive retaliation was now aroused fiercely in General Clark, yet in chief command. To repeat the tactics of Hannibal, he prepared again to invade the Indian country.[2] He invited a meeting of the superior military officers of his brigade at the Falls, to make arrangements for an imposing expedition against the Indians. This council recommended a draft of men to make up any deficiency of volunteers and the impressment of provisions and horses where voluntary contributions were not sufficient. The spirit and patriotism of the country rendered these coercive measures unnecessary. Men and officers presented themselves with the utmost eagerness; and beeves, pack-horses, and other supplies poured in abundantly from those who could not personally join the expedition. In every case of property offered or impressed, a certificate of its valuation was given as evidence to its owner for future compensation, at that time deemed by no means certain.

Bryan's station was appointed the rendezvous for the upper part of the country, the Falls of the Ohio for the lower, and the mouth of Licking the point of union for the different detachments. General Clark assumed the

1 Colonel Brown's Oration. 2 Bradford's Notes, Sec. 14.

command, with Colonels Floyd and Logan under him. These officers, at the head of about one thousand mounted riflemen, assembled at the appointed spot on the last of September. The expedition proceeded with the efficiency ever characteristic of its chief while in the pride of his energy, and reached the neighborhood of the first Indian town, and within half a mile of a camp which formed the rear of the triumphant party from the battle of the Blue Licks. An Indian straggler now discovered the hostile force, and gave the alarm of a mighty army on its march.

The savage camp was immediately evacuated and the alarm conveyed to the different towns. This most unpropitious discovery left nothing but empty cabins and deserted fields to satisfy the resentment of the whites. The buildings were quickly fired and the corn-fields laid waste. Seven prisoners were taken and three of the enemy killed in this expedition. It extended its ravages through Chillicothe, Pickaway, and Willstown with the same desolating effect. This campaign, trifling as its execution may seem, appears to have put an end to the *formidable* Indian invasions of Kentucky. After this period, it was only exposed to stragglers and small parties. Such an effect must be attributed to so overwhelming a display of force immediately after the disastrous battle of Blue Licks.

White Oak station was located but a mile or two above Boonesborough and in the same valley. It was settled by some orderly people from Pennsylvania not accustomed to Indian warfare. The consequence was that of ten or twelve men, all were killed but two or three.[1] Early this year Peter Duree moved his own and one or two other families farther out into the country toward Estill's. They had just gone into their new cabins when Indians attacked them and killed Duree and his son-in-law, Bullock, and his wife, the former falling in his cabin. Mrs. Duree, the only one left unhurt, shut and fastened the door, closed the eyes of her dying husband, and kept the Indians at bay by presenting a rifle through the crevices of the logs. Waiting some hours, and hearing no more of the savages, she sallied out, with an infant in her arms and a four-year-old boy to follow her, for the nearest station. Meeting some friends on the way, they returned to White Oak station in safety. In this year, Captain Nathaniel Hart was waylaid, slain, and scalped by a party of Indians, while riding near his farm in the vicinity of Boonesborough. Though pursued by Boone, the marauders escaped.

Collins relates that: [2] "In September, a roving band of Indians made their appearance in Hardin county and committed several depredations. Silas Hart, whose keen penetration and skill as an Indian fighter had extorted from them the name of Sharp-Eye, with other settlers, pursued them, and in the pursuit Hart shot their chief, while several others of the party were also killed. Only two of the Indians made good their escape. These conveyed to the tribe the intelligence of the chieftain's death.

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 530. 2 Vol. II., p. 314.

Vengeance was denounced by them against Sharp-Eye and his family for the death of the fallen chief, and speedily did the execution follow the threat. A short time thereafter a band of Indians, led by a brother of the slain chieftain, secretly and silently made their way into the neighborhood of Elizabethtown, where they emerged from their hiding places and commenced their outrages. The neighborhood was instantly aroused, and Hart, always ready to assist in repelling the savage foe, was the first upon their trail. The whites followed in rapid pursuit for a whole day, but were unable to overtake them. As soon as they had turned toward their homes the Indians, who must have closely watched their movements, turned upon *their trail*, and followed them back to the settlements. Hart arrived at his home, five miles from Elizabethtown, about dark in the evening, and slept soundly through the night, for he had no apprehension of further Indian depredations. On the succeeding morning, just as the family were seating themselves to partake of their frugal meal, the band of Indians, who had been prowling round the house all night, suddenly appeared at the door, and the brother of the fallen chief shot Hart dead. The son of Hart, a brave youth only twelve years old, the instant he saw his father fall, grasped his rifle, and before the savage could enter the door sent a ball through his heart, thus avenging, almost as quick as thought, a beloved parent's death. The Indians then rushed to the door in a body, but the first who entered the threshold had the hunting-knife of the gallant boy plunged to the hilt in his breast and fell by the side of his leader. A contest so unequal could not, however, be maintained. The youth, with his mother and sister, were overpowered and hurried off to the Wabash as captives. The sister, from the feebleness of her constitution, was unable to bear the fatigue of a forced march, and the Indians dispatched her after proceeding a few miles. The mother and son were intended for a more painful and revolting death.

"Upon the arrival of the party at the Wabash towns, preparations were made for the sacrifice, but an influential squaw, in pity for the tender years and in admiration of the heroism of the youth, interposed and saved his life. The mother was also saved from the stake by the interposition of a chief, who desired to make her his wife. The mother and son were ultimately redeemed by traders and returned to their desolate home. Mrs. Hart, who has often been heard to declare that she would have preferred the stake to a union with the Indian chief, subsequently married a man named *Countryman*, and lived in Hardin to a very advanced age. Young Hart also lived to old age, in Missouri."

The last chapter of the romance of eleven years of the life of Kenton was this year completed. We have read, in the first chapter, of his ardent passion at sixteen for a rosy lassie of the neighborhood of his father's home; of the successful suit and marriage to her of a rival; of the revenge that followed disappointed love; of the desperate rencounter of the rivals, and the murderous punishment of the successful suitor; and finally, of Kenton's

flight to the West, and long banishment from home and the courts; an eventful training for the eventful life that followed after.

All these years he had supposed his antagonist dead, and himself a murderer and fugitive, with the Nemesis of that remorse that is said ever to torture the unhappy man guilty of the life-blood of his fellowman. Intelligence came by the accident of meeting some one from his boyhood home, not only that his father was yet living, but that William Veach, whom he left for dead, was alive and well. The joy of the relief that came to the heart of Kenton, as this great life-burden was lifted from off his conscience, is beyond the picturing of words. Thank God! He was not a murderer; and Simon Butler, the *alias* under which he had been known until now, was dropped, and the real name of Simon Kenton resumed. Hitherto, he dared not speak of his home and kindred, and the old reminiscences yet dear to him, or inquire about those he loved best on earth. He had expiated the wrongs and errors of youth by many years of mental doubt and suffering, in his long exile in the transmontane wilds. Now, he was innocent of the law, and could return once more to embrace his old father, to be friends with his former enemy, and to congratulate his old sweetheart over the interesting family group growing up around her as the fruitage of her husband's love. Kenton's wrongs were the accidents of a passionate and unrestrained temper, behind which there was much of generous sympathy and nobility of manhood, a type of character often met with in every-day life.

[1] Late this year, Colonel Thomas Marshall and John May arrived as surveyors for the new counties of Fayette and Jefferson. One office was opened at Lexington, and another at Cox's station, in Jefferson county; the third we have already noticed. Now began that contention for lands which proved a greater scourge to the people of Kentucky, for long years after, than any visitation of pestilence or famine could have been to them. The root of the evil was in leaving to individuals, and to personal and rival interests, the surveys of the public lands, which ought to have been done alone by public authority. Could the surveys of the public lands of Virginia have been delayed till they could have been laid off by public appointment, the claims of her soldiers might all have been satisfied, and the residue might have been saved from the rapacity of remorseless speculators, and the proceeds of sale made to meet the deficiency of her exchequer after the exhaustive drain of the war of the Revolution. As one of the distinguished chief-justices of Kentucky has expressed, on the subject of the legal condition of landed estate produced by the ill-omened policy: "The melancholy effects on the peace and prosperity of private citizens, volumes could not portray. The breaking up of favorite homes, improved at the hazard of the owner's life, and fondly held to as a support for declining age, and a reward for affectionate children, swept away by refinements above popular comprehension, produced most widespread discontent and distress: promoted a

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 104.

litigious spirit, and often a disregard of the legal right in general, which presented itself in odious and afflicting aspects. It is doubtful if it would not better have subserved the ends of justice and humanity, had the doors of the courts been altogether closed to this long torment of land litigation."

In the fall of the year 1779, Samuel Daviess, who resided in Bedford county, Virginia, moved with his family to Kentucky, and lived for a time at Whitley's station, in Lincoln county. He subsequently moved to a place called Gilmer's Lick, some six or seven miles from said station. He built a cabin, cleared some land, which he put in corn next season, not apprehending any danger from the Indians, although he was considered a frontier settler. But this imaginary state of security did not last long; for in August, 1782, having stepped a few paces from the door, he was suddenly surprised by an Indian appearing between him and the door, with tomahawk uplifted, almost within striking distance.[1] In this unexpected condition, and being entirely unarmed, his first thought was, that by running around the house, he could enter the door in safety; but to his surprise, in attempting to effect this object, as he approached the door he found the house full of Indians. Being closely pursued by the Indian first mentioned, he made his way into the corn-field, where he concealed himself, with much difficulty, until the pursuing Indian had returned to the house.

Unable as he was to render any relief to his family, there being five Indians, he ran with the utmost speed to the station of his brother, James Daviess, a distance of five miles. As he approached the station, his undressed condition told the tale of his distress before he was able to tell it himself. Almost breathless, and with a faltering voice, he could only say his wife and children were in the hands of the Indians. Scarcely was the communication made when he obtained a spare gun, and the five men in the station, well armed, followed him to his residence. When they arrived at the house the Indians, as well as the family, were found to be gone, and no evidence appeared that any of the family had been killed. A search was made to find the direction the Indians had taken; but, owing to the dryness of the ground and the adroit manner in which they had departed, no discovery could be made. In this state of perplexity the party, being all good woodsmen, took that direction in pursuit of the Indians which they thought it most probable they would take. After going a few miles, their attention was arrested by the howling of a dog, which afterward turned out to be a house dog that had followed the family, and which the Indians had undertaken to kill, so as to avoid detection, which might happen from his barking occasionally. In attempting to kill the dog he was only wounded. The noise thus heard satisfied them that they were near the Indians, and enabled them to rush forward with the utmost impetuosity. Two of the Indians, being in the rear as spies, discovered the approach of the party and ran

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 470–1.

forward where the other Indians were with the family. One of them knocked down the oldest boy, about eleven years old, and while in the act of scalping him was fired at, but without effect. Mrs. Daviess, seeing the agitation and alarm of the Indians, saved herself and nursing child by jumping into a sink-hole. The Indians fled in the most precipitate manner. In that way the family was rescued early in the day, without the loss of a single life and without any injury but that above mentioned. So soon as the boy had risen on his feet, the first word he spoke was, "*Curse that Indian, he has got my scalp!*"

After the family had been rescued, Mrs. Daviess gave the following account of the manner in which the Indians had acted: A few minutes after her husband had opened the door and stepped out of the house, four Indians rushed in, while the fifth, as she afterward found out, was in pursuit of her husband. Herself and children were in bed when the Indians entered the house. One of the Indians immediately made signs, by which she understood him to inquire how far was it to the next house. With an unusual presence of mind, knowing how important it would be to make the distance as far as possible, she raised both hands, first counting the fingers of one hand and then of the other, making a distance of eight miles. The Indians then signed to her that she must rise. She immediately got up, and as soon as she could dress herself commenced showing the Indians one article of clothing and then another, which pleased them very much, and in this way delayed them at the house nearly two hours. In the meantime, the Indian who had been in pursuit of her husband returned, with his hands stained with pokeberries, which he held up, and with some violent gestures and waving of his tomahawk, attempted to induce the belief that the stain on his hands was the blood of her husband, and that he had killed him. She was enabled at once to discover the deception, and instead of producing any alarm on her part, she was satisfied that her husband had escaped uninjured.

After the savages had plundered the house of everything that they could conveniently carry off with them, they started taking Mrs. Daviess and her children, seven in number, as prisoners, along with them. Some of the children were too young to travel as fast as the Indians wished, and discovering, as she believed, their intention to kill such of them as could not conveniently travel, she made the two oldest boys carry them on their backs. The Indians, in starting from the house, were very careful to leave no signs of the direction they had taken, not even permitting the children to break a twig or weed as they passed along. They had not gone far before an Indian drew his knife and cut off a few inches of Mrs. Daviess' dress, so that she could not be interrupted in traveling.

Mrs. Daviess was a woman of cool, deliberate courage, and accustomed to handle the gun so that she could shoot well, as many of the women were in the habit of doing in those days. She had contemplated, as a last resort,

that if not rescued in the course of the day, when night came on and the Indians had fallen asleep, she would deliver herself and children by killing as many of the Indians as she could, thinking, in a night attack, as many of them that remained would most probably run off. Such an attempt would now seem a species of madness; but to those who were acquainted with Mrs. Daviess little doubt was entertained that, if the attempt had been made, it would have proven successful.

The boy who had been scalped was greatly disfigured, as the hair never after grew upon that part of his head. He often wished for an opportunity to avenge himself upon the Indians for the injury he had received. Unfortunately for himself, ten years afterward the Indians came to the neighborhood of his father and stole a number of horses. Himself and a party of men went in pursuit of them, and, after following them for some days, the Indians, finding that they were likely to be overtaken, placed themselves in ambush, and when their pursuers came up killed young Daviess and one other man; so that he ultimately fell into their hands when about twenty-one years old.

The next year after, the father died, his death being caused, as it was supposed, by the extraordinary efforts he made to release his family from the Indians. An act of courage subsequently displayed by Mrs. Daviess is calculated to exhibit her character in its true point of view.

Kentucky, in its early days, like most new countries, was occasionally troubled by men of abandoned character, who lived by stealing the property of others, and, after committing their depredations, retired to their hiding-places, thereby eluding the operation of the law. One of these marauders, a man of desperate character, who had committed extensive thefts from Mr. Daviess, as well as from his neighbors, was pursued by Daviess and a party whose property he had taken, in order to bring him to justice. While the party were in pursuit, the suspected individual, not knowing any one was pursuing him, came to the house of Daviess armed with a gun and tomahawk, no person being at home but Mrs. Daviess and her children. After he had stepped in the house, Mrs. Daviess asked him if he would drink something, and, having set a bottle of whisky on the table, requested him to help himself. The fellow, not suspecting any danger, set his gun up by the door, and, while drinking, Mrs. Daviess picked up his rifle, and, placing herself in the door, had the gun cocked and leveled upon him by the time he turned around, and in a peremptory manner ordered him to take a seat or she would shoot him. Struck with terror and alarm, he asked what he had done. She told him he had stolen her husband's property, and that she intended to take care of him herself. In that condition she held him a prisoner until the party of men returned and took him into their possession.[1] Those were days in which even the women and children were taught to be fearless in self-protection.

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 471.

Sallust says: "The actions of the Athenians doubtless were great, yet I believe they are somewhat less than fame would have us conceive them." Not so with the pioneers of Kentucky. But we may say of their exploits, as this author says of the actions of the Romans, "History has left a thousand of their more brilliant actions unrecorded, which would have done them great honor, but for want of eloquent historians." Of those actions and events which are of record, we are obliged to omit from the pages of this history many of thrilling interest, the relation of which is better suited to other annals, and the recital of which here might not only enlarge the volume beyond proper dimensions, but surfeit the reader with too much of the repulsive horrors of strife and carnage. Enough is told of adventure, of romance, and of heroism, to make of the pioneer age of Kentucky an epic as inspiring and enchanting as any of ancient times, if only received through the illusive glamours of tradition, and recited to us in the enchanting verse of an Odyssey or an Æneid.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(1783–85.)

End of the Revolutionary war.

The news four months coming.

Subsidence of Indian hostilities.

Rage for lands.

France and Spain intrigue to absorb Kentucky in the negotiations.

Jealous of the expansion of the United States territory to the Mississippi.

Congress and Dr. Franklin compromised by the arts of French diplomacy.

Minister John Jay has the sagacity and firmness to resist and defeat these intrigues at Madrid and Paris.

He wins over the English plenipotentiary.

Speed's letter.

New court established in Kentucky district.

Court located at Danville.

Emigration largely increased.

Industry and thrift prevail.

Broadhead's store, at Louisville, the first in Kentucky.

Paine's disciples introduce communism.

Reception of one at Lexington.

Judge Harry Innes on the bench.

Stations increased in Shelby county.

Life and services of Bland Ballard, the noted scout and Indian fighter.

Indians kill his father and several others of his family, whom he defends.

Battle of the Boards.

Colonel John Floyd killed.

Destructiveness of life by Indian warfare in Kentucky.

Fight between the wild cat and schoolmaster.

Delay of treaty of peace until 1784.

Criminations and retaliations between England and the States.

England retains the North-west forts, to the great prejudice of Kentucky.

Revenges and marauding on the frontiers provoke petty hostilities.

Settlements north of Licking, in Mason county, resumed.

Kenton visits his old home and father.

Kenton's station at Washington, and Waller's at Maysville.

Virginia cedes all her North-west territory, nearly one hundred and seventy million acres, to the United States.

No compensation for this vast treasure of domain.

Subsequent cruelty and ingratitude of the Federal Government to Virginia.

Blaine's censure of the wrong.

Symptoms of hostilities by the Southern tribes.

Meeting called by Colonel Logan to consider public affairs.

It opens up the question of separation from Virginia.

A convention of elected representatives called at Danville to consider.

A second convention meets in May.

A third, in August, 1785, finally acts.

Nelson county created of part of Jefferson.

Address of the convention to the people.

Memorial to the Virginia Legislature.

No newspaper or printing-press.

Copies of the address posted in manuscript.

General James Wilkinson prominent.

Colonel Robert Johnson at Great Crossings.

Incident in the removal of Rev. Eastin to Bourbon county.

Generosity of an Indian.

Attack on the parents and comrades of Judge Rowan, then but ten years old.

Desperate adventure of three men in pursuit of Indian raiders to Tennessee.

Captain James Ward's boat attacked.
Elliott killed at Carrollton.
McClure's camp assailed.
Capture and rescue of Mrs. McClure and one child.
Moore's party attacked and nine of them killed.
Captain Whitley's pursuit.
Colonel Thomas Marshall warned by Simon Girty's brother.
Simon Girty's cruel malice to the whites.
The wrongs done him that made him a renegade.
Their costly consequences to the whites.

The white-winged angel of peace hovered near, and gave a silvery lining to the somber clouds of war that had overshadowed the whole land for long years, as the closing days of the old passed away, and the birth throes of a better era ushered in the new year of 1783. The preliminary articles of peace between the United States and Great Britain were signed on the 30th of November, 1782; but the welcome intelligence was not received in Kentucky until nearly four months later, in the spring of next year.[1] No more striking commentary could be written, expressive of the marvelous contrast between the slow processes by which knowledge was transmitted and diffused throughout the habitable world a century ago, and the electric and phonetic agencies by which a flashing spark or a fleeting sound is made now to blend in the unit of thought, the annihilation of time and distance. The achievement of American independence and the liberation of man to the free exercise of volition, of thought, and of action—the divinely-given heritage and right of manhood—were but the dawning of that modern new age of intellectual activity, invention, and enterprise which has revolutionized the life of civilization, and so suddenly made possible the miracles of human conception and mechanism which have been born into the world almost with the mystery of revelation.

The winter passed away in comparative quiet and immunity from Indian disturbances. The expedition of Clark in the autumn had paralyzed the power of the Miami tribes by destroying their property, which it would take the entire year to restore, even though they might have had the disposition for further hostilities. These savages were well apprised of the prospective treaty of peace, for which they knew negotiations to be pending. The effect was to hold them in suspense, for it was impossible to determine the consequences to themselves until the full terms were known. The tomahawk remained in the belt and the scalping-knife in the sheath, for the time. No event could be more opportune for the views and occupations of the people of Kentucky, than the confirmation of the *gospel of great joy* which the news of peace brought to their hearts and homes. They were wearied of war, and longed for that peace which would return them to their homes and families in security, and permit them to build their fortunes amid the abundance which unsparing nature had lavished upon this favorite land. The land-hunger, hitherto a strong and prevalent passion, but somewhat restrained by the demands and diversions of military defense, was now destined to become

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 155.

a consuming appetite with the great masses who were seeking homes or speculation in the famed westward Eden. What unforeseen and unhappy incidents intervened to cause a renewal of hostilities by the Indians, and to partially disappoint the hopes of the pioneers, when chronicled in due time, will become philosophy teaching by example, and furnish lessons of wisdom to the statesmanship of the future that seeks to profit by the experience of history.

It is not the province of this history to dilate upon those matters which affect the policy and diplomacy of the nation and of Europe, further than as these may be an essential part of Kentucky history also. We have before alluded to the fact that the destiny and disposal of the territory of Kentucky, in the ultimate adjudication of boundaries and jurisdictions in the now pending treaty negotiations between England, France, Spain, and the United States, formed the pivotal point on which would turn the questions as to whether the Alleghanies should limit the western boundaries of the United States, should Spain and France found colonial empires of all territories south of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi rivers. The fate of the continent lay in the balance.

Spain held an indefinite extent of territory on either side of the Mississippi river, and was covetous for more. France had ceded much to England, but possessed islands in the seas interested in the commerce and navigation of the river. Both nations were connected by nature and by compact, and, although both had aided the United States in the war of independence, each saw with jealous eye the territorial claim of the latter extended by chartered grant and by conquest to the banks of the Mississippi. The assistance these two kingly powers rendered was known to be prompted more by hatred of England, than by love for the Americans. It was not disinterested; and the day for the consideration of indemnity was one of postponement, not of doubt. This is but a part of the international code, more commercial than humanitarian. It was a wise stroke of policy for them to dismember from England so powerful an arm of power as her growing American colonies promised to be; but it was not their design, or their desire, that these separated colonies should confederate into a grand unit of government, that would absorb and overpower their own vast possessions on the Western Continent. The delimitation of boundaries must be controlled by the finesse of diplomacy, and under the dictations and arts of Paris and Madrid.

France assumed the lead, as most active and enterprising in the cabinet and in the field. Besides, her rivalry in commerce and manufactures made it an object to control the markets of the new world, as far as practicable. The first step was taken by Count Lucerne, French ambassador at Philadelphia, in conformity with instructions from Vergennes, French minister of state. These adroit diplomats had before, with only too much success, urged upon Congress to instruct the American minister at Paris: [1]First—

1 Pitkin, Vol. II., p. 92.

That the United States extend westward no farther than settlements were permitted by the English proclamation of 1763; Second—That they consider that they have no right to navigate the Mississippi, no territory belonging to them being situated thereon; Third—That the settlements east of the Mississippi, embracing Kentucky and all territory south of it, which fall under the last prohibition, are possessions of the crown of Great Britain, and proper objects against which the arms of Spain may be employed for conquests for the Spanish crown. Before this time also, on motion of the delegates from Virginia, and assented to by the delegates from other States, except North Carolina, Congress had instructed Minister John Jay, at Madrid, "no longer to insist on the free navigation of the Mississippi below the southern boundary of the United States." [1]

Already had the flatteries of Vergennes, and the blandishments of Parisian society, won over to the advocacy of this humiliating concession, Dr. Franklin, the American representative at the French court.[2] Count Lucerne had persuaded Congress, in a time of despondency or of credulous confidence, to instruct its commissioners at Paris "to undertake nothing in the negotiations for peace or truce, without the knowledge and concurrence of the king of France, and ultimately to govern yourselves by his advice and opinion." [3]

This mistaken concession, fortunately for Kentucky, and for the independence and honor of the States, was not acquiesced in by all of the American plenipotentiaries whose duty it was to negotiate for an honorable peace with Great Britain. French intrigues had formed this controlling party in our Congress, and Dr. Franklin, of the three commissioners, had been won over at Paris. Thus were the instruments prepared and the machinery put in motion, which were to stifle the new-born independence of the United States in the cradle of French intrigue and flattery, and to limit the boundaries of their territory at the will and pleasure of the French monarch.[4] At the critical moment, Commissioner John Jay had the sagacity, the firmness, and the personal independence to ignore the instructions of Congress, and to resist the plot of French intrigue, as he had that of the court of Spain. The elder Adams coincided in the views of Jay, and finally Franklin acquiesced. Jay unfolded to the British minister the designs of France and Spain, and convinced him that the limitation of the boundaries and jurisdiction of the United States, insisted on by them, was intended to enhance the power of these great rivals, and to give them ultimate supremacy on the western continent. This view induced the English commissioners much more readily, to concede the entire territorial claim of Great Britain south of the lakes, and to the Mississippi river, an unconditional independence. But for these opposing incidents to subtle intrigue, Kentucky might have been a French or a Spanish province. On such slight circumstances

1 Jay's Life, Vol. I., p. 120.
2 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 156.
3 Pitkin, Vol. II., p. 109.
4 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 157.

often hangs the fate of nations. In the processes of time, French and Spanish rule would have doubtless been extirpated by Anglo-American aggression; but the present Federal unit might have been prevented.

[1] To show the uneasy and dangerous sentiment pervading the people at this time, we quote from a letter of James Speed, of Lincoln county, to Governor Harrison, of Virginia, of July 22, 1784:

"Many of the inhabitants of this place are not natives of Virginia, nor well affected to this government. These are sowing sedition among the people as fast as they can, which I fear will have too great an effect so long as we are so pent up in forts and stations, notwithstanding the attorney-general (Daniel) has taken every step in his power to suppress them.

"I fear the faction will increase, and ere long we shall revolt from government, in order to try if we can govern ourselves, which, in my opinion, will be from bad to worse. I hope your Excellency will endeavor to improve the present good disposition of the savages toward us, and have a peace concluded as soon as possible."

In March, the Legislature of Virginia directed an improvement of the judiciary in this distant section, uniting the three counties into one district, with a court of common law and chancery jurisdiction co-extensive with its limits, and possessed of criminal jurisdiction.[2] John Floyd and Samuel McDowell were the first judges. These appointed John May clerk. Walker Daniel was commissioned, by the governor of Virginia, attorney-general for the district of Kentucky. The former division into the three counties of Jefferson, Fayette, and Lincoln, had sunk the name of Kentucky. The creation of the judicial district revived it, never more to go out.

The court was to meet at Harrodstown; but there was no suitable house in which to hold its sessions, and it adjourned to a meeting-house near Dutch station, six miles distant. The attorney-general and clerk were directed to select some *safe* place near Crow's station, on or near the site of Danville, to hold the court; to have constructed a log-house large enough to accommodate the court in one end, and two juries in the other; and to contract for building a jail of *hewed* logs at least nine inches thick. These structures so characteristic of the homely economy and simplicity of the times, as well as the poverty of mechanic arts, gave origin to the attractive town of Danville, so noted for the beauty and fertility of the country around it, and for the hospitable virtues and elegant culture of its people. On condition that such buildings were erected at a convenient place, without expense to the court or State, the judges pledged that they would remove to and occupy the same; and in case they should abandon the use of such buildings at any time, they promised to reimburse the outlay for the same, from the funds allowed for the support of the court, or induce the Legislature to do so. Here the court continued to hold its sessions until the separation from Virginia, when it was abolished.

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1 Virginia Calendar, Vol. III. 2 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 159.

The obstacles to emigration were this year mainly removed, and the inducements increased. Many soldiers of the Revolution, when discharged, having but few ties or attachments for localities, turned their eyes toward the country beyond the mountains, where the lands were fertile and cheap, and where there seemed the fairest prospects of building up from the ruins of wasted years and wasted fortunes. Society soon began to assume the conventional forms and customs of older communities; while the generous soil, with liberty and peace, soon spread cheerful content and even prosperity over the country. The fields smiled with abundant crops, the cattle and hogs multiplied and grew fat upon the nutritious pastures and the rich nuts of the forest; while the industrious housewives plied the hand-cards, the spinning-wheel, and loom. Emigrants and traders brought in some money, which, with supplies from other sources, fully met the simple wants of a people who had nearly all they cared for that money could buy. Mechanics, divines, and school-masters came in to fill up the picture. The crops and industries began to be more varied. Wheat and rye were added to the grain supplies, while mills and distilleries were erected to consume the surplus products.

[1] Daniel Broadhead, an enterprising business man of Louisville, this year made purchases of merchandise at Philadelphia, which was transported across the mountains, in wagons, to Pittsburgh, and thence in boats to Louisville; thus establishing the first store in Kentucky for the sale of foreign goods. For the first time, the belles adorned their persons in calico, and the beaux with wool hats.

There were no serious invasions or raids by the Indians, and new settlements sprang up, not now as the compulsory result of military enterprise, but rather of civil employment to lay the foundations of happy homes. Such were the consequences of suspended hostilities and anticipated peace. How striking and how desirable, in contrast to a state of war! Yet, in the present state of partially-refined sentiment, defensive wars are held to be just, and to be met with patriotic valor; while wars of aggression merit the execration of mankind as unjust, cruel, and destructive to the victims, and debasing and brutalizing to the authors.

[2] A singular instance illustrative of the times, and worthy of mention, occurred this year. Thomas Paine, the notorious blasphemer of God and defamer of men, wrote a book to ridicule and to expose to contempt the chartered right of Virginia to the country west of the Alleghanies, by twisting the terms "west and north-west," found in the charter, like a corkscrew, around the North pole, to use his own language, and to persuade Congress to assume the possession and sovereignty of the same. Possessed of marked brilliancy as a writer, but of a morbidly cynical and morose spirit, Paine excelled in this species of authorship. Though an atheistic monstrosity, he found admirers and disciples among a class of men who had

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 161. 2 Marshall, Vol, I., p. 162.

as little regard for divine or human authority as himself. Of this lawless class, two men of Pennsylvania, having imbibed the doctrine and spirit of this book, came to Kentucky to propagate their communism, and to appropriate their neighbors' property. Pomeroy went to Louisville, where he became obscured from view. Galloway chose Lexington as his field, and in due time obtained an audience and made some disciples. Several of these he persuaded to enter on the adjacent lands of neighbors, to claim an equal right to possession and use, and to begin improvements, *expecting* to hold under an act of Congress soon to be promulgated. The people had been before annoyed with mischievous attempts to unsettle their land titles.

The procedure was assuming a rather serious phase, and some protective measures were deemed essential. A justice of the peace was applied to for a warrant. There was some doubt as to any law for a case so novel. But finally, an old Virginia law was found, which imposed a fine *in tobacco*, at the discretion of the court, upon "the propagators of false news, to the disturbance of the good people of the colony." This was enough. The warrant was issued, and Galloway was brought up for examination, and the facts easily proved on him. He had said that the Virginia title "was no better than an oak leaf," which had disturbed the minds and peace of many. He was sent up for regular trial, and the affair had now gained enough notoriety to bring in quite a crowded audience. The fellow could make little defense, as his obnoxious teachings had led to several cases of trespass and depredation. He was adjudged a culprit, and fined one thousand pounds of tobacco, which, being unable to pay, he must lie in prison. His distress was very great, and finally it was intimated to him that, if he would leave the country, he might be released and given the opportunity. He most readily agreed to this, and was allowed to disappear without further inquiry.

The other disciple, who made his appearance at Louisville, fared yet worse than Galloway, at Lexington. In the court records for May 7, 1784, the following entry appears:

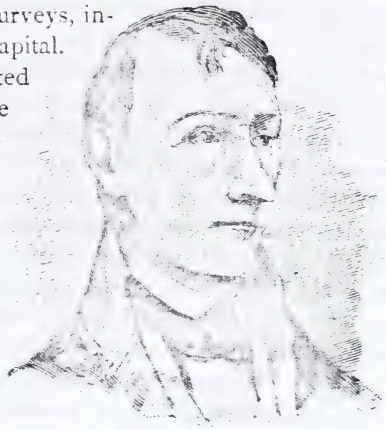
"George Pomeroy being brought before the court, charged with having been guilty of a breach of the act of amnesty, entitled 'Divulgers of false news,' on examining sundry witnesses, and the said Pomeroy being heard on his defense, the court is of the opinion that the said George Pomeroy is guilty of a breach of the said law; and it is, therefore, ordered that he be fined two thousand pounds of tobacco for the same. And it is further ordered that the said Pomeroy give good security for his good behavior, himself in one thousand pounds sterling, with two securities at five hundred pounds sterling, and pay costs, etc."

He was vigorously prosecuted by Walker Daniel, the Commonwealth's attorney, in person.

From this time on, no one had the temerity to question the right of Virginia to sell her lands, and make good and valid title thereto. The

office of deputy register, which had been authorized, was now filled, for the reception of plats and certificates of surveys, instead of sending them to the Virginia capital.

This year Judge Harry Innes was elected by the Legislature of Virginia one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the District of Kentucky, and on the 3d of November he entered on the duties of his office at the newly-built court-house, at Danville, in conjunction with Caleb Wallace and Samuel McDowell.



MAJOR BLAND BALLARD.

Squire Boone was now a member of the Virginia Legislature, and rather than leave his family in the exposed situation at his station, two miles north of Shelbyville, it was transferred to Colonel Lynch, and afterward known as Lynch's station. Captain Tyler and Bland Ballard, Sr., built a station on Tick creek, four miles east of Shelbyville, known afterward as Tyler's station. Owen's station was built near Shelbyville, by Bracket Owen, father of the gallant Colonel Abraham Owen, who fell in the battle of Tippecanoe. Whitaker's and Wells' stations were constructed about this time also, the former at the site of the farm of A. P. Carothers, and the latter nearly four miles north-west of Shelbyville, on the Shackelford place.

These settlements became important nuclei, about which gathered an enterprising and daring population. Among the foresters and Indian-fighters who became pre-eminent with Boone, Kenton, and others, was Bland Ballard, Jr., the son of the elder Ballard, who had recently settled at Tyler's station. He was born at Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1761, and died in Shelby county, in 1853, ninety-two years of age. The history of Kentucky is incomplete without a sketch of his life and character, as given in the biographical reminiscences of the day.

From Collins' sketch we learn that:[1] "He came to Kentucky in 1779, when eighteen years old; joined the militia; served in Colonel Bowman's expedition, May, 1779; in General Clark's expedition against the Piqua towns, July, 1780, where he was dangerously wounded in the hip, and suffered from it until his death; in General Clark's expedition, November, 1782, against the same towns; in 1786, was a spy for General Clark, in the Wabash expedition, rendered abortive by mutiny of the soldiers; in 1791, was a guide under Generals Scott and Wilkinson; and August 20, 1794, was with General Wayne at the battle of the 'Fallen Timbers.'

"When not engaged in regular campaign, he served as hunter and spy for General Clark, who was stationed at Louisville, and in this service he continued for two years and a half. During this time he had several ren-

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 710.

counters with the Indians. One of these occurred just below Louisville. He had been sent in his character of spy to explore the Ohio from the mouth of Salt river to the Falls, and from thence up to what is now the town of Westport. On his way down the river, when six or eight miles below the Falls, he heard, early one morning, a noise on the Indiana shore. He immediately concealed himself in the bushes, and when the fog had scattered sufficiently to permit him to see, he discovered a canoe filled with three Indians, approaching the Kentucky shore. When they had approached within range, he fired and killed one. The others jumped overboard, and endeavored to get their canoe into deep water, but before they succeeded, he killed a second, and finally the third. Upon reporting his morning's work to General Clark, a detachment was sent down, who found the three dead Indians and buried them. For this service General Clark gave him a *linen shirt*, and some other small presents. This shirt, however, was the only one he had for several years, except those made of leather; of this shirt the pioneer hero was, doubtless, justly proud.

"While on a scout to the Saline Licks, on one occasion, Ballard, with one companion, came suddenly upon a large body of Indians, just as they were in the act of encamping. They immediately charged, firing their guns and raising the yell. This induced the Indians, as they had anticipated, to disperse for the moment, until the strength of the assailing party could be ascertained. During this period of alarm, Ballard and his companion mounted two of the best horses they could find, and retreated for two days and nights, until they reached the Ohio, which they crossed upon a raft, making their horses swim. As they ascended the Kentucky bank, the Indians reached the opposite shore.

"At the time of the defeat on Long Run, he was living at Linn's station on Beargrass, and came up to assist some families in moving from Squire Boone's station, near the present town of Shelbyville. The people of this station had become alarmed on account of the numerous Indian signs in the country, and had determined to move to the stronger stations on the Beargrass. They proceeded safely until they arrived near Long Run, when they were attacked front and rear by the Indians, who fired their rifles and then rushed on them with their tomahawks. Some few of the men ran at the first fire; of the others, some succeeded in saving part of their families, or died with them after a brave resistance. The subject of this sketch, after assisting several of the women on horseback who had been thrown at the first onset, during which he had one or two single-handed combats with the Indians, and seeing the party about to be defeated, succeeded in getting outside of the Indian line, when he used his rifle with some effect, until he saw they were totally defeated. He then started for the station, pursued by the Indians, and on stopping at Floyd's Fork, in the bushes, on the bank, he saw an Indian on horseback pursuing the fugitives ride into the creek, and as he ascended the bank near to where Ballard stood, he

shot the Indian, caught the horse and made good his escape to the station. Many were killed, the number not recollected, some taken prisoners, and some escaped to the station. They afterwards learned from the prisoners taken on this occasion, that the Indians who attacked them were marching to attack Squire Boone's station, but learning from their spies that they were moving, the Indians turned from the head of Bullskin and marched in the direction of Long Run. The news of this defeat induced Colonel Floyd to raise a party of thirty-seven men, with the intention of chastising the Indians. Floyd commanded one division and Captain Holden the other, Ballard being with the latter. They proceeded with great caution, but did not discover the Indians until they received their fire, which killed or mortally wounded sixteen of their men. Notwithstanding the loss, the party under Floyd maintained their ground, and fought bravely until overpowered by three times their number, who appealed to the tomahawk. The retreat, however, was completed without much further loss. This occasion has been rendered memorable by the magnanimous gallantry of young Wells, afterward the Colonel Wells of Tippecanoe, who saved the life of Floyd.

"In 1788, the Indians attacked the little fort on Tick creek, a few miles east of Shelbyville, where his father resided. It happened that his father had removed a short distance out of the fort, for the purpose of being convenient to the sugar-camp. The first intimation they had of the Indians was early in the morning, when his brother Benjamin went out to get wood to make a fire. They shot him and then assailed the house. The inmates barred the door and prepared for defense. His father was the only man in the house, and no man in the fort, except the subject of this sketch and one old man. As soon as he heard the guns he repaired to within shooting distance of his father's house, but dared not venture nearer. Here he commenced using his rifle with good effect. In the meantime, the Indians broke open the house and killed his father, not before, however, he had killed one or two of their number. The Indians, also, killed one full sister, one half-sister, his step-mother, and tomahawked the youngest sister, a child, who recovered. When the Indians broke into the house, his step-mother endeavored to effect her escape by the back door, but an Indian pursued her and as he raised his tomahawk to strike her, the subject of this sketch fired at the Indian, not, however, in time to prevent the fatal blow, and they both fell and expired together. The Indians were supposed to number about fifteen, and before they completed their work of death, they sustained a loss of six or seven.

"During the period he was spy for General Clark, he was taken prisoner by five Indians on the other side of the Ohio, a few miles above Louisville, and conducted to an encampment twenty-five miles from the river. The Indians treated him comparatively well, for though they kept him with a guard they did not tie him. On the next day after his arrival at the

encampment, the Indians were engaged in horse-racing. In the evening, two very old warriors were to have a race, which attracted the attention of all the Indians, and his guard left him a few steps to see how the race would terminate. Near him stood a fine black horse, which the Indians had stolen recently from Beargrass, and, while the attention of the Indians was attracted in a different direction, Ballard mounted this horse and had a race indeed. They pursued him nearly to the river, but he escaped, though the horse died soon after he reached the station. This was the only instance, with the exception of that at the river Raisin, that he was a prisoner.

"In after life, Major Ballard repeatedly represented the people of Shelby county in the Legislature, and commanded a company in Colonel Allen's regiment, under General Harrison, in the campaign of 1812–13. He led the advance of the detachment, which fought the first battle of the river Raisin—was wounded slightly on that day, and severely by a spent ball on the 22d of January. This wound also continued to annoy his old age. On this disastrous occasion he was taken prisoner, and suffered severely by the march through snow and ice from Malden to Fort George.

"As an evidence of the difficulties which surrounded the early pioneer in this country, it may be proper to notice an occasion in which Major Ballard was disturbed by the Indians at the spot where he then resided. They stole his only horse at night. He heard them when they took the horse from the door to which he was tied. His energy and sagacity was such that he got in advance of the Indians before they reached the Ohio, waylaid them, three in number, shot the one riding his horse, and succeeded not only in escaping, but in catching the horse and riding back in safety.

"A ludicrous incident of the year happened: Three men left Harrod's station to search for horses which had strayed off. They pursued the trail through the rich peavine and cane for some miles. Frequently they saw signs of Indians in their vicinity; hence, moved with cautious steps. They continued the search until darkness and a cold rain drove them to take shelter in an old deserted log-cabin, thickly surrounded by cane and matted over with grapevines. They determined not to strike a fire, as the Indians knew the location of the cabin, and, like themselves, might seek its friendly shelter and dispute their right to possession. They concluded to ascend into the loft of the cabin, the floor of which was clap-boards, resting upon round poles. In their novel possession, they lay down quietly, side by side, each man holding his trusty rifle in his arms. They had not been in this perilous position long when six well-armed Indians entered the cabin, placed their guns and other implements of war and hunting in a corner, struck a light, and began to make the usual demonstrations of joy on such occasions. One of our heroes, determining to know the number of the Indians—he was the middle man of the three, and lying on his back—as hilarity and mirth grew noisier, attempted to turn over and get a peep at things below. His com-

rades held him to keep him from turning over. In the struggle, one of the poles broke, and, with a tremendous crash, the clap-boards and the men fell into the midst of the affrighted Indians, who, with a yell of terror, fled from the house, leaving their guns, and never returned. The scarcely less terrified whites remained in quiet possession of the cabin, and in the morning returned to the station with their trophies. Whenever the three heroes met in after life, they laughed immoderately over their strange deliverance, and what they called the 'battle of the boards.'"

[1]Willis Green wrote to Governor Harrison, August 21, 1784: "About ten days ago Walker Daniel, Esq., attorney-general, was unfortunately murdered by the Indians as he was passing from Louisville to the salt works," and then enlarges upon the great loss to the country by the sad event, and urges the appointment of a successor as soon as possible.

A most untimely and lamented death of a veteran pioneer cast a shadow of grief over many hearts. On the 12th of April, Colonel John Floyd and his brother Charles, unsuspicious of danger from Indians, were riding together some miles from Floyd's station, when they were fired upon by a straggling band, and the former mortally wounded. He was dressed in his wedding-coat of scarlet, and made a conspicuous mark. His brother, abandoning his own horse, which was badly wounded, sprang up behind the saddle, and, putting his arms around the wounded colonel, took the reins and bore him off to his home, where he died in a few hours. Colonel Floyd had a favorite horse, which he usually rode, and which had the remarkable instinct of scenting or discovering the proximity of Indians, and always gave to his rider the sign of their presence. He remarked to his brother, "Charles, if I had been riding Pompey to-day, this would not have happened." The loss of no citizen could have been more sorely felt.[2]

History has chronicled but comparatively few of the fatal and destructive casualties which make up the long death-roll of the martyrs to savage cruelty and atrocity in Kentucky from 1775 to the close of 1782. It would but burden its pages with harrowing recitals, if all such incidents had been recorded for the pen of description. We recount the few to illustrate the character and life of an epoch of thrilling interest, and bury the great majority in that oblivion which obscures to memory even the names and heroic deeds and sufferings of these comrades who have passed to their reward. As a vivid picture of the destructive mortality in the frequent and deadly life-for-life encounters with the relentless savage foe, Captain Nathaniel Hart, of Woodford county, wrote, as late as 1840: "I went with my mother in January, 1783, to Logan's station, to prove my father's will. He was slain in July previous. Twenty armed men were of the party. *Twenty-three widows* were in attendance upon the court to obtain letters of administration on the estates of their husbands, who had been killed during the past year." This makes no mention of the larger number killed who had no widows or

1 Virginia Calendar. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 239.

no estates to be administered on. In 1781 alone, over one hundred men, women, and children were slain within half a day's ride of Louisville.

The following account of a fight between a wild-cat and a school-master pictures the dangers from other than Indians: [1] "In 1783, Lexington was only a cluster of cabins, one of which, near the spot where the court-house now stands, was used as a school-house. One morning in May, McKinney, the teacher, was sitting alone at his desk, busily engaged in writing, when, hearing a slight noise at the door, he turned his head, and beheld an enormous cat, with her fore-foot upon the step of the door, her tail curled over her back, her bristles erect, and her eyes glancing rapidly through the room, as if in search of prey.

"McKinney's position at first completely concealed him, but a slight and involuntary motion of his chair, at the sight of this shaggy inhabitant of the forest, attracted puss' attention, and their eyes met. Seeing his danger, McKinney hastily arose and attempted to snatch a cylindrical rule from a table which stood within reach, but the cat was too quick for him.

"Darting upon him with the proverbial activity of her tribe, she fastened upon his side with her teeth, and began to rend and tear with her claws like fury. McKinney's clothes were in an instant torn from his side, and his flesh dreadfully mangled by the enraged animal, whose strength and ferocity filled him with astonishment. He in vain attempted to disengage her from his side. Her long, sharp teeth were fastened between his ribs, and his efforts served but to enrage her the more. Seeing his blood flow very copiously from the numerous wounds in his side, he became seriously alarmed, and, not knowing what else to do, he threw himself upon the edge of the table, and pressed her against the sharp corner with the whole weight of his body.

"The cat now began to utter the most angry and discordant cries, and McKinney at the same time lifting up his voice in concert, the two together sent forth notes so doleful as to alarm the whole town. Women, who are always the first in hearing or spreading news, were now the first to come to McKinney's assistance. The boldest of them rushed in, and, seeing McKinney bending over the corner of the table and writhing his body as if in great pain, she at first supposed that he was laboring under a severe fit of the colic; but quickly perceiving the cat, which was now in the agonies of death, she screamed out, 'Why, good heaven! Mr. McKinney, what is the matter?'

"'I have caught a cat, madam,' replied he, gravely turning around, the sweat streaming from his face, under the mingled operation of fright and fatigue and agony. Most of the neighbors had now arrived, and attempted to disengage the dead cat from her antagonist, but so firmly were her tusks locked between his ribs that this was a work of no small difficulty. Scarcely had it been effected when McKinney became very sick, and was compelled

1 McClung, p. 169.

to go to bed. In a few days, however, he had entirely recovered, and so late as 1820 was alive and a resident of Bourbon county, Kentucky, where he has often been heard to affirm that he, at any time, had rather fight two Indians than one wild-cat."

Though the preliminary articles for peace were signed in November, 1782, the definitive treaty was not signed until September, 1783. These final stipulations were not ratified by the governments until May, 1784, thus holding in suspense the anxious public for eighteen months. The British forts south of the lakes were to be surrendered to the authority of the United States by the terms of the treaty, which was a consummation earnestly wished for, as a means of restraint against further Indian hostilities from that quarter. [1] Unhappily, mutual complaints of infractions of the treaty stipulations postponed the execution of this provision. There was much irritable crimination on both sides.

The Legislature of Virginia suspended the collection of debts within her jurisdiction by British subjects, while the English stubbornly refused to give up the forts. The Indians, seeing these frontier fortifications, the evidences of power reserved, in the hands of their old allies, concluded that they could rely on their protection against the Americans.

This was but too readily given by the agents and subjects of Britain, especially by those interested in a monopoly of the fur trade. It is but the part of candor to admit that the Kentuckians gave cause of provocation to the red men. There were many citizens who cherished the bitterest revenges for horrible wrongs done them, as may be found among frontiersmen always who have been subjected to savage warfare. Then there were lawless and desperate characters among the whites, the refuse of disbanded armies, who were ever ready for deeds of violence and spoliation against the Indians, for which they well knew no punishment would be inflicted in the prejudiced state of public sentiment. These irritating and inciting causes were only too sure to find a vent in renewed acts of mutual outrage and bloodshed. Amicable relations gradually ceased, confidence was lost, friendly intercourse abated, and retaliation became the common appeal. The renewal of hostilities was soon lighted up along the borders, and the tragedies of old were in store for the future.

Until this year, 1784, that portion of Kentucky north of Licking, which attracted much attention from the earliest visitors, and of which Mason county was the central part, had been mainly abandoned, on account of the dangers from its contiguity to the tribes on the Scioto and Miami rivers. This was the section which first enraptured Simon Kenton and a number of comrades. The scarred veteran, yet in the flush and prime of stalwart youth, availed of the first opportunity of relaxation and safety, after nine years of forced abandonment, to return and repossess himself of his old *improvements* at Washington, at the head of Lawrence creek, made in

1 Marshall, Vol. I., pp. 168–188.

1775.[1] He commanded a company of scouts, and piloted Clark's army in 1782, in the expedition against Chillicothe; and on the disbandment of the troops at the mouth of Licking, he returned to Harrodstown and gave attention to the settlements of some lands on Salt river until the fall of 1783. He determined to visit again his aged father and kindred, and, after thirteen years' absence, to behold once more the scenes and companions of his boyhood days. The meetings were joyful, for they had long mourned him as dead. All seemed like a bewildering dream to him, as he contrasted the orderly quiet of the peaceful community with his boisterous and eventful manhood, storm-beaten through the fierce foray of battle, the grim gauntlet, the remorseless stake, and the wild war-whoop, so familiar to his mind. He was kindly received by Veach and his wife, his old rival and sweetheart, and both the old feud and the old flame were forgotten in the friendly greetings.

Kenton gathered up his venerable father and family, whom he had persuaded to return with him to find a new home in his Kentucky paradise, and started westward. At Redstone fort, his father sickened and died, and on the winding banks of the Monongahela he laid to rest his venerated remains, where no marble or inscription now marks the repose of the dust of the ancestor of the great pioneer.

In the midst of dangers from Indian incursions, he built some blockhouses late in the fall of 1784, at the old Washington site, which became the nucleus for quite a settlement of families in that vicinity by the spring of 1785. In 1786, he sold to Fox & Wood, for a mere nominal sum, one thousand acres, on which they laid out the town of Washington. *Old Ned Waller* had settled on the site of Maysville the year previous, and these became the rival towns of importance in that part of Kentucky, Maysville being known for years after as *Limestone*.

[2]As early as 1781, Virginia, actuated by that sentiment of magnanimity and patriotism that ever distinguished her, had offered to the acceptance of Congress, for the common good of the confederated Union, all the northwest territory comprehended within her royal charter. This she had gallantly won by the prowess of her sons, under the lead of the heroic Clark, from the Ohio to the Canada line, and westward to the Mississippi. She secured all the rights of certain individuals acquired, the payment of the expenses of conquest, and the erection of new republican States. The terms were this year acceded to, and a formal deed of transfer was made and executed by her representation in 1784. As Marshall eloquently says: "Thus, while emperors, kings, and potentates of the earth fight, devastate, and conquer for territory and dominion, the great State of Virginia peacefully and unconstrained made a gratuitous donation to the common stock of the Union of a country over which she had proposed to erect ten new States, as future members of the confederation. And to her honor be

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 450. 2 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 160.

it remembered, that the favorable change which took place in the state of public affairs, from a doubtful contest to acknowledged independence, tainted not the purity of her motive, shook not the firmness of her purpose, nor varied the object of her policy. She conceded the right of dominion, while Kentucky remained her most remote frontier, and the Ohio, instead of the Mississippi, her north-western boundary. But she had magnified herself and secured her peace in the Union, on which she relied, as on her own arm, for its protection and durability."

The territory thus ceded by Virginia embraced the area of the following States:

	SQUARE MILES.
Ohio	39,964
Indiana	33,809
Illinois	55,414
Michigan	56,451
Wisconsin	53,924
Minnesota, east of the Mississippi	26,000
Total	265,562

Or 169,959,680 acres, from sales of which the United States has received over one hundred million dollars. She had only reserved Kentucky, of all her vast territorial possessions. Besides this princely domain thus donated, the United States owned scarce a fig-leaf of land.

The cruel injustice and ingratitude of severing West Virginia from the *Mother of Commonwealths and of Presidents and patriots*, during the anarchy and disorders of the late civil war, and on the return of peace, making no provision to indemnify her for so serious a spoliation, forms a dark chapter of the period, that will ever stain with dishonor the authors of the wrong. A large public debt was left to her charge, as she sat childless and widowed in her desolation, while this reduction of her territory and population fatally impaired her ability to pay, and plunged her into a wreck of insolvency. And yet for these misfortunes of her own, by the ungrateful wounds of enemies which her children are made to lament, she is reviled and taunted by the very authors of the wrong. Hon. James G. Blaine, in his work, "Twenty Years of Congress," very unsparingly condemns the measure. Says he: "To the old State of Virginia the blow was a heavy one. In the years following the war, it added seriously to her financial embarrassment, and in many ways obstructed her prosperity. The anatomy of Virginia was alone disturbed. Upon her alone fell the penalty for secession, which if due to one, was due to all. Texas and Florida retained their public lands at the close of the war. Why were not these and others despoiled? Mexico was helpless in our hands when conquered by this country; yet our high sense of justice would not permit the despoilment of our helpless neighbor. Fifteen millions were given her for the territory we wanted. We went even further than this in our magnanimity, and assumed to pay four millions more

of debts due by Mexico to our own citizens. Americans can but feel a deep personal interest in the good name and good fortune of a State so closely identified with the renown of the republic, with whose soil is mingled the dust of those to whom all States and all generations are debtors—the father of his country, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and chief projector of the national Constitution, the purest and the wisest of statesmen."

Some alarming symptoms of an invasion from the Southern tribes in the Tennessee valley led Colonel Benjamin Logan to call a meeting of citizens at Danville, where he communicated to the meeting the information he had received, that the Chickamaugas meditated an invasion of Kentucky. To this meeting so assembled, as well as to General Logan, the crisis seemed to demand the immediate undertaking of an expedition by the whites against these Southern Indians. But they were prevented from such a movement by insurmountable difficulties. No man, or set of men, within the district was vested with authority to call the militia into service. Ammunition sufficient for such a campaign was not to be found in the district. There was no authority to impress provision for the use of the militia serving on such an expedition.

In this state of anarchy within, and hostility without, a resolution was adopted, recommending that each militia company elect one representative at Danville, the temporary capital, on December 27, 1784. Of this meeting, Samuel McDowell was made president, and Thomas Todd, clerk. The isolated condition of the country made it very difficult to secure the remedy for the growing evils, and especially the protective means for defense, which were so pressingly and often felt. They could see no better solution of the difficulties than by the formal separation of the District of Kentucky from the present Commonwealth, and its erection into an independent member of the American confederacy.

By a unanimous vote, a resolution was passed, "that many inconveniences under which they labored might be remedied by the Legislature of Virginia, but that the great and substantial evils to which they were subjected were from causes beyond the power and control of the government, *namely*, from their remote and detached situation, and could never be remedied until the District had a government of its own." Yet, so great were the love and deference for Virginia, and respect for popular sentiment at home, that the representatives forbore to make application to the maternal Commonwealth. It earnestly recommended the measure to the people, and that they elect representatives to a convention, to be held in May, at the ensuing election for delegates to the Virginia Legislature the coming April. It was an experiment hitherto untried in American politics. No instance of this process of separation and moral swarming in mutual harmony and peace had yet been given, and the first precedent of a long line of future examples had to be set in the case of Kentucky. Not a newspaper

was issued as yet west of the mountains, and, as far as we are informed, no printing-press was in use. The circular address of this first convention was, therefore, copied and posted in manuscript. Twenty-five members were to be chosen, distributed to the three counties in proportion to population.

On May 23d, the newly-elected members assembled in the second convention, at Danville, and resolved: First—That a petition be presented to the Legislative Assembly, praying that this District be established into a State separate from Virginia; Second—That *another* convention of representatives be elected, to meet at Danville on the second Monday in August, to take further under consideration the state of the District; Third—That this convention recommend that the election of deputies for the proposed assembly be on the principles of equal representation, on the basis of population.

The significance of this last *resolve* will be better appreciated in the light of the fact that the House of Burgesses of Virginia—the Legislature—was distributed on the basis of territory more than on that of population. It must be remembered that political affairs, both of the Union and of the States, were yet in the chaos of transition from the old animus and forms of the monarchy to the new spirit and adjustments of the republic. In every experimental change of political autonomy since the declaration of independence, the spirit of personal liberty and equality was the instinctive breath of life within, showing how this modern people had learned to scorn the indignities of tyranny and to honor and exalt their own God-given manhood. The doctrine was that the fabrics of political science, the most complex as well as the simplest, must receive their character from that of their citizenship and tenantry, and not from the inanimate materials of property, of offices, and of institutions of which they are incidentally composed.

[1]It seemed like a strain of delicacy approaching timidity, that this convention referred to a third assemblage what its members could as well have done for the country. It was but wearying the patience and disappointing the reasonable expectations of the people.

Nelson county had in January, 1785, been constituted, by legislative act, out of all that part of Jefferson county south of Salt river. The members of the third convention were, therefore, divisioned—six to the county of Jefferson, six to the county of Nelson, ten to the county of Lincoln, and eight to the county of Fayette. [2]They met in August at the same place as before, and the delegates present were from—

Lincoln County—Samuel McDowell, George Muter, Christopher Irvin, William Kennedy, Benjamin Logan, Caleb Wallace, Harry Innes, John Edwards, and James Speed.

"*From Fayette*—James Wilkinson, James Garrard, Levi Todd, John Coburn, James Trotter, John Craig, and Robert Patterson.

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1 Marshall, Vol. I., pp. 207-215. 2 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 207.

"*From Jefferson*—Richard Terrell, George Wilson, Benjamin Sebastian, and Philip Barbour.

"*From Nelson*—Isaac Cox, Isaac Morrison, Andrew Hynes, Matthew Walton, James Morrison, and James Rogers.

"Of the foregoing members, they elected Samuel McDowell president; and having organized themselves as a convention, proceeded to business.

"The papers referred by the late convention being before them, were committed, and, after several days, reported on, as follows:

"'The convention, according to the order of the day, resolved itself into a committee of the whole on the state of the district, and after some time spent therein Mr. President resumed the chair, and Mr. Muter reported that the committee had had under consideration the matters to them committed, and having made several amendments, which he read in his place and afterward delivered to the clerk, they were again read and agreed to, as follows:

"'Your committee, having maturely considered the important matters to them referred, are of opinion that the situation of this district, upwards of five hundred miles from the seat of the present government, with the intervention of a mountainous desert of two hundred miles, passable only at particular seasons, and never without danger from hostile savages, precludes every idea of a connection on republican principles; and originates many grievances, among which we reckon the following:

"'*First*—It destroys every possibility of application to the supreme executive power, for support or protection in case of emergency; and thereby *subjects the district to continual hostilities and depredations of the savages;* relaxes the execution of the laws, delays justice, and tends to loosen and dissever the bonds of government.

"'*Second*—It suspends the operation of the benign influence of mercy, by subjecting condemned persons, who may be deemed worthy of pardon, to tedious, languishing, and destructive imprisonment.

"'*Third*—It renders difficult and precarious the exercise of the first and dearest right of freemen, adequate representation; as no person properly qualified can be expected, at the hazard of his life, to undergo the fatigue of long journeys, and to incur burdensome expenses, by devoting himself to the public service.

"'*Fourth*—It subjects us to penalties and inflictions which arise from ignorance of the laws; many of which have their operation, and expire before they reach the district.

"'*Fifth*—It renders a compliance with many of the duties required of sheriffs and clerks impracticable; and exposes those officers, under the present revenue law, to inevitable destruction.

"'*Sixth*—It subjects the inhabitants to expensive and ruinous suits in the high court of appeals, and places the unfortunate poor completely in the power of the opulent.

"'Other grievances result from partial and retrospective laws, which are contrary to the fundamental principles of free government, and subversive of the inherent rights of freemen—such as:

"'*First*—The laws for the establishment and support of the district court, which, at the same time that we are subject to a general tax for the support of the civil list, and the erection of the public buildings, oblige us to build our own court-house, jail, and other buildings, by a special poll-tax imposed upon the inhabitants of the district, and leaves several officers of the court without any certain provision.

"'*Second*—The law imposing a tax of five shillings per hundred acres on lands previously sold, and directing the payment thereof into the register's office at Richmond, before the patent shall issue; the same principles which sanctify this law would authorize the Legislature to impose five pounds per acre on lands previously sold by Government on stipulated conditions, and for which an equivalent had been paid; and is equally subversive of justice as any of the statutes of the British Parliament that impelled the good people to arms.

"'*Third*—General laws, partial and injurious in their operation. Such are the laws:

"'1. Concerning entries and surveys on the western waters;

"'2. Concerning the appointment of sheriffs;

"'3. For punishing certain offenses injurious to the tranquillity of this Commonwealth.

"'Which last law prohibits, while we experience all the calamities which flow from the predatory incursions of hostile savages, from attempting any offensive operation; a savage, unrestrained by any law, human or divine, despoils our property, murders our fellow-citizens, then makes his escape to the north-west side of the Ohio, is protected by this law. Now,

"'WHEREAS, All men are born equally free and independent, and have certain natural, inherent, and unalienable rights, among which are the enjoying and defending life and liberty, acquiring, possessing, and protecting property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety: Therefore,

"'*Resolved*, That it is the indispensable duty of this convention, as they regard the prosperity and happiness of their constituents, themselves, and posterity, to make application to the General Assembly at the ensuing session, for an act to separate this district from the present government forever, on terms honorable to both and injurious to neither, in order that it may enjoy all the advantages, privileges, and immunities of a free, sovereign, and independent republic.'

"And this report and resolution were unanimously concurred in by the members, whose names have been previously inserted.

"In order to transmit the views which this convention took, the impressions received, and the sentiments imbibed and cherished by it, in rela-

tion to the local and political condition of the country, its grievances and its means of redress, the address to the Legislature will be inserted at large:

"'*Gentlemen:* The subscribers, resident in the counties of Jefferson, Fayette, Lincoln, and Nelson, composing the district of Kentucky, being chosen at free elections held in these counties, respectively, by the freemen of the same, for the purpose of constituting a convention to take into consideration the general state of the district, and expressly to decide on the expediency of making application to your honorable body for an act of separation, deeply impressed with the importance of the measure, and breathing the purest filial affection, beg leave to address you on the momentous occasion.

"'The settlers of this distant region, taught by the arrangements of Providence, and encouraged by the conditions of that solemn compact for which they paid the price of blood, to look forward to a separation from the eastern parts of the Commonwealth, have viewed the subject leisurely at a distance, and examined it with caution on its near approach, irreconcilable as has been their situation to a connection with any community beyond the Appalachian mountains, other than the federal union; manifold as have been the grievances flowing therefrom, which have grown with their growth, and increased with their population, they have patiently waited the hour of redress, nor even ventured to raise their voices in their own cause until youth, quickening into manhood, hath given them vigor and stability.

"'To recite minutely the causes and reasoning which have directed, and will justify, this address would, we conceive, be a matter of impropriety at this juncture. It would be preposterous for us to enter upon the support of facts and consequences which we presume are incontestable; our sequestered situation from the seat of government, with the intervention of a mountainous desert of two hundred miles, always dangerous, and passable only at particular seasons, precludes every idea of a connection on republican principles. The patriots who formed our Constitution, sensible of the impracticability of connecting permanently in a free government the extensive limits of the Commonwealth, most wisely made provision for the act which we now solicit.

"'To that sacred record we appeal. 'Tis not the ill-directed or inconsiderate zeal of a few; 'tis not that impatience of power to which ambitious minds are prone, nor yet the baser consideration of personal interest, which influences the people of Kentucky; directed by superior motives, they are incapable of cherishing a wish unfounded in justice, and are now impelled by expanding evils and irremediable grievances, universally seen, felt, and acknowledged, to obey the irresistible dictates of self-preservation, and seek for happiness by means honorable to themselves, honorable to you, and injurious to neither.

"'We, therefore, with the consent, and by the authority, of our constituents, after the most solemn deliberation, being warned of every consequence

which can ensue for them, for ourselves, and for posterity unborn, do pray that an act may pass at the ensuing session of assembly, declaring and acknowledging the sovereignty and independence of this district.

"'Having no object in view but the acquisition of that security and happiness which may be attained by scrupulous adherence to private justice and public honor, we should most willingly at this time enter into the adjustment of the concessions which are to be the condition of our separation, did not our relative situation forbid such negotiation; the separation we request being suggested by necessity, and being consonant to every principle of reason and justice, we are persuaded will be cheerfully granted; and that we shall be as cheerfully received into the continental union on the recommendation of our parent State.

"'Our application may exhibit a new spectacle in the history and politics of mankind—a sovereign power solely intent to bless its people, agreeing to a dismemberment of its parts, in order to secure the happiness of the whole. And we fondly flatter ourselves from motives not purely local, it is to give birth to that catalogue of great events which, we persuade ourselves, are to diffuse throughout the world the inestimable blessings which mankind may derive from the American revolution.

"'We firmly rely that the undiminished luster of that spark which kindled the flame of liberty, and guided the United States of America to peace and independence, will direct the honorable body, to whom we appeal for redress of manifest grievances, to embrace the singular occasion reserved for them by Divine Providence, to originate a precedent which will liberalize the policy of nations, and lead to the emancipation of enslaved millions.

"'In this address we have discarded the complimentary style of adulation and insincerity. It becomes freemen, when speaking to freemen, to employ the plain, manly, and unadorned language of independence, supported by conscious rectitude.'

"In this address is recognized the florid writer and eloquent orator, General James Wilkinson. This gentleman had removed his family from Philadelphia to Lexington in the fall of the preceding year, and was now for the first time elected a member of this convention; although it is not questioned but that he was the primary cause of its being called, to consider the proceedings of the May convention, and was the author of the address to the people, which was sent out by that convention. If nature, education, and some knowledge of parliamentary proceedings, had given him a decided advantage over the other members of the convention, he did not want vanity to see it nor ambition to avail himself of circumstances so much in his favor, and so convertible to his purposes, at that time, it is supposed, perfectly laudable.

"Chief-Justice George Muter and the attorney-general of the district, Harry Innes, were deputed to present it to the Legislature, and to offer their personal solicitation, as well as to give any verbal explanation, which might

facilitate the passage of the much desired act—two worthy gentlemen for a mission of so much importance.

"Disposition being made of these matters, the convention had yet to address the people of the district, and that was done in the following terms:

"'*To the Inhabitants of the District of Kentucky*—Friends and countrymen: Your representatives in convention having completed the important business for which they were specially elected, feel it their duty before they adjourn to call your attention to the calamities with which our country appears to be threatened. *Blood has been spilled from the eastern to the western extremity of the district;* accounts have been given to the convention from post St. Vincennes, which indicate a disposition in the savages for general war; in the meantime, if we look nearer home, we shall find our borders infested, and constant depredations committed on our property. Whatever may be the remote designs of the savages, these are causes sufficient to arouse our attention, that we may be prepared not only to defend, but to punish those who, unprovoked, offend us. God and nature have given us the power, and we shall stand condemned in the eyes of Heaven and mankind if we do not employ it to redress our wrongs, and assert our rights.

"'The Indians are now reconnoitering our settlements, in order that they may hereafter direct their attacks with more certain effect, and we seem patiently to await the stroke of the tomahawk. Strange, indeed, it is that, although we can hardly pass a spot which does not remind us of the murder of a father or brother or friend, we should take no single step for our own preservation. Have we forgotten the surprise of Bryan's, or the shocking destruction of Kincheloe's station? Let us ask you—ask yourselves—what is there to prevent a repetition of such barbarous scenes? Five hundred Indians might be conducted, undiscovered, to our very thresholds, and the knife may be put to the throats of our sleeping wives and children. For shame! let us arouse from our lethargy; let us arm, associate, and embody; let us call upon our officers to do their duty, and determine to hold in detestation and abhorrence, and treat as enemies to the community, every person who shall withhold his countenance and support of such measures as may be recommended for our common defense. Let it be remembered that a stand must be made somewhere; not to support our present frontier would be the height of cruelty, as well as folly; for should it give away, those who now hug themselves in security will take the front of danger, and we shall in a short time be huddled together in stations, a situation in our present circumstances scarcely preferable to death. Let us remember that supineness and inaction may entice the enemy to general hostilities, while preparation and offensive movements will disconcert their plans, drive them from our borders, secure ourselves, and protect our property. Therefore,

"'*Resolved*, That the convention, in the name and behalf of the people, do call on the lieutenants, or commanding officers of the respective coun-

ties of this district, forthwith to carry into operation the law for regulating and disciplining the militia; and that the emergency does not admit of delay on the part of any one.

"'*Resolved*, That it be recommended to the officers to assemble in their respective counties, and concert such plans as they may deem expedient for the defense of our country, or for carrying expeditions against the hostile nations of Indians.'

"This address and these resolutions are from the same pen as the petition to the Legislature. It will hardly escape remark, that the prayer for separation is for an acknowledgment of *sovereignty* and *independence*, while the address to the people and the last resolution imply an assumption of both.

"Nor can it be ascertained that at the time any other scheme was formed, notwithstanding a subsequent period revealed an intrigue with Spain, which will be developed in the sequel.

"Copies of the address to the people were industriously multiplied by the pen, in the absence of printing facilities, and circulated among them. That to the Legislature, in due time and form, was presented."

The important issues, direct and remote, excited a profound interest among the people, and became topics of popular and general discussion.

[1] General James Wilkinson, of whom mention has been made as taking a leading part in the several conventions at Danville, made his first appearance at Lexington in February, 1784, as the head of a trading and mercantile company made up at Philadelphia. From this time forward, for years, he was among the most conspicuous and active figures in the political and commercial circles of Kentucky. The presence, manners, and address of the man were calculated to attract attention and excite interest. Nature had endowed him with a passport which insured his favorable reception wherever he was seen and heard—a passport expressed in a language which captivated the hearer, and in a courtesy of style which disarmed suspicion and won the confidence of those whose intimacy he sought, on a first impression. A person, not quite tall enough to be perfectly elegant, was compensated by its symmetry and strength. A countenance open, mild, and beaming with intelligence; a carriage firm, manly, and erect; manners bland, accommodating, and popular, enabled him to conciliate and win to his friendship many of the people of the day. Whether these graces of mind and person portrayed a character of sincerity and patriotic virtue, or not, is a question which the faithful pen of the historian has not settled, and which will be left for the reader himself to judge, in the subsequent pages.

In the year 1784, Colonel Robert Johnson, whose residence had hitherto been at Bryan's station, removed to the Great Crossing, on Elkhorn, in Scott county. This was yet a very exposed frontier, and subsequently much infested by Indians, but steadily supported with the fortune and fortitude of others in like peril.

[1] Marshall, Vol. I., p. 165.

This year Rev. Augustine Eastin, of Bourbon county, and family, of whom Mrs. Taylor, of Newport, was a member, were moving to Kentucky, in company with a large party of emigrants. They were overtaken by another party coming in also, whom Mr. Eastin urged to camp with them that night, as Indian signs had been seen near.[1] They declined, and camped further on, without even putting out pickets for the night. At midnight, they were attacked by Indians in force, and some twenty men, women, and children killed and scalped. A man, his wife, and two children became separated in the strife. The mother caught the youngest in her arms, and escaped to the woods, and finally reached Mr. Eastin's camp. The oldest child was slain, but the father escaped to the settlements. Two weeks after the arrival of Mr. Eastin's party at the settlements, the husband and wife were reunited, each supposing, up to that time, the other dead.

An instance of generosity on the part of an Indian shows that they were not all, and always, destitute of the noble sentiments of our human nature, and is worthy to be recorded. Toward the close of 1784, Andrew Rowan was descending the Ohio with a party, in a boat, some two or three hundred miles below Louisville.[2] The boat tied up on the Indiana bank, one day, when Rowan strolled to the woods with a gun on his shoulder, but no ammunition. When he returned, the boat was gone, his comrades having been alarmed by Indian signs. Rowan started toward Vincennes, the nearest post, one hundred miles distant, but lost his way and got bewildered in the woods. Hearing a gun fire, and approaching the sound, he was discovered by an Indian, who raised his gun to shoot. Rowan presented the butt of his gun, when the Indian, with French politeness, did the same with his gun. Taking pity on Rowan's helpless condition, he led him to his wigwam, and treated him with great hospitality for a time, and then took him to Vincennes. Wishing to reward such generosity, Mr. Rowan arranged with a merchant to pay him three hundred dollars; but the Indian refused to receive a dollar. He finally, to please Rowan, accepted a blanket; and wrapping it around him, with feeling, said, "When I wrap myself in it, I will think of you."

Among the notable traditions of these eventful days was an incident of which the distinguished Judge Rowan was a witness in his boyhood days:

"In the latter part of April, 1784, the father of the late Judge Rowan, with his family and five other families, set out from Louisville in two flat-bottomed boats for the Long Falls of Green river.[3] The intention was to descend the Ohio to the mouth of Green river, and ascend that river to the place of destination. The families were in one boat and their cattle in the other. When the boats had descended the Ohio about one hundred miles, and were near the middle of it, gliding along very securely, as it was thought, about ten o'clock in the night, a prodigious yelling of Indians was heard some two or three miles below, on the northern shore; and they

1 Collins, Vol. I., p. 115. 2 Collins, Vol. I., p. 153. 3 Dr. Drake's Oxford Address.

had floated but a short distance further down the river when a number of fires were seen on that shore. The yelling continued, and it was concluded they had captured a boat, which had passed these two about midday, and were massacreing the captives. The two boats were lashed together, and the best practicable arrangements were made for defending them. The men were distributed by Mr. Rowan to the best advantage in case of an attack; they were seven in number, including himself. The boats were *neared* to the Kentucky shore, with as little noise by the oars as possible; but avoided too close an approach to that shore, lest there might be Indians there also. The fires of the Indians were extended along the bank at intervals for half a mile or more, and as the boats reached a point about opposite the central fire, they were discovered and commanded to *come to*. All on board remained silent, for Mr. Rowan had given strict orders that no one should utter any sound but that of his rifle, and not even that until the Indians should come within powder-burning distance. They united in a most terrific yell, rushed to their canoes, and gave pursuit. The boats floated on in silence—not an oar was pulled. The Indians approached within less than a hundred yards, with a seeming determination to board. Just at this moment Mrs. Rowan arose from her seat, collected the axes, and placed one by the side of each man, where he stood with his gun, touching him on the knee with the handle of the ax, as she leaned it up by him against the side of the boat, to let him know it was there, and retired to her seat, retaining a hatchet for herself. The Indians continued hovering on the rear, and yelling, for nearly three miles, when, awed by the inference which they drew from the silence observed on board, they relinquished further pursuit. None but those who have a practical acquaintance with Indian warfare can form a just idea of the terror which their hideous yelling is calculated to inspire. Judge Rowan, who was then ten years old, states that he could never forget the sensations of that night, or cease to admire the fortitude and composure displayed by his mother on that trying occasion. There were seven men and three boys in the boats, with nine guns in all. Mrs. Rowan, in speaking of the incident afterward, in her calm way, said: 'We made a *providential escape*, for which we ought to feel grateful.'"

[1]About this time, some Southern Indians from *Chickamauga* town stole some horses in Lincoln county, and were pursued through Tennessee to the neighborhood of their village by three young men—Davis, Caffree, and McClure. There they fell in with three Indians, and in the desperate man-to-man fight that followed, Davis and Caffree and two of the Indians were killed. McClure, alone in the enemy's country and surrounded by dead bodies, set out toward Kentucky. In half an hour's travel, he met an Indian advancing on a horse with a bell on, and accompanied by an Indian boy on foot. McClure advanced with a friendly air of confidence and extended his hand, which greeting the Indian seemed as frankly to reciprocate.

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 473.

Dismounting, he sat down on a log, lighted his pipe, took a few puffs, and handed it to the white. Pretty soon another bell was heard, and another party of Indians appeared. The first Indian now coolly informed McClure that as soon as his comrades arrived he would be bound, with his feet tied under the horse, and carried off a prisoner. To make the matter more lucid than his Indian-English words could convey, and to spice his taunts with a little grim humor of sarcasm, he got astride the log, and, locking his legs under it, mimicked the actions of a prisoner in such a predicament. McClure, brave and desperate as a baffled lion, determined to acknowledge the playful candor of his sudden acquaintance, as quick as thought raised his rifle, drove a bullet through his brain, and dashed off into the woods, while the boy sprang on the belled horse and scampered off in the opposite direction.

McClure had not gone over a mile or two before he was beset by half a dozen little dogs, which the Indians had put upon his trail. They were exceedingly tenacious and worrying, frequently running between his legs and throwing him down. After repeated falls, his eyes blinded with dust, and exhausted with the worry, he finally fell, and lay with his face to the ground, expecting each moment to be tomahawked. To his agreeable surprise, no Indians appeared; and the dogs, after tugging at him until they had torn his clothes nearly all off, turned away and left him. He resumed his journey, and reached Kentucky in safety. So ragged, tattered, and begrimed was his person and the remnants of his garments, that an old lady member of the family, who first spied him some distance from the cabin, ran toward the house in alarm. He ran after her, and, to reassure her, began to whistle a familiar reel he was accustomed to play on the violin. She caught the numbers of the air, and, turning, recognized him, and cried out, "Lord, Rab, is that you?" "Yes, Aunt Jenny, all that's left of me," was the answer; when soon the open arms of all received him home.

[1]Captain James Ward, afterward a citizen of Mason county, with his nephew and five others, was descending the Ohio in an old boat, encumbered with some baggage and seven horses, with no bulwark other than a pine plank above each gunnel. As the boat drifted near the Ohio shore, suddenly a large body of Indians appeared on the bank and opened a heavy fire. The nephew started and seized his rifle at sight of the enemy, but was shot dead before he could fire. The horses were all killed or fatally wounded. By the coolness and skillful management of Captain Ward, the boat was oared toward the opposite shore, and the defense made as efficient as possible. In the midst of the scene of terror and blood, a most ludicrous part was played by a fat Dutchman, whose weight was about three hundred pounds. He found it impossible to hide all his ponderous bulk behind the narrow plank above the gunnels; and, try as he would, there was always some part of his person in sight for the Indians to fire at, and bullets

1 McClung, p. 185.

whizzed close by continually. He changed his position several times; but, shift as he would, the balls came only faster. Throwing himself at last on his face, the vastness of his posterial luxuriance remained an elevated object of attraction to the marksmanship of the savages. In a frenzy of despair, he raised his head and turned his eye toward his tormentors, and exclaimed, "Oh, now, quit tat tam nonsense tere, vill you?" The boat and crew escaped without further loss, the Indians having no canoes to follow.

In March of 1785, a body of Indians surrounded the house of Mr. Elliott, situated at the mouth of Kentucky river, Carroll county, and furiously assaulted it. Most of the family escaped, but Elliott was killed and the house burnt. A year or two after, Captain Ellison built a block-house near the same spot, and was successively driven from the post for two summers after, by superior Indian forces. Though General Charles Scott built another block-house and picketing here in 1789, it was still much troubled by Indian marauders. In 1792, the town of Port William, now Carrollton, was laid out.

[1] "In 1785, the camp of an emigrant by the name of McClure was assaulted in the night by Indians, near the head of Skaggs' creek, in Lincoln county, and six whites killed and scalped.

"Mrs. McClure ran into the woods with her four children, and could have made her escape with three, if she had abandoned the fourth; this, an infant in her arms, cried aloud, and thereby gave the savages notice where they were. She heard them coming. The night, the grass, and the bushes offered her concealment without the infant, but she was a mother, and determined to die with it. The like feeling prevented her from telling her three eldest to fly and hide. She *feared* they would be lost if they left her side; she *hoped* they would not be killed if they remained. In the meantime, the Indians arrived and extinguished both fears and hopes in the blood of three of the children. The youngest and the mother they made captives. She was taken back to the camp, where there was plenty of provisions, and compelled to cook for her captors. In the morning, they compelled her to mount an unbroken horse and accompany them on their return home.

"Intelligence of this catastrophe was conveyed to Whitley's station, but he was not at home. A messenger, however, was dispatched after him by Mrs. Whitley, who at the same time sent others to warn and collect his company. On his return, he found twenty-one men collected to receive his orders. With these, he directed his course to the war-path, intending to intercept the Indians returning home. Fortunately, they had stopped to divide their plunder, and Whitley succeeded in gaining the path in advance of them. He immediately saw that they had not passed, and prepared for their arrival. His men, being concealed in a favorable position, had not waited long before the enemy appeared, dressed in their spoils. As they

1 Collins, Vol. II., 760

approached, they were met by a deadly fire from the concealed whites, which killed two, wounded two others, and dispersed the rest. Mrs. McClure, her child, and a negro woman were rescued, and the six scalps taken by the Indians at the camp recovered."

Ten days after this event, a Mr. Moore and his party, also emigrants, were defeated two or three miles from Raccoon creek, on the same road. In this attack, the Indians killed nine persons and scattered the rest. Upon the receipt of the news, Captain Whitley raised thirty men, and, under a similar impression as before, that they would return home, marched to intercept them. On the sixth day, in a cane-brake, he met the enemy, with whom he found himself face to face before he received any intimation of their proximity. He instantly ordered ten of his men to the right, as many to the left, and the others to dismount on the spot with him. The Indians, twenty in number, were mounted on good horses, and dressed in the plundered clothes. Being in the usual Indian file, and the rear pressing on the front, they were brought into full view; but in an apparent panic, they took to flight. In the pursuit, three Indians were killed, and twenty-eight horses and other property recaptured.

As Colonel Thomas Marshall, from Virginia, was descending the Ohio in a flat-boat, he was hailed from the northern shore by a man who announced himself as James Girty, and who said that his brother, Simon Girty, had placed him there to warn all boats of the danger of being attacked by Indians. He told them that efforts would be made to decoy them ashore by renegade white men, under various pretexts. He bade them steel their hearts against all such appeals, and to keep the middle of the river. He said that his brother Simon regretted the injuries he had done the whites, and would gladly repair them as much as possible, to be re-admitted to their society, having become estranged from the Indians.[1]

This repentance of Girty, if sincere, availed him nothing, and he remained with his red friends until he was cut down and trodden under foot by Colonel Richard M. Johnson's mounted Kentuckians at the battle of the Thames, in 1814. However mitigating the indignities and slights which formed the pretexts for abandoning his own people and adopting life with the savages, the acts of remorseless cruelty and the injuries he had inflicted stigmatized him as an unpardonable outlaw against his race. His acquiescence and exultation at the slow torture and burning at the stake, of his old neighbor and acquaintance from Pennsylvania, Colonel Crawford, and other bloody crimes against humanity known of him, would have made it worth his life to come again among his kind. There is a traditional account that his resentment and treason had their beginning in the camp of General Lewis, on the day before the bloody battle of Point Pleasant, at the mouth of Kanawha. Girty and an associate had been acting as scouts and spies for the Virginia army for some weeks or months, for which they had been

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 567.

paid nothing. They called at General Lewis' quarters and urgently sought a compensation. On some words of provocation, the general violently assaulted them with a cane. As they retreated through the door, Girty, with bruised and bleeding face, turned to General Lewis, with either hand resting on a door post, and fiercely said to him: "*D—n you, sir, your quarters shall swim in blood for this!*" and instantly placed himself beyond pursuit. On the next day, as the colonel was preparing to cross the Ohio and unite his forces with the main body under Governor Dunmore, his wing of the army was suddenly attacked by fifteen hundred warriors under the noted chief Cornstalk, and the heaviest and bloodiest battle on Virginia soil was fought. Girty had deserted to the Indian army, and piloted it to the best advantage for a surprise attack on the Virginians. Only the veteran bravery and skill of the latter saved them from bloody disaster. But the glamour of romance is spoiled by the better authenticated facts of history, that Girty, Elliott, and McKee did not desert their kind and color until 1778. In that year they left Pittsburgh together and joined the Indians. Whether a breach between General Lewis and himself had anything to do with his unnatural alienation, we can not learn from the data. The only redeeming trait in Girty's career was his rescue of Simon Kenton and kindly care of him afterward. He and Kenton had been comrades in years gone by, and the old feelings of friendly sympathy overcame the indulged ferocity of his nature.

CHAPTER XIX.

(1786–90.)

Madison county organized.

Population of Kentucky thirty thousand.

Virginia passes the act for separation.

Conditions that Congress admits Kentucky to the Union.

Intrigues of France and Spain to induce separation.

Incited by Spain, Southern tribes more hostile.

Fifteen hundred settlers murdered by Indians in Kentucky in seven years.

Clark's treaties broken.

United States Constitution adopted.

Virginia the tenth State to ratify.

Federal inabilities.

Old confederacy dissolved.

First administration.

Indians raid the Beargrass settlements.

Colonel Christian pursues them, and is killed.

His character.

Higgins attacked.

John Logan follows Indians south.

Massacre of McKnitt's immigrants.

Hardin's fight at Saline.

Congress gives no relief against Indian raids.

Clark authorized, marches against the Wabash towns.

Poor results.

Demoralized army returns without meeting the enemy.

Clark's intemperance disqualifies him.

Fourth convention for separation.

No quorum.

Virginia Legislature passes a second act of consent.

Surprise and confusion at postponement.

British still retain the forts, and incite the Indians.

Jealousy of States' rights.

Federal Union yet in doubt.

Grandeur of the experiment of free government.

Kentucky delegates to the Virginia Assembly vote eleven to three against the Federal Constitution.

The spirit of open secession rife.

General Wilkinson leads the party.

Minister Jay suspected by Western men.

Letter of Pittsburgh committee.

Of Kentucky committee.

Selfishness of North-east States.

The facts.

Jay's treaty, surrendering the navigation of the Mississippi, fails in Congress.

The *Kentucky Gazette*, the first newspaper published west of the mountains, appears.

Convention at Danville.

Its proceedings.

General Wilkinson opens trade with the Spanish authorities at New Orleans.

The commandant, General Miro, grants him exclusive privileges of the sale of tobacco, of deposit in the Government stores, and of the navigation of the lower Mississippi.

The Federalist party charges Wilkinson with becoming a Spanish subject, and with treasonable designs.

Congress grants Kentucky a member.

John Brown elected.

Sixth convention for separation meets at Danville, Kentucky.

So tantalized with delays, that disunion is proposed.

Only veneration for Virginia restrains.

Congressman Brown reports strong opposition from New England to the admission of Kentucky.

Don Gardoqui, the Spanish minister, urges Kentucky to secede and erect an independent government.

Offers the free navigation of the Mississippi, and exclusive trade through New Orleans with Mexico and all the American provinces of Spain.

Refuses this to the United States.

Two parties form in Kentucky.

The *Court Party* favor contingent secession.

The *Country Party* for union upon any terms.

Violent agitations.

Spanish intrigues and tempting offers.

Many leading men and the majority of the people of the Court party irritated by Federal neglect and delays.

General Government warned of the danger.

Propositions made through Congressman Brown.

Judge Muter's letter warning of treason.

Judge Innes declines to prosecute men who, in self-protection, kill raiding Indians.

Seventh convention, at Danville, discusses the mode of separation.

All finally agree to wait on State and Federal relief for a time longer.

General Wilkinson's address.

Address to Congress.

Kentucky disbarred from commerce with the Atlantic by distance and mountain barriers.

The navigation of the Mississippi vital to her future.

By delay, Virginia absorbing or selling the best lands in Kentucky.

Wilkinson a Revolutionary soldier.

His life and history.

Of bold and enterprising spirit.

His party determined that the right of navigating the Western waters shall not be bartered away.

No party desired to make Kentucky a Spanish dependence.

Colonel Thomas Marshall's letter to President Washington.

Mrs. Skegg's house attacked by Indians.

Bloody results.

Merrill shot in his door.

Mrs. Merrill barricades, and kills or wounds seven Indians.

Drennon's Lick station captured.

Attack on a boat on Salt river.

Desperate and bloody fighting under Cripps and Crist.

Harassing warfare on Ohio river boats.

Lancaster's hardships.

Dr. Connolly sent from Canada by British authority to Lexington, to sound the sentiment for secession.

Escapes lynching as a spy.

Cincinnati first platted.

Mason and Woodford counties created.

[1] On the 26th of August, 1786, the county of Madison was organized at the house of Captain George Adams, about two miles north of Richmond, Kentucky. Its first justices were George Adams, John Snoddy, Christopher Irvine, David Gass, James Barnett, John Boyle, James Thomson, Archie Wood, Nicholas, George, and Joseph Kennedy. These officials were all commissioned by Patrick Henry, then, for the second time, governor of Virginia. Colonel James Barnett was placed in command of the militia of the county.

The population of Kentucky had increased at this date to about thirty thousand, and a feeling of confidence in their ability for self-defense and self-government was well nigh universal. The memorial of the Danville convention had been received by the parent Commonwealth in that spirit of indulgence and magnanimity which characterized the temper of its people

[1] Manuscript notes of William Chenault's History of Madison County.

in its political relations of that day. In January, 1786, the Virginia Assembly passed the act in favor of the proposed separation.[1] The arrival of the act did not tend to allay the discussions among the people of the important step about to be taken. The provisions for prudent delays in the successive procedures were at variance with the ardor and impatience observable in the convention which applied for separation, and among the people, who had seen no reasons for delay. It was satisfactory, however, that the act of severance was placed on the will of the free citizenship, holding still to the parent precedent of equal representation by counties. The act constituted a main feature in the birth of the new Commonwealth, and we transcribe it, with small abridgment, for the more intelligible view of the reader:

"The preamble referred to the express desire of the good people of the District of Kentucky that the same should be erected into a separate State, and be formed into an independent member of the American Union; and the General Assembly, judging that such a partition of the Commonwealth was rendered expedient by the remoteness of the more fertile, which must be the most populous, part of the said district, and by the interjacent natural impediments to a convenient and regular communication therewith; wherefore,

"'*Be it enacted, etc.*, That on the respective court days in August next ensuing, the *free male inhabitants* of the district should elect representatives, to continue in appointment for one year, with the powers and for the purposes to be mentioned in the act—for Jefferson, five; for Nelson, five; for Fayette, five; for Bourbon, five; for Lincoln, five; for Madison, five, and for Mercer, five, representatives; to meet in Danville on the fourth Monday of September following, to determine whether it be *expedient* that it should be erected into an independent State, on the terms and conditions following:

"'First—That the boundary between the proposed State and the State of Virginia shall remain the same as at present separates the district from the residue of the Commonwealth.

"'Second—That the proposed State shall take upon itself a just proportion of the public debt of this State.

"'Third—That all private rights and interests in lands within the said district derived from the laws of Virginia, prior to such separation, shall remain valid and secure under the laws of the proposed State, and shall be determined by the laws now existing in this State.

"'Fourth—That the use and navigation of the river Ohio, so far as the territory of the proposed State, or the territory which shall remain within the limits of this Commonwealth, lies thereon, shall be free and common to the citizens of the United States.'

"And if the convention should approve of the erection of the district into an independent State on the foregoing terms, they were to fix a day

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 222.

posterior to the 1st of September, 1787; on which the authority of Virginia, and of her laws under the exceptions aforesaid, were to cease and determine forever. *Provided*, however, that prior to the 1st day of June, 1787, the United States, in Congress, should assent to the erection of the said district into an independent State.

"The act was to be transmitted to the Virginia delegates in Congress, who were instructed to use their endeavors to obtain from Congress a speedy act for admitting the new State into the Union."

The elected delegates should meet in September following this action. If they approved the act of separation, not until after September, 1787, should the formal divorce have effect; and not then unless Congress should, prior to June 1st, give assent, and admit Kentucky as one of the States of the Federal Union. That the vested rights of Virginia and of private persons in Kentucky domain should be protected was natural enough; and it was but reasonable that the obligations and good faith toward the United States should be observed by an important part of Virginia, as by the whole; but it is more than a suspicion that the old mother Commonwealth was watching with jealous eye the oglings of those seductive and bland cavaliers, France and Spain, who were but too eager to pay new court to the prospective transmontane maiden *debutante*, with a coveted dowry; and who, in her coyness with several rival suitors, might yet be betrayed into a mesalliance.

The temptation came, and only the inflexible patriotism and love of the institutions of liberty rescued Kentucky from the unnatural embraces of her Gallic suitors, and saved her to the Federal Union. Prudish Virginia, therefore, made it a condition that before she could give final consent there must be a betrothal, and Congress must recognize and place in the galaxy the fourteenth star. The ordeal was nigh that would tax the submissive patience of the backwoodsmen, as the crucial past had tried their fortitude and daring.

In all these years since the signing of the treaty of peace, in 1783, the British Government had, on various pretexts, refused to deliver the posts on the North-west frontier, the tenacious holding of which gave more of impunity and opportunity to the Indians to renew their hostile raids upon the whites. Spain, having been thus far disappointed in controlling the relations of Kentucky in the treaty adjustments, removed her restraints from the Southern tribes, and these were, more than ever before, harassing the frontiersmen. [1]There were not lacking some irritating causes on the other side. From the date of the signing of the articles of peace, in 1783, until 1790, the record bears witness to the slaughter of fifteen hundred men, women, and children within the borders of Kentucky, besides taking two thousand horses and much property. Yet these suffering people were asked to be patriotic, law-abiding, and patient.

Generals Clark, Butler, and Parsons negotiated a treaty with the Indians

1 Virginia Calendar, Vol. III., p. 607.

at Fort McIntosh, at the mouth of Great Miami, on the 16th of October, 1785. In ten days after, the Indians raided the settlements near Limestone, did some killing, and stole sixty horses. In January following, General Clark negotiated another treaty with the old enemies, the Shawanees and Delawares, and the same year Indian murders and outrages increased over those of the past three years. Yet the Kentuckians must adorn themselves with the virtues of patience and patriotism, and endure these tortures of long waiting until order should come out of chaos.

The Constitution of the United States was not adopted in convention until the 17th of September, 1787; and not of effect until, as by its provision, it was ratified by nine States. Virginia was the tenth to ratify, which she did on the 26th of June, 1788, by a vote of eighty-eight to seventy-eight. Until the adoption of the Federal Constitution the general government was, of course, administered under the "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union" adopted by the Continental Congress, on the 15th of November, 1777. The transition of jurisdiction and administration from the improvised government of the revolutionary period to the successive one formed for an era of peace and stability was, from the force of circumstances, an occasion of indecision and doubt, if not of palpable chaos. New York delayed her constitutional covenant longer than Virginia, while North Carolina ratified at the end of two years, and Rhode Island three. It was within the elective power of any one, or all, of the States to have declined to enter the constitutional compact; yet, when it was adopted by nine States, the force and effect of such majority action was the dissolution of the union of the States as based on the Articles of Confederation, and the formation of the government unit on the terms of the new Federal Constitution.

When the nine States had ratified, therefore, the dissolution of the old union of the thirteen was the necessary sequence, and the four States withholding consent were adrift as dissociated Commonwealths, isolated and aimless of purpose, and too exposed and feeble for exclusive sovereignty. Fortunately for Kentucky, the interval of acquiescence on the part of Virginia was of duration too brief for any unhappy results.

George Washington was installed the first President; and the first Congress under the Constitution assembled on the 4th of March, 1789. The old government was disintegrating, and the disposition was to refer all important matters to the new. In the meantime, it was more comfortable and convenient for the Eastern States, now in rest and security from the horrors of war, to adjourn the plaints and appeals for attention from the transmontane people, who alone were left to be the victims of broken treaties and of savage atrocities growing out of these infractions.

In the midst of the distracting confusion of the day, it would be unjust to attribute designed wrong toward the people of Kentucky by any interested party to whom they looked for relief and redress. They had the

means of defense within themselves, but were waiting upon Federal or State authority to organize and use the same. The circumstances seem to form a coincidence of misfortune, rather than to point out any unusual fault on the part of the responsible jurisdictions. It was but the common phase of human nature. Had the people around the centers of any one of the States on the Atlantic slopes been subjected to the same sufferings and outrages that were visited on the devoted heads of the Kentuckians, they would have been quickly redressed by the General Government; but these were not expected to feel and to do for distant and unrepresented fellow-citizens as they would for themselves. The neglect and indifference shown, but repeat the almost unbroken examples of folks bearing with patience and composure the ills and misfortunes of neighbors, provided those neighbors will bear all the griefs and privations of the same.

[1] "In the month of April, the Indians, as they had done before, stole horses on Beargrass, with which they crossed the Ohio, thereby expecting to escape pursuit, according to former experience. But Colonel William Christian, having raised a party of men, crossed the river, determined that these robbers should no longer evade his pursuit by flying to their own forests, although north-west of the great stream. About twenty miles within the Indian territory, he came up with these freebooters, attacked and totally destroyed them, but fell in the conflict, with one of his men.

"In the death of Colonel Christian, Kentucky sustained a most sensible and important loss. He had migrated from Virginia the preceding year and settled on Beargrass, where he was distinguished for his intelligence, activity, and enterprise. He had been used to the Indians from an early period of his life, had distinguished himself as an officer, acquired much practical information, and possessed the manners and accomplishments of a man of cultivated mind. He was a Virginian by birth, and served, when a young man, as a captain in Colonel Byrd's regiment, which had been ordered, in the time of Braddock's war, to the south-western frontier of his native State. In this service he obtained the reputation of a brave, active, and skillful partisan. After peace, he married the sister of Patrick Henry, settled in the county of Bottetourt, and was made a colonel in the militia. His natural bias was strong toward military affairs. In 1774, Colonel Christian raised three hundred volunteers, with whom he joined the army of General Andrew Lewis, at the mouth of the great Kanawha, on the night after the battle, already noticed, at the Point, having performed an extraordinary march of near two hundred miles, to arrive in time for the expected battle, which he missed by half a day. With General Lewis, he crossed the Ohio, and was with Dunmore at the treaty which ensued.

"Colonel Christian had attained a high reputation for his acquirements and knowledge, both civil and military. In 1785, he removed his family to Kentucky, on his own land in Jefferson county. Being about forty-two

[1] Marshall, Vol. I., p. 223.

years of age, he felt all his former activity of disposition, all his former attention to the safety of his country, and participated in the active means of repelling the predatory parties of savages who infested his neighborhood.

"The ideas of separation and of independent government having been familiarized in Kentucky, although Colonel Christian had kept himself pretty much out of the debate, he was frequently spoken of by his acquaintances as the first governor of the new Commonwealth. The event of his death, as mentioned, terminated these anticipations, so agreeable to the public, and so honorable to him."

[1]Higgins' block house, a mile or so above Cynthiana, on Licking, was about this time attacked, and young McCombs and McFall mortally wounded before they could get under protection. The garrison was weak, and a messenger must be sent to Hinkson's or Harrison's for aid. All declined the hazard, until Mr. E. Williams, afterward a citizen of Covington, volunteered the attempt. The fort was on a precipitous cliff. He sprang down, trusting to the thicket of undergrowth to break his fall, and reached the ground with a brush of limb he had grasped and broken off in the descent. Recovering from the jar, he crossed Licking, and followed a cow-path on the opposite side. The body of the Indians lay ambushed in a field of growing corn breast high, while a few of their number exposed themselves to decoy the garrison from the fort. Williams, from his vantage ground on the other side of the river, shouted back, to assure his friends of his safety, and to let the savages know that re-enforcements would be on them. The Indians immediately scampered off, and, though Williams returned with friendly aid in an hour's time, they were beyond reach.

Captain John Logan, of Lincoln county, received advices of some killing and robbing done by a band of Southern Indians on Fishing creek. He promptly collected a body of neighbors, got upon the trail, and gave chase, following the enemy into Tennessee. Here he overtook and brought them to bay, killing a number and dispersing the remainder. He recaptured all the stolen property and a considerable amount of furs belonging to the Indians.

In October, 1786, a large number of families, known as McKnitt's Company, coming into Kentucky, were surprised near Laurel river, and over twenty killed, and the remainder dispersed or taken prisoners. It seemed a favorite method with these prowling murderers to lay in wait for and massacre parties of emigrants coming in, sparing neither sex nor age, as every scalp counted one, and the slaughter was with less danger and resistance from those unfamiliar with Indian warfare.

[2]Captain William Hardin, a noted Indian fighter and hunter, had settled in what is now Breckinridge county, and, learning that Indians were building a town at Saline, beyond the Wabash, in Illinois, and deeming this a dangerous proximity, collected a force of eighty bold foresters and led

1 Notes of E. E. Williams. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 97.

them against these savages. Coming upon the town or camp suddenly, they found but three Indians in possession, the main body having gone out on a hunt. These were shot down before they could escape. Supposing that the main body would return toward the close of the day from their hunt, Hardin selected a motte of timber situated in a prairie, where he ambushed his men, and gave orders not to fire until the Indians were in close range, and at a given signal. In due time, the Indians, seemingly about one hundred in number, came in view, and when yet at long range, one of the rangers inopportunely fired his rifle, and the battle opened. The savages charged boldly, and at the first volley Captain Hardin was shot by a ball through both thighs and physically disabled. Sorely wounded as he was, he coolly seated himself on a log, and, in resolute and inspiring words, rallied his men to battle, and delivered his orders of command to the close of the action, and with as much self-possession as if on dress parade. Animating his soldiers with his Spartan fortitude, they fought for victory and won it. The savages were put to flight, after losing one-third their number. Many times the fight was hand-to-hand, with tomahawk, or knife, or clubbed gun. The loss of the whites was severe.

Many other incidents of rencounters, of skirmishes, and of violent outrages might be gathered from the dim chronicles of the past, and many more are of faded tradition, with which it would serve no worthy purpose to burden this history. How many of those who were comparative strangers and without interested kindred and friends in the labyrinthine wilderness of Kentucky, how many of small and defenseless family groups of emigrants moving in through the forest range to find homes in the settlements, and how many of straggling hunters and soldiers were waylaid and massacred, of whom even tradition could take no notice, or could give but a conjectural doubt for a few years of time, are among the mysteries passed under the veil of oblivion, not to be revealed in time.

The impunity of savage outrages became intolerable. True, there were exceptional bad men among the whites, who depredated at times upon the Indians; but with the Indians, the vicious and murderous class was the general mass, while the peaceably disposed were the exceptional few. The causes for retaliatory measures were mainly, and almost wholly, of their own creation, and called for decisive punishment.

The governor of Virginia felt himself constrained to assume the responsibility of action, while Congress hesitated, or took no measure on the subject of the governor's reference to them, the defense of the frontiers. Some general instructions were issued by him to the commandants of counties, to prepare the means of defense. It was determined to raise an army, and to place General Clark at the head, and march against the Indians on the Wabash. Such was the excited state of feeling, that one thousand men were soon rallied and assembled at Louisville. The provision and ammunition were shipped in nine keel-boats, to be transported by water to St. Vincent's,

while the troops marched there by land. The doubts and delays of navigation made the arrival of the same uncertain.

The troops reached the destined point, and lay waiting nine days for the arrival of the boats, which were detained by low water in the Wabash. On inspection, it was found that one-half the provisions were spoiled. This proved very unfortunate. A spirit of discontent had already manifested itself in camp, and this condition of the army supplies but caused it to be shown more openly. The army was placed upon short allowance, and marched toward the Indian towns, which were the object of attack.[1]

A flag of truce was dispatched to the Indians, with the offer of peace or war. Such an offer is so inconsistent with the usages of Indian warfare, in which surprise is so essential a feature, that it throws some discredit on the relation. Whatever may have been the fact, this measure upon the part of the general, in addition to the want of provisions, is represented to have converted previous restlessness into positive disaffection, fomented by some officers of rank, who were displeased with the general. This state of things eventuated in three hundred men deserting in a body, when but two days' march from the Indian villages. The evil spirit of discontent had got possession of the troops, and they obstinately returned home, without having seen an enemy or struck a blow. Still, there was a residue left greater than many a gallant band that had penetrated in earlier times into the very heart of the Indian country, spreading dismay and destruction before it. But something was wanting upon this expedition more essential than numbers, without which the largest numbers only increase the spoil of an enemy; it was a manly and patriotic subordination to orders, and an honorable confidence of the men in their officers, and of officers in their commander. Never had General Clark led so unfortunate a party. Hitherto, victory seemed to have hung with delight upon his banner. At the same time, mournful as the truth is, and reluctantly as the record is wrung from the author, General Clark was no longer the same man as the conqueror of Kaskaskia and the captor of Vincennes. The mind of Clark was wounded by the neglect of the government of Virginia to settle his accounts for his great expeditions, which had stretched the republic to the Mississippi. Private suits had been brought against him for public supplies, which ultimately swept away his private fortune; and with this injustice, the spirits of the hero fell, and the general never recovered those energies which had stamped him in the noblest mold of a hero. At the same time, the habit of intemperance contributed its mischievous effects. Several officers are accused of having fomented insubordination, which terminated the expedition so dishonorably.

A more fortunate issue attended the expedition of Colonel Logan, who had been detached by General Clark from his camp at Silver Creek, opposite to Louisville, to return to Kentucky, and raise, as expeditiously as possible, another party to go against the Shawanees, whose attention, it was

1 Butler, p. 152; Memoirs of Harrison, p. 82, note 2.

supposed, would be engaged by the Wabash expedition. Logan repaired home, and soon returned with a competent number of mounted riflemen. On this rapid expedition, several towns of the Shawanees were burned, some twenty warriors killed, and a number of women and children brought away prisoners. This, as usual, consoled the public mind in some degree for the misfortunes of General Clark.

Another incident of the times, romantic and tragic, of this expedition, illustrates how much of personal adventure made up the unwritten history of the day. Captain Christopher Irvine, of Madison county, joined Logan with a battalion of mounted riflemen, in this campaign. He was a man of fine intellect and high character, and of intrepid daring. In a skirmish, an Indian was wounded, who proved a brave and resolute fellow. He attempted to escape, and Captain Irvine, with a squad of men, followed, trailing him through the brush and grass by his blood. The foremost pursuer came in range, when the Indian shot him dead, and resumed his retreat. Another of Irvine's men in the pursuit getting in the advance, and coming in sight, was also fired upon by the wounded savage, and killed. At this, Captain Irvine became much excited, and determined to lead the pursuit, against the remonstrance of friends. The delay gave the Indian a chance to get some distance off, but the pursuers soon gained on him. Captain Irvine, in the lead of his men, imprudently ventured in range, when the Indian fired and gave him a mortal wound. One of his men rushed up to the place of concealment, found the Indian again loading his gun, and at once dispatched him. Irvine's death was much lamented.

[1] "A single incident attending this expedition deserves to be commemorated. Upon approaching a large village of the Shawanees, from which, as usual, most of the inhabitants had fled, an old chief named Moluntha came out to meet them, fantastically dressed in an old cocked hat set jauntily upon one side of his head, and a fine shawl thrown over his shoulders. He carried an enormous pipe in one hand, and a tobacco-pouch in the other, and strutted out with the air of an old French beau, to smoke the pipe of peace with his enemies, whom he found himself unable to meet in the field.

"Nothing could be more striking than the fearless confidence with which he walked through the foremost ranks of the Kentuckians, evidently highly pleased with his own appearance, and enjoying the admiration which he doubted not that his cocked hat and splendid shawl inspired. Many of the Kentuckians were highly amused at the mixture of dandyism and gallantry which the poor old man exhibited, and shook hands with him very cordially. Unfortunately, however, he at length approached Major McGary, whose temper, never particularly sweet, was as much inflamed by the sight of an Indian as that of a wild bull by the waving of a red flag. It happened, unfortunately too, that Moluntha had been one of the chiefs who commanded

[1] McClung, p. 127.

at the Blue Licks, a disaster which McGary had not yet forgotten. He could not recall it now, with the equanimity of his comrades.

"Instead of giving his hand as the others had done, McGary scowled upon the old man, and asked him if 'he recollected the Blue Licks?' Moluntha smiled, and merely repeated the word 'Blue Licks,' when McGary instantly drew his tomahawk and cleft him to the brain. The old man received the blow without flinching for a second, and fell dead at the feet of the destroyer. Great excitement instantly prevailed in the army. Some called it a ruthless murder, and others swore that he had done right—that an Indian was not to be regarded as a human being, but ought to be shot down as a wolf whenever and wherever he appeared. McGary himself raved like a madman at the reproach of his countrymen, and declared, with many bitter oaths, that he would not only kill every Indian whom he met, whether in peace or war, at church or market, but that he would equally as readily tomahawk the man who blamed him for the act."

The Government of the parent Commonwealth had given the Kentuckians power and authority to assume their own defense, and they were grateful. Congress did nothing, as yet.

According to the consenting act of the Virginia Legislature, delegates were elected in August, 1786, to the fourth convention, called by the act to sit at Danville, in September. So exhaustive were the drafts of Clark and Logan of men for their expeditions, at this time marching for the Indian towns beyond the Ohio, that a quorum of delegates-elect could not be had during the autumn, and adjournment from day to day was made until January, 1787. The requisite number then attended, and proceeded to the order of business. A resolution was adopted setting forth that *it was expedient for, and the will of the good people of, the district, that the same should become a State separate from, and independent of, Virginia, upon the terms of the act.*

In the meeting of the minority of the convention in September, they had prepared a memorial to the Legislature of Virginia, advising that body of the circumstances which prevented the meeting of the convention, and proposing an alteration of some of the terms of the act, which had given discontent to some of their constituents, and recommending an extension of the time to obtain the consent of Congress.

This action seems to have been ignored or overlooked on the final assemblage of the majority. The Legislature had taken action on the memorial, and passed a second act annulling the first:

[1] "At this important and eventful crisis, the second act, requiring another convention, was received by the president in a letter from a member of the Legislature.

"It is not easy to describe the discomfiture and chagrin attending this communication.

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 254.

"Such, however, was their sense of moral and legal obligation that they immediately desisted, and soon after returned peaceably, if not contentedly, home to contemplate consequences.

"Mr. Marshall, to whom the memorial of the committee had been transmitted, and who attended to it before the Legislature, by letter stated the reasons which influenced the General Assembly in passing the new law which in substance were:

"First—That the original law, requiring a decision on the subject of separation in time, if adopted, for Congress to determine on the admission of Kentucky into the Union before the 1st day of June, 1787, could not, in consequence of delay, be executed.

"Second—That the twelve months allowed to the convention for other purposes might, in the divided state of public opinion, involve difficulties, especially as there did not appear to be in the minority a disposition to submit to the will of the majority.

"Third—That the proceedings of the convention would be subject to objections in consequence of defects in the law.

"The preamble assigns as reasons for the act the failure of the convention to meet, and the impracticability of executing the law for want of time. It further expressed a continued disposition in the Legislature to assent to the proposed separation.

"It enacts that, on the August courts of the year 1787, the free male inhabitants of the district, in their respective counties, should elect five members for each county, to compose a convention, to be held at Danville on the third Monday in the ensuing September.

"The 4th of July, 1787, was fixed as the limit within which Congress was to express her assent to the admission of the proposed State into the confederation.

"The material change effected by the incidents now detailed was to postpone the separation for one year. By the act first passed, the separation could not take place before the 1st day of September, 1787; by the second act, it was not to take place prior to the 1st of January, 1789."

The hope of realization having thus been withered in the ill-wind of this startling intelligence, it would seem that the extreme of patient toleration had been reached. The autonomy of the nascent Commonwealth must be postponed two years; and, possibly, postponed again, for the Government of the Union was in the travail of transition from the old to the new, and it was natural that the expiring Continental Congress would prefer that the admission of Kentucky should follow rather than precede the ratification of the new Constitution, in view of the well-known discontent of her people. True, Congress had made repeated treaties with the Indians, until every tribe of hostiles were included in the several compacts. But the bonds of these stipulations were as ropes of sand, as far as restraint on the savages was concerned. They were only made to be broken often, and with insolence

and impunity, while the authorities of the United States did absolutely nothing to protect the whites or chastise the guilty savages.

The British still held the military posts in the North-west, excepting those captured by Clark, though the stipulation for their delivery to the Americans was made over five years before. The execution of this provision of the treaty was of more immediate importance to Kentucky than any other. The truth is that at this time, and for two or three years after the ratification of the Constitution of the United States, the General Government was looked upon as a feeble and doubtful experiment for any permanent or durable purpose. The instinct of common danger and of common defense had cemented the colonies into confederated being and action, as a war measure. Now, that the purposes of the confederation had been accomplished, and the cohesive force of necessity had ceased, there sprang up the gravest differences and discussions as to the relative degrees of sovereignty and power that should remain to the Union and to the States that composed it.

So jealous were the States of concessions of sovereignty to the Federal Government that it was seriously anticipated by very many that the experiment would be a failure. Monarchy and republicanism were before the tribunal of political inquisition, and the verdict of American statesmanship in favor of the latter was an arraignment of monarchy and kingcraft that challenged the virtues and utilities of the powerful governments of Europe. The fabric of the Federal Constitution was a bold and daring adventure, and the more so as it was a departure from the canonized political precedents of past history. The experiment was an untried and novel one, and seemed to have been born into an entity of life under an inspiration of statesmanship to its authors. On its success were suspended the issues and destinies of nations of peoples, of the rule of empires and continents, and of regenerated life to the future of mankind. It was the pivotal period of centuries, of change from the old political dispensation to the new.

In the hands of its human architects, the work seemed to the wisdom of this world to be empiric, feeble, and uncertain; but there was, above all, a Power diviner than that of man whose unseen and unreckoned skill had wrought out this problem of the age from the conspiring incidents of centuries, and whose edict had been registered that it should not now fail of its consummation.

The founders and promoters of the republic stood by the manger of Liberty, and nursed and watched, with the intense sympathies of paternity, the new-born infant, plaintive and pitiable in his swaddling-clothes; while the diviner Power disposed all, and directed that from this humble origin should come, for its regeneration, the light and hope of the political world. The friends were solicitous and hopeful, the indifferent were doubtful and suspicious, while the more powerful and numerous enemies to personal government were incredulous and invidious. In this crisis, how natural that the absorbing questions of life to the Federal Union should obscure the

questions of life to the State in its embryotic struggle. Kentucky could barely hope for the attention due her imperative needs, dependent on colleagues so remote.

But the people of the great West, both the whites and the reds, saw only weakness, indifference, and neglect at the Federal capital, in the retention of the forts by the British, the impunity with which border hostilities were carried on, and the timidity of action in measures of military defense against the Indians. Some of the State governments, even, were stronger in military resources and action than the general; while the construction and extent of the powers enumerated in the Federal Constitution were debated by the doubtful.

So resentful was the feeling in the West over these hurtful neglects and wrongs, that when the vote of Virginia was cast for or against the ratification of the new constitution, the delegates from Kentucky voted eleven against, to three for. Her people, unprepared to appreciate the difficulties of the situation, or to longer construe with patience and charity the delays of relief, when they had been so accustomed to vigorous and prompt action, had come to despise the inefficiency of the central Government; and especially were they chafed under that condition of the Virginia law that required them to apply for and gain the consent of Congress, before they could erect for themselves the desired autonomy.

At this most opportune hour the tempter came that tried the loyalty of Kentucky, tantalized as she had been by a labyrinth of assembly and legislative proceedings, the fair fruitage and promises of which had so often turned to ashes on her lips. In the inception of this natural ebullition of anger and impatience, General Wilkinson, of Fayette county, a gentleman of address and adroitness in politics, and well fitted for leadership, was elected a delegate to the Danville convention. Of a bold and independent spirit, he had already expressed himself as favorable to cutting this gordian knot of difficulty by an immediate separation of the Kentucky settlements from Virginia, and the formation of an independent government, with such a future destiny as circumstances might determine. Wilkinson had been an active soldier from Philadelphia in the Revolutionary war, was engaged in commercial enterprises of an extensive character, and had acquired an influence in the public affairs of Kentucky, perhaps as great as that of any other citizen. In the temper of the people of the district, it is not strange that there were associated with him many of the eminent and influential men of Kentucky, and that these had a numerous and formidable following.

Shortly after the convention adjourned at Danville, in January, 1787, an association of men at Pittsburgh, styling themselves "A Committee of Correspondence for Western Pennsylvania," forwarded a communication to the people of Kentucky, as follows:

"That John Jay, the American Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had made a proposition to Don Gardoqui, the Spanish Minister to the United States,

to cede the navigation of the Mississippi to Spain for twenty-five or thirty years, in consideration of some commercial advantages to be granted to the United States; but such as the Western country could derive no profit from."

[1] In response to this communication, the following circular letter was sent out to the people of the district:

"KENTUCKY, DANVILLE, March 29, 1787.—A respectable number of the inhabitants of the district having met at this place, being greatly alarmed at the late proceedings of *Congress*, in proposing to cede to the Spanish court the navigation of the Mississippi river for twenty-five or thirty years, have directed us to address the inhabitants on the western waters, and inform them of the measures which it is proper for this district to adopt.

"The inhabitants of the several counties in this district will be requested to elect five members in each county, to meet in Danville on the first Monday of May, to take up the consideration of this project of Congress; to prepare a spirited, but decent, remonstrance against the cession; to appoint a committee of correspondence, and to communicate with one already established on the Monongahela, or any other that may be constituted; to appoint delegates to meet representatives from the several districts on the western waters, in convention, should a convention be deemed necessary; and to adopt such other measures as shall be most conducive to our happiness. As we conceive that all the inhabitants residing on the western waters are equally affected by this partial conduct of Congress, we doubt not but they will readily approve of our conduct, and cheerfully adopt a similar system, to prevent a measure which tends to almost a total destruction of the western country. This is a subject which requires no comment; the injustice of the measure is glaring; and as the inhabitants of this district wish to unite their efforts, to oppose the cession of the navigation of the Mississippi, with those of their brethren residing on the western waters, we hope to see such an exertion made upon this important occasion, as may convince Congress that the inhabitants of the western country are united in the opposition, and consider themselves entitled to all the privileges of freemen and those blessings procured by the Revolution, and will not tamely submit to an act of oppression which would tend to a deprivation of our just rights and privileges. Your obedient servants,

"GEORGE MUTER,
"HARRY INNES,
"JOHN BROWN,
"BENJAMIN SEBASTIAN.

"One, at least, of these missiles being dispatched to each county in the district, it had the effect to increase the jealousy, and even animosity, against Congress, which some had already conceived against that body, on account of its conduct in relation to the Indians."

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 259.

There was nothing objectionable in the temper or language of this letter of address, considering the impressions then very reasonably prevailing in the West, as to the intentions of Congress. The most unlettered backwoodsman could not be blinded to the vital importance of the interests which, as they supposed, were about to be bartered away for advantages to be reaped only by their Eastern brethren. Although the ferment was for a time violent, only regular and constitutional remedies were proposed by the circular or adopted by the citizens.

The delegates were elected as proposed, but even before they assembled, a clearer and more intelligible view of the facts was had, and the convention, after a brief session, and after debating and rejecting various propositions, which looked toward increasing and prolonging the excitement of the people upon this agitating subject, quietly adjourned, without taking any action whatever upon the matter. The true state of facts were about as follows:

[1] "As early as the 28th of June, 1785, the arrival of Don Gardoqui had been announced to Congress, with plenipotentiary powers to treat on behalf of his majesty with any person or persons vested with equal powers by the United States on the subjects in controversy.

"The Hon. John Jay, then being the secretary of the United States for foreign affairs, received from Congress a similar commission, and a negotiation was opened between these ministers in New York. The caution of Congress had inserted in the commission of Mr. Jay these *ultimata:* 'That he enter into no treaty, compact, or convention whatever with the said representative of Spain which did not stipulate the right of the United States to the navigation of the Mississippi and the boundaries as established by their treaty with Great Britain.'

"More than half a year had elapsed before Congress had any communication as to the progress of the negotiation. Difficulties were at length announced by the American minister on the subjects of treaty. He was called before Congress and explained by reference to the navigation of the river, which was claimed exclusively and justly by Spain, within her territories; and further, by presenting to view the project of a commercial treaty containing, as he contended, advantageous stipulations in favor of the United States, in consideration of which it was proposed that they 'should forbear the use of the navigation of the Mississippi for twenty-five or thirty years.' He urged the adoption of this project as a beneficial one for the United States; said that a stipulation to forbear the use on the part of the United States, accepted by Spain, was an admission on her part of the right; that, in fact, the United States were in no condition to take the river or force the use of it, and, therefore, gave nothing for the benefit they would derive from the proposed treaty, not otherwise to be effected, for the use of the nation.

[1] Marshall, Vol. I., p. 265.

"Under this view of the subject, the seven most eastwardly of the States voted to rescind the *ultimata* in the secretary's instructions, and it was, of course, so entered on the journal, the other States dissenting. It, however, required the concurrence of nine States to give an instruction; therefore, none was given. The case had been debated; the strength of the party for the treaty had been tried and found wanting. The project had failed, most happily for the Union."

Pending this action of Congress, the recommendation of Jay had been indignantly denounced and resisted by the other States south of New York, and Virginia, by unanimous vote of her Legislature, had instructed her delegates in Congress *never* to accede to any such proposition, in which she was warmly seconded by the non-concurring States. It is an incident of interesting conjecture as to what would have been the consequence if the requisite majority of nine States, instead of the seven only, had voted to adopt the sectional suggestion of the American commissioner. It would certainly have produced a discordant jar that would have called for radical concession and compromise, if it had not divided the Union by the Alleghany ridge. As it was, there was left upon the public mind of the West a jealousy of the intentions of the North-eastern States, which might possibly be fanned into a flame, and of which political aspirants and bold leaders might avail themselves as it suited their purposes. The name of John Jay, after the splendid services he had rendered the whole country in the negotiations at Madrid and Paris, became peculiarly odious for the selfish attempt to barter away a great and vital national interest for petty commercial gains to a section of the country.

The party, ready for the alternative of immediate separation and an independent commonwealth, under the principal lead of General Wilkinson, and sustained by many of the purest and most patriotic public men, and sympathized with by a very large proportion of the people, had been alive and vigilant. There was no sentiment for a political association with any foreign country, and it may be truthfully said that the preference to enter the Union as a co-equal State was well-nigh universal; but the difficulties in the way, the indecisive postponements, the pressure of demand for independent authority to use the forces of the district to repel Indian incursions and chastise the savages, the neglect of the Government which held all authority without using it, conspired to increase the sentiment for separation, as the least in a choice of evils.

[1] "In the meantime, an occurrence now so frequent as scarcely to attract notice, but then unprecedented in the district, was announced, and produced a general sensation of applause.

"It was the publication of *The Kentucky Gazette* as a weekly newspaper by John Bradford, an ingenious and enterprising citizen of Lexington. It first appeared on the 28th of August, on a demi-sheet; the 1st of Septem-

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 274.

ber it assumed the medium size, which it retained for a time and afterward lost in one of greater dimensions.

"Immediately, the *Gazette* became the vehicle of discussion to the parties for and against the separation. The publications on the subject, still worthy of perusal, evince the possession of considerable political knowledge, as well as literary acquirement, on both sides of the question.

"On the 17th of September, the convention assembled at Danville, agreeably to the provisions of the act of separation, almost without an absent member. After the usual organization, and with but little debate, it was decided, without a dissenting voice, to be 'expedient for the good people of the district that it should be separated from the rest of the State *upon the terms and conditions prescribed by law.*'

"The convention then proceeded to address Congress in a very respectful and loyal style for the admission of the new State into the Federal Union, by the name of Kentucky, and fixed on the last day of December, 1788, for the termination of the authority of Virginia and the commencement of the new republic.

"And finally, 'that in the month of April next, on the respective days of the county courts within the said district, and at the places of holding courts therein, respectively, representatives to continue in appointment until the 31st of December, 1788, to compose the said convention, shall be elected within the said district by the *free male* inhabitants of each county, in the like manner as the delegates to the General Assembly have been elected, in the proportions following: In the county of Jefferson, five representatives,' and so on, naming the several counties, and giving five to each.

"Thus, the convention, having manifested the utmost propriety of temper and conduct, and completed the business for which it had been elected and assembled, peaceably adjourned and returned to their constituents, in the sanguine hope that labors so long pursued and so faithfully performed would be crowned in due season with their well-merited success."

[1]In June, 1787, General Wilkinson descended to New Orleans with a small cargo of tobacco and other articles, to try his enterprise and address at the seat of the Spanish Government in Louisiana. While at New Orleans, he states that he made an arrangement with General Miro for the introduction of several thousand families on the east side of the Mississippi river, then known as Florida, or for a colony to be laid out on the Arkansas and White rivers. He also obtained the privilege of furnishing an annual supply of tobacco for the Mexican market, all of which promised immense fortunes to him and his friends. For the authenticity of these statements, he exhibited the permits of General Miro, *commandante*. The large sums in coin received by Wilkinson at Frankfort and Louisville from the lower Mississippi, and distributed to farmers and merchants from various parts of the

1 Butler, p. 160; Wilkinson's Memoirs.

interior of the district for tobacco, show that he was largely engaged in this trade, in which he had an indubitable right to engage.

In February, 1788, he returned from this commercial expedition to New Orleans. Soon the intense partisan opposition to him led to reports that he had formed a contract with the Spanish governor which enabled him to ship tobacco and deposit it in the king's stores, at ten dollars per hundred; that he had become a Spanish subject, and had taken the oath of allegiance to the monarchy. The matter of contract he did not substantially deny; that of becoming a Spanish subject was too absurd to be believed of so shrewd a man. He continued to buy and ship tobacco, and to *openly* speak of his exclusive privilege to deposit in the king's stores. He freely dilated on the importance to Kentucky of the free navigation of the Mississippi and of commercial connection with Spain. These were indispensable to the material life and prosperity of the germinal State, so long kept suffering in the pains of parturition, for her people had no other market for their products, barred as they were from the Atlantic coast by distance and impassable mountains.

The convention of September had requested the delegates from the district in the Legislature of Virginia to ask for a representative in Congress, having now the requisite population, to serve for the ensuing year. Under this recommendation, Hon. John Brown, of Danville, was chosen—the first and only member from Kentucky of the old Congress. The next sequence of action in these convention proceedings we find in no history, treated with that just and dispassionate temper which carries conviction with narration except by Butler, from whose reviews we briefly borrow:

[1] "On the 29th of July, in this year, the sixth convention met at Danville to form a constitution of government for the district, preparatory to its separation from Virginia. While this body was assembled, information was received that Congress had determined to refer the question of admitting Kentucky into the Union to the new government. This was, indeed, a cruel blow to the excited hopes of independent government so repeatedly voted by Kentucky, and as often assented to by Virginia. It is not a matter of wonder that there was now observable the most deep-felt vexation, a share of resentment bordering on disaffection, and strong symptoms of assuming *independent government.* The navigation of the Mississippi and the trade to New Orleans, now just tested for the first time, were strenuously pressed into the argument in favor of completing the constitution and organizing government without delay. It was even proposed to submit the state of the district and the course to be pursued to each militia company. This proposition was, by a large majority, most judiciously rejected. This body came, after protracted debate, to the following recommendation: That the people of the district should elect another assembly, to meet in the following November, and to continue in office until the 1st of January,

1 Butler, p. 167.

1790; 'that they delegate to their said representatives full powers to take such measures for obtaining admission of the district as a separate and independent member of the United States of America, and the navigation of the Mississippi, as may appear most conducive to those purposes; and also to form a constitution of government for the district, and organize the same when they judge it necessary, *or to do and accomplish whatsoever, on a consideration of the state of the district, may, in their opinion, promote its interests.*'

"From the breadth and plenipotentiary character of this commission, like that of a Roman dictator, the temper of the district may be inferred; nor can there, in the whole history of American government, be found a career of such multiplied disappointments and abortive assemblies as in the labors of Kentucky to be admitted into the Union. All parties appear to have been well disposed; still, as if under the influence of some enchantment, consent was given but to be repealed; act was passed after act, and assembly met after assembly, only to give birth to a successor as remote as ever from obtaining what had been the favorite object of the people for years. Had a domestic government been organized after the repeated and harmonious *co-operation* of the great contracting parties, it is not to be supposed that it would have been so technically misconstrued as to have been viewed as treasonable to Virginia or hostile to the Union, owing to repeated and unavoidable accidents. The magnanimous temper of Virginia would have cured everything. Should any such unjust imputation have been placed upon the proceedings of Kentucky, it must soon have been removed by their fidelity, had it have been, as it is believed it was, immovably fast to the confederacy of their countrymen. *Vermont continued without the pale of the Union during the whole Revolutionary war and until March, 1791, yet no indictment was brought against her for treason.* At this distance of time, the protracted delays and repeated public disappointments on this question seem truly inexplicable. It is not known to what else to compare our long succession of fruitless conventions than to the card edifices of children, which are no sooner erected than at a breath they are demolished. The assertion may be safely ventured that no sober political critic of the present day can believe that any community in these States would now be so trifled with and tantalized, as the people of this district were for eight years in obtaining a separate municipal existence. Some auxiliary resolutions for directing the election of the seventh convention closed the labors of this addition to the numerous and ineffectual assemblies of Kentucky. So excited had public feeling in Kentucky become in consequence of this provoking course of things that disunion seems to have been at least proposed, as its 'idea was formally combated in the public prints of the time, while nothing more open or formal than the acts of the convention is recollected in its favor.'

"As it has before been remarked, the separation of Kentucky from Virginia was an agreed case between the high parties; the difficulty was one

of form and accident only. In such a state of things, it would have been cruel mockery and iniquity in Virginia to have so far misinterpreted a separation of Kentucky, which had been the subject of repeated and mutual agreements, as to have considered it treasonable. The jealousy of the country could not, however, have been too keenly excited against any attempt at foreign independence; it is never admitted into the creed of an enlightened patriot until the last extremity of domestic misfortune, and even then to be most sleeplessly watched."

It is but due that we should give here in connection the action of Congress, setting forth the reasons for postponement again:

[1] "Hon. John Brown, as early as February, had introduced the address of the district convention, requesting the assent of Congress to its admission as a new State into the Union. On the morning of the 3d of July—the 4th of the month being the limit prescribed for obtaining the assent of admission on the part of Congress—some weeks after the Virginia convention had been in sesssion, and some days after it had, in fact, ratified the Federal Constitution, the motion of Mr. Brown was taken up for the last time, and ultimately postponed for the reasons subjoined:

"'WHEREAS, Application has been lately made to Congress by the Legislature of Virginia and the district of Kentucky for the admission of the said district into the Federal Union, as a separate member thereof, on the terms contained in the acts of the said Legislature, and in the resolutions of the said district relative to the premises. And whereas, Congress, having fully considered the subject, did, on the 3d day of June last, resolve that it is expedient that the said district be erected into a sovereign and independent State and a separate member of the Federal Union, and appointed a committee to report an act accordingly, which committee, on the 2d instant, was discharged, it appearing that nine States had adopted the Constitution of the United States, lately submitted to conventions of the people. And whereas, a new confederacy is formed among the ratifying States, and there is reason to believe that the State of Virginia, including the said district, did, on the 26th day of June last, become a member of the said confederacy. And whereas, an act of Congress in the present state of the government of the country, severing a part of said State from the other part thereof, and admitting it into the confederacy, formed by the articles of confederation and perpetual union, as an independent member thereof, may be attended with many inconveniences, while it can have no effect to make the said district a separate member of the Federal Union formed by the adoption of the said Constitution, and, therefore, it must be manifestly improper for Congress, assembled under the said articles of confederation, to adopt any other measures relative to the premises than those which express their sense that the said district, as a separate State, be admitted in the Union as soon as circumstances shall permit proper measures to be adopted for that purpose."

[1] Marshall, Vol. I., p. 299.

The impressions made upon the mind of Representative Brown, of Kentucky, by the sentiment and action of Congress, the selfish and sectional spirit of the North-eastern States, and the apparent imbecility of the central Government, if we may accord to him the sincerity of motive of which all the facts and circumstances give reasonable assurance, were most prejudicial to the hope for a satisfactory and early consummation of the wishes of his constituents.

In this frame of mind, his acquaintance was cultivated by the Spanish minister, Don Gardoqui, who availed himself of the most opportune moment to press upon his incredulous and unhopeful mind, the alternative solution of independent existence of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, with the tempting offer of the Spanish Government, of exclusive navigation of the Mississippi and trade with Spain and her colonies. The treatment of Kentucky had raised the question of policy, and eliminated the quality of treason. From the very partisan notes of Marshall, we continue the narrative, with modified language:

[1] "To President McDowell, of the Kentucky convention of July, Brown wrote soon after the action of Congress, to which allusion has been made, giving an account of his labors and disappointments, to which he added *his own reasons for the failure!* In this letter was inclosed a detached scrip, in these words:

"'In a conversation I had with Mr. Gardoqui, the Spanish minister, relative to the navigation of the Mississippi, he stated that, *if the people of Kentucky would erect themselves into an independent State, and appoint a proper person to negotiate with him*, he had authority for that purpose, and would enter into an arrangement with them for the exportation of their produce to New Orleans, on terms of mutual advantage.'

"This is not the only letter written by Mr. Brown, about the same time, to Kentucky. He recollected that Judge Muter had joined with him in March, 1787, in sending forth the circular address to the courts on the subject of the Mississippi, and favored him with one of his epistles containing an introduction of his new acquaintance, Don Gardoqui. Although Muter could not be called a great man, yet he disliked the intrigues of political partisans, and was alarmed, on the perusal of Mr. Brown's letter, to find him engaged with *a foreign minister*, which directly implicated the peace of Kentucky and the preservation of the Union. Under the circumstances, it was impossible for him to not to combine the views disclosed by Mr. Brown with those manifested by General Wilkinson in the late convention. This coincidence of objects naturally suggested a concert of means to effect them, and pointed out the danger as being imminent. This led him to Colonel Marshall, and was his inducement for showing the letter with which he had been honored by Mr. Brown. [2] The community was seriously affected with anti-federalism and the mania of national dissolution, when its

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 302. 2 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 303.

representatives in convention could pass and send out to it the propositions which have been detailed, as the basis of authority for another convention to throw Kentucky out of the Union, if it pleased, and to enter into arrangements with Spain, who had refused the United States a treaty for the navigation of the Mississippi, without exciting a much more general disapprobation than was apparent. And when to this reflection is added the fact that the greater number of the leaders in the former convention were again elected, and that Mr. Brown, having returned to the district, was himself elected a member to the same, there seems but little reason to doubt that a large proportion of these who gave tone to public opinion were of the party of Wilkinson and Brown, from the July to the November convention of this year.

"The letter to Judge Muter, to which allusion has been made, is as follows:

"'NEW YORK, July 10, 1788—*Dear Sir:* An answer to your favor of the 16th of March was, together with several other letters, put into the hands of one of General Harmar's officers, who set out in May last for the Ohio, and who promised to forward them to the district; but I fear that they have miscarried, as I was a few days ago informed that his orders had been countermanded, and that he had been sent to the garrison at West Point. Indeed, I have found it almost impracticable to transmit a letter to Kentucky, as there is scarce any communication between this place and that country. A post is now established from this place to Fort Pitt, to set out once in two weeks, after the 20th instant; this will render the communication easy and certain. Before this reaches you, I expect you will have heard the determination of Congress relative to the separation of Kentucky, as a copy of the proceedings has been forwarded to the district by the Secretary of Congress, a few days ago. It was not in my power to obtain a decision earlier than the 3d instant. Great part of the winter and spring, there was not a representation of the States sufficient to proceed to this business, and, after it was referred to a grand committee, they could not be prevailed upon to report, *a majority of them being opposed to the measure.* The Eastern States would not, nor do I think they ever will, assent to the admission of the district into the Union, as an independent State, unless Vermont or the province of Maine is brought forward at the same time. The change which has taken place in the general government is made the *ostensible* objection to the measure; *but the jealousy of the growing importance of the Western country, and an unwillingness to add a vote to the southern interest, are the real causes of opposition,* and I am inclined to believe that they will exist to a certain degree, even under the new government to which the application is referred by Congress. The question which the district will now have to determine upon will be: Whether or not it will be more expedient to continue the connection with the State of Virginia, or to declare their independence and proceed to frame a constitution of government? 'Tis generally

expected that the latter will be the determination, as you have proceeded too far to think of relinquishing the measure, and the interest of the district will render it altogether inexpedient to continue in your present situation until an application for admission into the Union can be made in a constitutional mode, to the new Government.

"'This step will, in my opinion, tend to preserve unanimity, and will enable you to adopt with effect such measures as may be necessary to promote the interest of the district. In private conferences which I have had with Mr. Gardoqui, the Spanish minister, at this place, I have been assured by him in the most explicit terms, that if Kentucky will declare her independence, and empower some proper person to negotiate with him, that he has authority, and will engage, to open the navigation of the Mississippi, for the exportation of their produce, on terms of mutual advantage. But that this privilege never can be extended to them while part of the United States, by reason of commercial treaties existing between that court and other powers of Europe. As there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of this declaration, I have thought proper to communicate it to a few confidential friends in the district, with his permission, not doubting but that they will make a prudent use of the information—which is in part confirmed by dispatches yesterday received by Congress, from Mr. Carmichal, our minister at that court, the contents of which I am not at liberty to disclose.

"'Congress is now engaged in framing an ordinance for putting the new Government into motion; it is not yet complete, but as it now stands the elections are to be made in December, and the new Congress to meet in February, but it may undergo alterations. Ten States have ratified—this State (New York) is now in session; what the result of their deliberations will be, is as yet doubtful; two-thirds of the members are opposed, but 'tis probable they may be influenced by motives of expediency. North Carolina will adopt; time alone can determine how far the new Government will answer the expectations of its friends; my hopes are sanguine, the change was necessary.

"'I fear, should not the present treaty at Muskingum prove successful, that we shall have an Indian war on all our borders. I do not expect that the present Congress will in that case be able to take any effectual measures for our defense.

"'There is not a dollar in the Federal treasury which can be appropriated to that purpose. I shall leave this place shortly, and expect to be at the September term. I have enjoyed my usual good state of health, and have spent my time here agreeably.

"'I am with great esteem your humble servant, J. BROWN.

"'*The Honorable George Muter.*'

[1] "A letter bearing date the 15th of October, 1788, from the chief-justice of the district, to the editor of the *Kentucky Gazette*, will evince his im-

1 Marshall, Vol. I, p. 295.

pressions of the actual and probable emergency. It is apparent that the conservative parties were much concerned.

"He says: 'Forming a constitution of government and organizing the same, before the consent of the Legislature of Virginia for that purpose first obtained, will be directly contrary to the letter and spirit of the act of assembly, entitled "an act for punishing certain offenses; and vesting the governor with certain powers;" which declares that every person or persons who shall erect or establish government separate from, or independent of, the State of Virginia within the limits thereof, unless by act of the Legislature for that purpose first obtained, or shall exercise any office under such usurped government, shall be guilty of high treason.

"'The third section of the fourth article of the Federal Constitution expressly declares: "that no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed out of the junction of two, or more, States without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress." Therefore, the consent of Virginia to the separation must first be obtained agreeably to the above-cited section, to afford to Kentucky any prospect of being admitted a member of the Federal Union.

"'In the tenth section of the first article of the Federal Constitution it is declared: "that no State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation." Of course, it must follow that no part of a State can enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation.

"'The resolution of the late convention, if adopted by the people, might fairly be construed to give authority to the next, to treat with Spain to obtain the navigation of the Mississippi, if they should think such a measure conducive to their interest; when it might plainly appear by the before-recited section, that any other application than to the assembly of Virginia, and to the Congress of the United States, must be contrary to the Federal Constitution.

"'It is therefore submitted to the consideration of the inhabitants of Fayette, whether it may not be necessary, in their instructions to their delegates, to direct them not to agree to the forming a constitution and form of government and organizing the same, till the consent of the Legislature of Virginia, for that purpose, is first obtained; not to agree to make any application whatever to obtain the navigation of the Mississippi, other than to the Legislature of Virginia and the Congress of the United States; to draw up and forward to the assembly of Virginia a memorial requesting them to alter their acts for the separation of this district from Virginia, that the same be brought before the Congress of the United States in the manner directed by the Federal Constitution, and to request them to authorize the convention by law, to form a constitution of government and to organize the same; or direct a new convention to be chosen, to continue in office a reasonable time, and to be vested with those powers.

"'To forward to the assembly of Virginia and the Congress of the United States a decent and manly memorial, requesting that such measures may be pursued by Congress; or that Virginia will use her influence with Congress, to take such measures as shall be most likely to procure for the people of the Western country the navigation of the Mississippi.

"'GEORGE MUTER.'"

During the year, Southern Indians committed some murders and pillages in Lincoln county, and were pursued and severely punished. The tribe made complaint that the whites were the aggressors, and asked reparation at the hands of the State executive. This brought out an instruction to Judge Harry Innes to suppress these practices by public prosecution. By letter of July, 1787, this officer replied: "In my official capacity, I can not do it; in a private capacity, the attempt would render me odious." In conclusion, he added: "The Indians have been very troublesome on our frontier, and continue to molest us. I am decidedly of the opinion that this Western country will, in a few years, act for itself and *erect an independent government;* for, under the present system, we can not exert our strength; neither does Congress seem disposed to protect us, since those troops raised for the defense of the Western country are disbanded. I have dropped this hint to your excellency for matter of reflection."

Such was the temper and state of the political mind when the seventh convention met at Danville, in November, 1788. In October previous, there were elected as members of this body Messrs. Humphrey and Thomas Marshall, Muter, Crockett, Allen, and Edwards, who were leaders of the *Country* party, as the wits of the day termed them; while to Messrs. Brown, Wilkinson, Sebastian, and Innes were conceded the leadership of the *Court* party, similarly named. The distinct issue was upon the mode of separating from Virginia. The first point of discussion was the submission of the resolutions passed by the preceding convention to a committee of the whole. The *Court* party favored this reference in order, it seems, to give prominence to the navigation of the Mississippi, with the formation of the State constitution; and to hasten the latter, if need be, without awaiting the formality of consent by Virginia. The proceeding may not have been very parliamentary, but, as of infinitely more consequence, it gave full and prominent attitude to the question of the Mississippi navigation: and mainly through the bold and sagacious mind and the tenacious spirit of Wilkinson.

[1] Marshall represents Wilkinson to have said, in the course of debate, in advocacy of the reference, that

"Spain had objections to granting the navigation in question to the United States; it was not to be presumed that Congress would obtain it for Kentucky, or even the Western country only; her treaties must be general. There was one way, and but one, that he knew of for obviating these difficulties; and that was so fortified by constitutions and guarded by laws, that

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 318; Butler, p. 176.

it was dangerous of access and hopeless of attainment, under present circumstances. It was the certain course, which had been indicated in the former convention, which he would not now repeat, but which every gentleman present would connect with a declaration of *independence*—the formation of a constitution, and the organization of a new State, which might safely be left to find its way into the Union, on terms advantageous to its interests and prosperity.

"He expatiated upon the prosperous circumstances of the country, its increasing population, its rich productions, and its imperious claims to the benefits of commerce through the Mississippi, its only outlet.

"That the same difficulties did not exist on the part of Spain to concede to the people on the Western waters the right of navigating the river, which she had to a treaty with the United States, there were many reasons for supposing; that there was information of the first importance on that subject within the power of the convention, which he doubted not it would be equally agreeable for the members to have, and for the gentleman who possessed it to communicate."

All eyes were now turned on Hon. John Brown, both a member of Congress and a delegate, to whom the allusions of the speaker referred, who arose and responded, "That he did not think himself at liberty to disclose what had passed in private conferences between the Spanish minister, Mr. Gardoqui, and himself; but this much in general he would venture to inform the convention, that, provided we are unanimous, *everything we could wish for is within our reach.*"

On this delivery of Mr. Brown, General Wilkinson arose, and, with the attention of the body, asked general consent to read an address on the subject of the navigation of the Mississippi. This granted, the address, dilating on the following points, was directed to the "Intendant of Louisiana:"

The author urged the natural right of the Western people to follow the current of rivers flowing through their country into the sea, the great common and highway of nations.

The extent of country, the richness of soil, the quantity and variety of productions suitable for foreign markets, for which there were no avenues of conveyance, should the Mississippi be closed to their export.

The advantages which Spain would derive from allowing free use of the river to those on its various waters by increase of trade and revenue to her.

That the population of Kentucky was rapidly increasing, and that each individual looked forward to the free navigation of the Mississippi with the greatest solicitude.

The general abhorrence with which the people of the Western waters received the intelligence that Congress was about to cede to Spain the exclusive right of navigating this river for twenty-five years.

That the Western people were being driven to the alternative of separating themselves from the Union on that account, considering this naviga-

tion indispensable to their future growth and prosperity. These commercial advantages outweighed the political considerations presented in favor of a connection with the Federal Union.

That should Spain be so blind to her true interest as to refuse the use of the river to the Western people, and thereby compel a resort to military means, Great Britain stood ready, with a sufficient force of armed allies, to co-operate with them in enforcing this great national right.

That the whole Spanish possessions in America would be endangered by such a combined movement, should the British, who now hold the mouth of the St. Lawrence, also seize and command the mouth of the Mississippi.

After this reading, the author received a vote of thanks from the convention without a dissenting voice, showing that his views could hardly have been as obnoxious at the time, as the *Country* party have been pleased to represent them in such notes and records as we have preserved at their hands.

The motion to refer the resolutions of the last convention, of great latitude of discretion, to the committee of the whole was carried, thus showing that the *Court* party was the dominant power in the convention. On almost every important committee Wilkinson was appointed, and, in every instance, seemed to have been a controlling spirit.

The leaders of the *Country* party became evidently uneasy at the drift of proceedings, and determined on methods of counteraction by popular petitions. Colonel Crockett left his seat on Saturday, proceeded to Lexington, and at that place and vicinity obtained a remonstrance, signed by over three hundred citizens, against a forced separation. These were also of Wilkinson's constituency. On the 6th of the month, a resolution came up, on the petition of citizens of Mercer and Madison, asking that the convention pray Congress that the body adopt measures at once to obtain the navigation of the Mississippi. The matter was referred to a special committee.

Messrs. Muter, Jouett, Allen, and Wilkinson were appointed a committee to draw up a respectful report to the Virginia Assembly for obtaining the independence of Kentucky, agreeable to the late recommendation of Congress.

General Wilkinson, in behalf of the previously-appointed committee, prepared and read the address:

[1] "*To the United States, in Congress Assembled:* The people of Kentucky, represented in convention, as freemen, as citizens, and as part of the American republic, beg leave, by this humble petition, to state their rights, and to call for protection in the enjoyment of them.

"When the peace had secured to America that sovereignty and independence for which she had so nobly contended, we could not, like our Atlantic friends, retire to enjoy in ease the blessings of freedom.

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1 Wilkinson's Memoirs.

"Many of us had expended in the struggle for our country's rights that property which would have enabled us to possess a competency with our liberty.

"On the Western waters, the Commonwealth of Virginia possessed a fertile but uninhabited wild.

"In this wilderness we sought, after having procured liberty for our posterity, to provide for their support. Inured to hardships by a long warfare, we ventured into the almost impenetrable forests; without bread or domestic animals, we depended on the casual supplies afforded by the chase; hunger was our familiar attendant, and even our unsavory meals were made upon the wet surface of the earth, with the cloud-deformed canopy for our covering. Though forced to pierce the thicket, it was not in safety we trod; the wily savage thirsted for our blood, lurked in our paths, and seized the unsuspecting hunter. While we lamented the loss of a friend; a brother, a father, a wife, a child became a victim to the barbarian tomahawk. Instead of consolation, a new and greater misfortune deadened the sense of former afflictions. From the Union we receive no support; but we impeach not their justice. Ineffectual treaties, often renewed and as often broken by the savage nations, served only to supply them with the means of our destruction. But no human cause could control that Providence which destined this Western country to be the seat of a civilized and happy people. The period of its accomplishment was distant, but it advanced with rapid and incredible strides. We derive strength from our misfortunes and numbers from our losses. The unparalleled fertility of our soil made grateful returns, far disproportioned to the slight labor which our safety would permit us to bestow. Our fields and herds afforded us not only sufficient support for ourselves, but also for the emigrants who annually double our numbers, and even a surplus still remains for exportation.

"This surplus would be far greater, did not a narrow policy shut up our navigation and discourage our industry.

"In this situation, we call for your attention. We beg you to trace the Mississippi from the ocean, survey the innumerable rivers which water your Western territory and pay their tribute to its greatness, examine the luxuriant soil which those rivers traverse. Then we ask, can the God of wisdom and nature have created that vast country in vain? Was it for nothing that He blessed it with a fertility almost incredible? Did He not provide those great streams which empty into the Mississippi, and by it communicate with the Atlantic, that other nations and climes might enjoy with us the blessings of our fruitful soil? View the country, and you will answer for yourselves. But can the presumptuous madness of man imagine a policy inconsistent with the immense designs of the Deity? Americans can not.

"As it is the natural right of the people of this country to navigate the Mississippi, so they have also the right derived from treaties and national

compacts. Shall we not avail ourselves of those natural and conventional rights, so vital to our future?

"By the treaty of peace concluded in the year 1763 between the crowns of Great Britain, France, and Spain, the free navigation of the river Mississippi was ascertained to Great Britain. The right thus ascertained was exercised by the subjects of that crown till the peace of 1783, and conjointly with them by the citizens of the United States.

"By the treaty in which Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States, she also ceded to them the free navigation of the river Mississippi. It was a right naturally and essentially annexed to the possession of this Western country. As such, it was claimed by America, and it was upon that principle that she claimed it; yet the court of Spain, who possess the country at the mouth of the Mississippi, have obstructed your citizens in the enjoyment of that right.

"If policy is the motive which actuates political conduct, you will support us in this right, and thereby enable us to assist in the support of government. If you will be really our fathers, stretch forth your hands to save us. If you will be worthy guardians, defend our rights. We are a member that would exert any muscle for your service. Do not cut us off from your body. By every tie of consanguinity and affection, by the remembrance of the blood we have mingled in the common cause, by a regard to justice and policy, we conjure you to procure our right.

"Let not your beneficence be circumscribed by the mountains which divide us, but let us feel that you really are the guardians and asserters of our rights; then you will secure the prayers of a people whose gratitude would be as warm as the vindication of their rights will be eternal; then our connection shall be perpetuated to the latest times, a monument of your justice and a terror to your enemies."

The address to the Legislature for an act of separation, which was now finally acted on by the convention, next followed:

"*To the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia:* Gentlemen: The representatives of the good people inhabiting the several counties composing the district of Kentucky, in convention met, beg leave again to address you on the great and important subject of their separation from the parent State and being made a member of the Federal Union.

"Being fully impressed with these ideas, and justified by frequent examples, we conceive it our duty, from the regard we owe to our constituents, and being encouraged by the resolutions of Congress, again to apply to your honorable body, praying that an act may pass at the present session for enabling the good people of the Kentucky district to obtain an independent government, and be admitted into the confederation as a member of the Federal Union, upon such terms and conditions as to you may appear just and equitable, and that you transmit such act to the president of this convention, with all convenient dispatch, in order for our consideration and

the final completion of the business. Finally, we again solicit the friendly interposition of the parent State with the Congress of the United States for a speedy admission of the district into the Federal Union, and also to urge that honorable body, in the most express terms, to take effectual measures for procuring to the inhabitants of this district the free navigation of the river Mississippi, without which the situation of a large part of the community will be wretched and miserable, and may be the source of future evils.

"*Ordered*, That the president sign, and the clerk attest, the said address, and that the same be enclosed by the president to the speaker of the House of Delegates."

On motion of Delegate Wilkinson, it was

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to draft an address to the good people of this district, setting forth the principles from which this convention act, representing to them their true situation, urging the necessity of union, concord, and mutual concession, and solemnly calling on them to furnish this convention, at its next session, with instructions in what manner to proceed on the important subject to them submitted. It was important thus to educate the mind of the people as emergency demanded.

Messrs. Wilkinson, Innes, Jouett, Muter, Sebastian, Allen, and Caldwell were made the committee. It was surmised that this action was forced through the convention by the dominant *Court* party, to give them the advantage of authority to so address the people as to more easily arouse and excite them to precipitate the act of separation. But it is a notable fact that the committee, though in control of the *Court* party, forbore to avail themselves of this open opportunity for agitation before the people, whose sentiment and sympathies were largely with them. It is but another evidence that the *Court* party really preferred, and most ardently desired to have Kentucky separate from Virginia after the methods of loyal procedure, and be adopted into the Union as a State, if it could be done with promptness and on terms of honorable guarantee of protective equality.

Thus adjourned a convention that gave rise to the most criminating and intensely bitter partisan discussions that had yet been known among the people, and during which, and since, the motives of men have been uncharitably aspersed and their actions characterized in language of merciless severity. A careful and dispassionate study of the events of this era, at this remote day, will lead to the conclusion that the men of both sides, with one or two important exceptions to be hereafter noticed, were impelled by what seemed to them honorable and justifiable motives in the divergent courses pursued, and that both were acting for what they conceived to be the best interests of their country and people. In the convention, and before, there were only the circumstances of appearance, and these too inconclusive to base even the charge of constructive treason upon. Treason in intent and act is an offense too grave to be lightly charged to the scar-

worn veterans and tried patriots of that generation who made up the rank and file of both the *Court* and *Country* parties in this contest.

In making up the verdict of judgment on the former, we must consider that the chaotic and imbecile Government of the Union of 1788 was a very doubtful and precarious hope of the future, compared to the Union of to-day; and the proposed independent separation from Virginia was just what Virginia and the other States had done a few years before with Great Britain, and apparently with less cogent reasons.

There is no doubt but that Spain was actively intriguing with leading citizens, and offering the most tempting advantages to Kentucky and bribes to individuals, to separate and set up an independent government. When we consider that Kentucky was disbarred then by distance and impassable mountains from trade with the Atlantic ports, and was offered the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi, and trade with all Spanish America, which embraced the vast territory west of the Mississippi to the gulf, all east of the Mississippi to the Atlantic, below the latitude of Natchez, and all of Mexico, a territory as large as the present United States and Territories, the contrast to the neglected and starved orphanage which the Union was holding out to her was as much as mortal nature could bear.

Pending these delays which Virginia extended through so many years, by imposing the condition of congressional acceptance, vast quantities of the best lands of Kentucky were being absorbed by Virginia warrants and sales, and vast sums therefor flowing into the treasury of the latter, which the Western people felt should be reserved for their own benefit, since they had sustained their own war. One and a half million dollars from this source went into the treasury of Virginia, in the last four years of this contest for Kentucky autonomy.[1] There were reasonable suspicions that the motives for restrictive delays, on the part of Virginia statesmanship, were mercenary as well as patriotic.

Yet the great body of the citizenship had emigrated from Virginia, and universally retained an admiration and affection for the grand old Dominion, akin to that felt by children who have gone out into the world, for their old home and venerated parents. It was this touching and ardent love of Virginia by her children that, probably more than any other one cause, saved Kentucky to the Union. Through all this period of peril and doubt, though she vexed them sorely sometimes, their hearts were with the old mother State, where their fathers were buried, and where their old homes and kindred were ever green in memory.

[2] Of General Wilkinson, the most open advocate of separation, the circumstances were exceptional. He was born in Eastern Maryland, well educated, and qualified for the practice of medicine. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, he entered the patriot army, and, by ability and distinguished services, attained to considerable note. He was at the siege

1 Littell's Political Transactions, p. 53. 2 Wilkinson's Memoirs.

of Boston, was aid-de-camp to Arnold in Canada, and in the campaign that ended at Saratoga. He became involved in the difficulties between Gates and Washington, and soon after was made brevet brigadier-general. He quarreled with Gates, and resigned his brevet rank, retaining a colonel's commission. Congress approved his conduct toward Gates, and he was soon after made clothier-general of the army, in which capacity he served until the close of the war. After the war, he engaged with some capitalists of Philadelphia in a scheme of trade on the Mississippi, which led him to remove to Kentucky, where our history found him.

Toward Virginia he felt none of those ties of veneration and sympathy which were common to the majority of Kentuckians. A life of bold adventure found him without ardent local attachments, though he had been brave and patriotic in the cause of American liberty. His horoscope of the disordered and chaotic condition of the country opened to his view a magnificent future for Kentucky, and for himself, in the commerce of the Mississippi river and the trade of Spanish America. In this he had already embarked, and his enterprise may have been both lucrative and legitimate. Of the covetous desires of the Spanish authorities to detach Kentucky from the Union, and to make of it the nucleus of independent empire, to hold in check the territorial expansion of the United States, and to control the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi, Wilkinson, no doubt, availed of, to secure for himself extraordinary traffic arrangements. He was a man of policy, with little of respect or reverence for the antiquated precedents and formulas of political doctrinaires, in carving out a destiny for the country and people of his adoption, or for himself. He weighed in his commercial balances the pending issues, and, with his party associates, determined that *under no circumstances* should the right of navigation be bartered away and permanently lost to Kentucky. Had it not been for this resolute protest of the *Court* party in Kentucky, and the support they received from Virginia and Pennsylvania, it is probable that the obnoxious recommendation of John Jay might have been a part of the treaty with Spain. In the meantime, Wilkinson seems never to have lost sight of the main opportunities presented for personal gain and aggrandizement.

The closing and subsequent proceedings of the last Danville convention show that the preference of all parties was for an early separation from Virginia and reception into the Union, on grounds of equitable advantage. The *Country* party of negative submission were willing for any terms which might be conceded, while the *Court* party boldly demanded equitable rights and relations in the Union, and offered the alternative of independent separation and the control of their own future, in time, without these.

No party intended such an act of political harlotry as a provincial dependency under the protectorate of Spain, or anything more than commercial relations, granting to Kentucky the right of navigation and exclusive trade. With consummate skill, the party under the lead of Wilkinson played this

game of diplomatic strategy to tantalize the eager rapacity of Spain, while they menaced Congress to action, by pointing to the open arms and seductive blandishments with which Spain stood ready to welcome Kentucky to her alliance. Both parties were loyal. Only ill-treatment could have driven Kentucky from the Union. She had no alternative.

Enemies characterized the exclusive trade privileges granted to Wilkinson as indirect bribery. In law or morals, the trade privileges may be excused. But was Wilkinson bribed?

We reproduce the views of Butler, who professed to have given to these questions the most searching and disinterested examination. Noting that on the 4th of March, 1789, Washington had taken his seat as first president of the United States, he says:

[1] "To the new president-elect, Colonel Thomas Marshall wrote an account of the district, and of such symptoms of foreign intrigue and internal disaffection as had manifested themselves to him, the names of Wilkinson and Brown being alone mentioned among the implicated. In this communication Colonel Marshall was, it ought not to be doubted, actuated by an honorable zeal for the interests of his country; though the author is compelled to say, from the evidence now accessible, a mistaken one, of which both he and his illustrious correspondent were afterward convinced. This inference flows from a letter of General Washington to Colonel Marshall, as follows: 'In acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 11th of September, I must beg you to accept my thanks for the pleasing communication which it contains of the good disposition of the people of Kentucky toward the Government of the United States. I never doubted but that the operations of this Government, if not perverted by prejudice or evil designs, would inspire the citizens of America with such confidence in it, as effectually to do away these apprehensions which, under our former confederation, our best men entertained of divisions among themselves, or allurements from other nations. I am, therefore, happy to find that such a disposition prevails in your part of the country as to remove any idea of that evil, which a few years ago you so much dreaded.' This letter, taken in connection with the subsequent appointment of Wilkinson to be a lieutenant-colonel in the army, at the recommendation of Colonel Marshall, as well as others, and the repeated military commissions of high trust and expressions of thanks, as will hereafter appear, to Messrs. Brown, Innes, Scott, Shelby, and Logan, amply confirms the idea that the imputed disaffection of any of these distinguished citizens to the Union of the States had been abandoned by Colonel Marshall himself; and most certainly by Washington, if ever admitted to disturb his serene and benevolent mind."

In the picturesque language of Wilkinson himself, "The people are open to savage depredations; exposed to the jealousies of the Spanish Government, unprotected by that of the old confederation, and denied the naviga-

1 Butler, p. 182.

tion of the Mississippi, the only practicable channel by which the productions of their labor can find a market." Daniel Clarke to Secretary Pickering writes: "All who ventured on the Mississippi had their property seized by the first commanding officer whom they met, and little or no communication was kept up between the two countries."

In such a state of affairs, just as plausible charges of treason had been often made, by partisan enemies, against Washington and Lee and Adams, as were against Wilkinson and Brown and Innes at this period. The sympathizing masses did not credit them.

[1] In April, 1787, the house of Widow Skeggs, on Cooper's run, Bourbon county, was attacked at night by Indians. There were two sons and four daughters, one a widow with a babe. They broke down the door of the room where were three daughters, out of range of the rifles of their brothers, in the other room of the double cabin. The elder daughter plunged a knife into the heart of a savage. His comrades dashed out her brains, and those of her youngest sister, with their tomahawks, and made a captive of the third. Setting fire to the house, they awaited the appearance of the other inmates. One son supported his mother as the attempt to escape was made. The blazing building made it as light as day. As they ran, the mother fell pierced through by bullets, while the son escaped. The other son bravely defended his sister and her babe, as they ran in another direction. The Indians threw down their guns and rushed on them with tomahawks. The brother fired on them as they approached, then clubbed his gun and fought with such a tiger's fury, as to draw the attention of the savages entirely to himself, while his sister reached the darkness of the woods, and escaped with her child. The brave man fell under the murderous tomahawks; and the four slain were found, all scalped and mangled, the next morning. Pursuit was made, the Indians overtaken, and two shot, but not until they had fatally tomahawked the maiden captive.

[2] In the summer of the same year, John Merrill, of Nelson county, aroused by some disturbance outside about midnight, arose and opened his cabin door, to ascertain the cause, when several shots from Indians broke his arm and leg. With the aid of his wife, he was gotten inside, and the door fastened. It was at once assailed with tomahawks, and a breach effected. Mrs. Merrill was fortunately as muscular and active as she was resolute and brave. Her husband prostrate and disabled, she assumed the forlorn defense. Seizing an ax, she met the Indians at the breach, and successively killed or disabled four, as they attempted to enter. Baffled at the door, the remaining Indians mounted to the roof of the house, and two of them started down the wide chimney. Mrs. Merrill seized her only feather bed, ripped it open, and poured the contents on the fire. The stifling smoke and blaze brought down the suffocating savages, both of whom the heroic woman dispatched with the ax. At this moment, the only remaining of seven Indians was

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 664. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 72.

heard at the door, trying to enter. A fearful cut in the cheek from the bloody ax drove him off, and ended this most remarkable midnight battle. A prisoner related, afterward, that this last wounded Indian returned to Chillicothe, with a marvelous story of the fierceness and prowess of the *Long Knife squaw*.

[1] A station at Drennon's Lick, Henry county, was, about the same time, captured by the enemy, and several whites killed. A number of depredations having been committed within the Mason county settlements, an expedition of several hundred men was organized, under the active agency of Kenton and others, and placed under the lead of Colonel Todd. Chillicothe and other towns were burned, many Indians were killed, and much property destroyed by this force, proving a serious injury to the Indians. Captain Kenton, with his company of rangers, was kept quite busy for several years, repelling the invasions of, and in chastising, the marauding savages. He was the recognized leader in the work of border defense in that section.

[2] In May, 1788, a flat-boat load of kettles were being carried from Louisville, by the mouth of Salt river, up to Bullitt's Lick, near the site of Shepherdsville. The owners, Henry Crist and Solomon Spears, with Christian Crepps, Thomas Floyd, Joseph Boyce, Evans Moore, Mr. Fossett and five other men, and one woman, thirteen in all, composed the crew. Discovering Indian signs on the banks of Salt river, they kept a scout ahead of the boat. About dusk, when not far below the mouth of Rolling Fork, they heard the gobbling of turkeys, as they supposed. Two of the party sprang ashore to kill the game, and were fired on by Indians who had decoyed them with the imitative sound. In another moment they were seen running to the boat, pursued by a large body of savages. The crew promptly seized their guns and delivered a volley into the advancing enemy, and with deadly effect. The river was at flood height; and the boat, chained to a tree, stood out from the bank. Fossett and his companion plunged in and swam to the boat, the former with a broken arm, both holding their guns. The Indians proved to be a large party, ten to one of the whites, and had been watching the little crew. So sanguine were they of their prey, that they rushed to the water's edge, and some even tried to draw the boat to the shore. The fatal rifles of the whites slew them on the shore and in the water, until they were driven back to cover behind the trees. The battle waged with mutual destruction. Though the kettles were ranked up as a breastwork on the sides of the flat, the boat was fastened by a chain that held its bow to the shore, and exposed the crew to a raking fire. They were being exterminated, and must loose the chain, or all perish. Fossett, a lion-hearted Irishman, with an arm broken, could not use his rifle well; but with his other arm, seized a pole and, in full view of the savages, worked at the hook until it was unfastened, and the boat floated out into the stream.

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 644. 2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 102.

Crist and Crepps stood over him, keeping the Indians *treed*, while the release was made. The disaster to the crew was caused by this fatal fastening of the boat.

The battle had lasted an hour. Six brave men lay dead or dying in the gangway; Floyd, Fossett, and Boyer badly wounded; and Crist, Crepps, and Moore unhurt. The boat gradually neared the southern side of the river. On looking above, they saw some fifty of the enemy crossing the river to intercept them, some on logs and some swimming. With a large body of Indians on both sides of the stream, escape of the boat was now impossible. Spears, lying fatally wounded, had begged that the boat, when loosed, be carried immediately to the other shore, and all escape who could; which was then feasible. The survivors resolutely refused to abandon the wounded. The boat soon touched the southern bank, and the three wounded helped ashore, and to concealment in the brush. Crist, Crepps, and Moore now returned to assist the woman; but no entreaty could move her. The fright had so paralyzed her faculties, that she sat dazed and insensible to all around, with her face buried in her hands.

The Indians, having gained the south side, were seen rushing toward the boat, yelling like bloodhounds. The three surviving combatants charged the savages with a shout, on which they fell back to a ravine. The former pushed on to the forest in the hope of escape, when, as they passed, the savages rallied from the ravine and fired on them. Crepps received a ball in his left side, and Crist one through his foot, crushing the bones, while Moore escaped, and bore the tidings to the Lick of the catastrophe. Crepps was found and brought in, but died a few hours after.

Crist hobbled on the next day to the vicinity of Long Lick, when, sickened and faint, he laid down to die. Over the rocks and roots and thorns, his other foot gave out, and he could not walk. He bound his moccasins on his knees, and *crawled*. The second night out, he came in sight of an Indian camp-fire, and aroused the barking of a dog. Several red men arose up to look around, when he crept back to the bushes, and continued his slow journey. At night, managing to roll a log into the river, he crossed over on it, and resumed his journey. He knew he was some eight miles from Bullitt's Lick, which he wished now to reach. He could *crawl* a quarter or half a mile an hour. His moccasins wore out. Next his hat, his hunting shirt, and vest were consumed, as sandals for the knees and hands.

On the night of the third day, worn with hunger, want of sleep, acute pain, and raging thirst, he came in the neighborhood of the salt-works. But nature was once more exhausted, and he laid himself down again to die, and in sight of the many fires burning under the salt kettles in the distance. After a weary night, morning came, and with it the sound of horses' hoofs. He called out to the rider, but, to his dismay, the sounds went clattering away toward the Lick. It proved to be a negro, who, alarmed at the cry, had dashed away to the salt camp, with a report of Indians near. On close

questioning, and on supposition that it might be some one escaped from the boat's crew, a party went in search, and found the despairing sufferer. A long year passed before Crist was well of his injuries.

The woman in the boat was carried a prisoner to Canada. Ten years after, Crist met her again in Kentucky, she having been ransomed by an Indian trader and brought into General Wayne's camp on the Maumee, and restored to her friends. She informed Crist that the body of Indians who made the attack on the boat numbered over one hundred and twenty, and that thirty of them were killed in the engagement. This statement was confirmed to Crist by Indians whom he met afterward, and who had been in the battle.

Crist described Crepps as a tall, fair-haired, handsome man, and, although of kindly spirit, brave and daring in every danger. While a gentleman in every bearing, he was possessed of all those striking qualities that made up the heroic manhood of pioneer life in Kentucky. He characterized him as the lion of the desperate combat in which he received his death wound. Crepps left a young wife and son. A posthumous daughter was born to her, who in years became the wife of Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe, afterward governor of Kentucky, and postmaster-general under President Tyler, besides holding several other important official positions, and whose son, Hon. J. Crepps Wickliffe, was United States attorney for the district of Kentucky, by appointment of President Cleveland.

Indian raids, with spoliations and massacres, were too numerous throughout the district to attempt to encumber the narrative of history with more than a moiety. Crab Orchard, Floyd's Fork, Drennon's Lick, Great Crossings, Blue Licks, Kenton's station, Hardin's settlement, and countless other places had been subjected to these ever-recurring and intolerable outrages.

They began a new method of warfare, which, for a time, was very harassing. Capturing a flat-boat on the Ohio, they manned and fortified it, and learned how to manage it. With this, they captured several family and trading-boats on the river, massacred those on board, and carried off their goods. Thus besetting the great avenue of ingress, they spread new alarm beyond the State limits to those desiring to emigrate, as well as among those near the Ohio.

Of the many captures on the river, Spaulding, in his "Early Sketches of Catholic Missions in Kentucky," gives an intensely-interesting account of that of John Lancaster and several comrades, at the mouth of Miami. They were carried off to a village seventy miles back, and very rudely treated for a time. Finally, Lancaster was adopted into an Indian family and treated as one of them, until he happened to be left in the care of another Indian, in the absence of his foster brother, who became very threatening and brutal. In fear of his life being taken, Lancaster made his escape, and, though pursued, with a pack of dogs on his trail, he managed to reach the Ohio river, make a raft of logs tied together with bark, and float down,

by night, to Louisville. But we must not now dwell further on these recitals of carnage and cruelty.

Before the close of 1788, another tempter came to pay court to the maidenly young doweress of the West. Dr. Connolly, the same whose British loyalty cost him the confiscation of two thousand acres of land on the site of Louisville, appeared in Lexington, professedly to ascertain the possibility of recovering his lost estate. He was direct from Quebec, and accompanied by Colonel Campbell, of Louisville. They called on Colonel Thomas Marshall and Judge Muter, and afterward on General Wilkinson. The doctor was authorized to say, in confidence, that Great Britain stood ready to guarantee the same protection to Kentucky as to Canada, if she would ally herself in any way with the empire, and that the navigation of the Mississippi would be secured to her. To enforce this assurance, there were four thousand British troops in Canada ready to be sent down the Mississippi to capture New Orleans, if need be. A rumor got out in the community that a British spy was in town, and very strong indications of summary violence were manifested. Meeting with a cold reception from Marshall, Wilkinson, and others whom he had approached, and learning the state of public feeling, Connolly was extricated by being privately conveyed to Maysville, on his return to Canada. The intense resentment toward England for her continued incitement of the Indians to murder and pillage the settlers was such, that an agent, on such a mission, was really in imminent danger of personal violence. His views and plans were but partially exposed.

This year the site of Cincinnati was first surveyed and laid out for a city. Matthias Denman purchased of Judge Symmes nearly eight hundred acres of land, lying opposite the mouth of Licking, for five hundred dollars in continental money. He resold two-thirds to John Filson and Colonel Robert Patterson, who, with a party of fifteen, came down from Limestone and surveyed and staked it off in lots, and gave it the name of *Losantiville*. Filson, who was the first historian of pioneer Kentucky, venturing too far from camp, was killed by Indians.

The Legislature of Virginia created the counties of Mason and Woodford, and chartered the towns of Maysville, Danville, and Hopewell, now Paris, this year.

CHAPTER XX.

(1790–95.)

Population in 1790.

Ninth convention accepts the fourth act of the Virginia Assembly.

Fixes the 1st of June, 1792, to enter the Union.

On county-court days, in December, delegates to be elected to frame a constitution.

Constitutional convention to meet first Monday in April.

Indian hostilities continue.

Loyalty of Kentucky to the Union.

Convention meets.

McDowell president.

George Nicholas' prominence.

Constitution formed.

Comments.

Indian raids at many points.

General Scott destroys their crops and towns in Ohio.

British yet retain the forts and incite Indian hostilities.

Harmar's defeat.

Local military board appointed.

Scott's and Wilkinson's expeditions to the Wabash.

Successful results.

Captain Hubbell's desperate boat fight.

May's disaster.

Captain Marshall's escape.

Raid on Elkhorn, near Frankfort.

Other raids.

St. Clair in command.

Protest of Western men.

Colonel Oldham commands the Kentucky troops.

Campaign and defeat of St. Clair.

Wilkinson made colonel in the regular army.

Isaac Shelby first governor.

Other first State officials.

Contentions over the capital site.

Legislature organizes the judiciary department.

Wages and values of the day.

Scarcity of specie.

Repulse of Major Adair.

Murder of Hardin and Truman.

False philanthropy excuses the Indian atrocities.

Policy of partialism to the Indian.

Injury to him and the whites.

President Washington orders a treaty council.

A historian's comment.

Indians refuse to treat.

General Wayne in command of the West.

Scott joins him with one thousand Kentuckians.

Sparks from the French revolution kindle Jacobin fires in America.

Burn furiously in Kentucky.

Societies formed.

The people suspicious of centralism.

Resolution of the Lexington club.

Pledge to support France evaded.

French emissaries enter Kentucky with commissions for citizens, to enlist two thousand men to capture New Orleans.

Clark chief commandant.

Governor Shelby's position.

Secretary Randolph's letter.

Genet's triumphal tone.

His insolence.

His recall.

Intense sentiment universal.

The collapse.

Governor Shelby.

General Wayne's campaign renewed.

Confidence of Kentuckians in him.

Battle and victory.

British insolence.

Kentuckians anxious to attack the fort.

Treaties with the Indians.
Whitley's exploits.
Last Indian raids.
Big Joe Logston's fight.
Chapman's station.
Last incursion in Mason county.

The population of Kentucky in 1790 was sixty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-three whites, twelve thousand four hundred and thirty slaves, and one hundred and fourteen free blacks, a total of seventy-three thousand six hundred and seventy-seven. On account of the rude treatment and neglect by the Government, and the indifference to the results, no vote was cast in the district of Kentucky in January, 1789, for electors for president and vice-president, the first national election. The third act of separation was passed by Virginia, with clauses very objectionable to the people of Kentucky. These required of the latter the payment of a portion of the domestic debt of Virginia, after they had defended the frontiers at their own cost, and also that both the continental and State soldiers of Virginia should locate their lands under warrants in Kentucky.

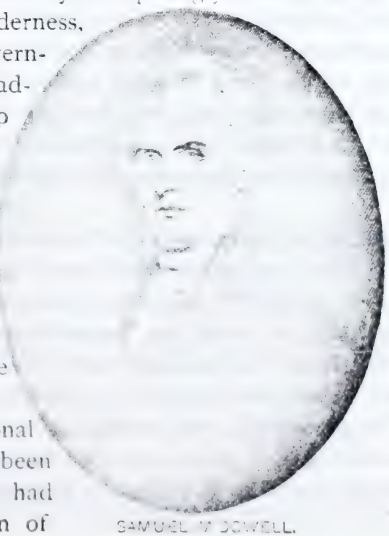
[1] In July, 1789, the *eighth* convention met at Danville, and rejected these conditions, and memorialized the Legislature to abolish them. In December, this memorial was complied with, and the objectionable provisions expunged by a fourth act of separation on the part of Virginia. This latter act required a new convention to assemble on the 26th of July, 1790, to determine their wishes for separation; and added the conditions that Congress should release Virginia, prior to the 1st of November, 1791, from all her Federal obligations, arising from the district; that the proposed State shall, on the day after separation, be admitted into the Union, and that such day of admission be after the 1st of November, 1791. On July 26, 1790, the *ninth* convention-elect met at Danville, and accepted the modified terms of the last act of the General Assembly, and fixed on the 1st day of June, 1792, when Kentucky should become a State separate from, and independent of, the government of Virginia. Afterward, an address to the Legislature was adopted, and also a memorial to President Washington, praying Congress and the president to sanction the proceedings, and expressing a feeling of admiration and loyalty for the form of government established. Finally, it was resolved that, on the respective court days of the several counties, in December, 1791, delegates be elected, who should, on the first Monday in April, 1792, meet in convention at Danville, and there frame a constitution for the anticipated Commonwealth, and a proper code of laws, to remain in force until substituted by subsequent legislation.

In February, 1791, Congress, in session, passed the act to admit Kentucky as one of the States of the Union, to have effect on the 1st of June, 1792. All obstacles being now removed for the free action and expression of the people of Kentucky, they proceeded in December, 1791, to elect delegates who, on the 3d day of April, 1792, met and proceeded to adopt

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 360.

the first constitution of the Commonwealth, to be recognized on the 1st day of June.

Thus, from the first meetings in 1784, to consider the necessity of forming an independent State government for their own protection and management of home affairs, until the admission into the Union eight years after, the people of Kentucky were subjected to the torturing and irritating necessity of appointing or electing delegates for assemblage in ten successive conventions, were embarrassed by the sectional jealousies of the Northeastern States for a natural affiliation with the Union, and hampered and delayed by the restrictive legislation of Virginia. During this period, the Indians, both on the north and the south, unremittingly pursued their raiding practices, murdering men, women, and children, with all the atrocities of their savage natures, stealing and destroying property, and harassing the settlements in every conceivable way, while Kentucky was left to her own defense. In the most gloomy period of these inauspicious surroundings, the temptations of Spanish intrigue, with the alternative of independent government, and the full right to use all her forces for defense, came to the people. The love of order and of the institutions of liberty were deeply grounded in the hearts of the pioneers; and this love gave patience and endurance through all this ordeal of trials, of discouragements, and of temptations—a test of the loyalty of Kentucky, severer than the citizens of any other State have experienced. To quote from McClung, that eloquent historian: "It is impossible not to be struck with the love of order, the respect for law, and the passionate attachment to their kindred race beyond the mountains, which characterized this brave and simple race of hunters and farmers. The neglect of the old confederation arose, no doubt, from its inherent imbecility; but never was parental care more coldly and sparingly administered. Separated by five hundred miles of wilderness, exposed to the intrigues of foreign governments, powerfully tempted by their own leading statesmen, repulsed in every way to obtain constitutional independence, they yet clung with invincible affection to their Government, and turned a deaf ear to the syren voice which offered them the richest gifts of fortune to stray from the fold in which they had been nurtured. The spectacle was beautiful and touching, as it was novel in the history of the world."



SAMUEL McDOWELL.

On the assembling of the constitutional convention, Samuel McDowell, who had been president of the nine conventions which had charge of the question of the separation of

Kentucky from Virginia, was again elected president. The constitution was, perhaps, as nearly in accord with that of the Federal instrument as that of any other State, by the advantage of subsequent adjustment. It abandoned the features of the parent State, so far as representation by counties was concerned, and established numbers as the basis. The executive, the Senate, and the judiciary, were removed from direct control of the people. The governor and senators were chosen by electors, who were elected by the people every four years. The judges were by executive appointment, and held during good behavior. The Supreme Court had original and final jurisdiction in all land causes, a provision which proved of mischievous and dire woe after.

The comments of Marshall, in his history, on the first experiment at organic law in the Commonwealth, are very interesting, as presenting the views of a learned contemporary, and one who was an acknowledged leader in the Federal party, or, as they were better known in the popular and provincial style of the day, the *Country* party. The distinguished author was learned in the law of statesmanship, as expounded through the *Federalist*, in the masterly and able essays of Hamilton, Jay, Madison, and others. With the excesses of the French revolution, and other erraticisms of undisciplined democracy, fresh in memory, it is not to be wondered at that a powerful element of conservatism looked with apprehension to the concession of too much power to the people. With the traditions and policies of the old era, and the partial demonstrations of the experiments of the new, for guidance, it was not unreasonable that many statesmen of the day should seek a remedy against the abuses of popular suffrage, in measures of limitation and restriction thrown around the electors, rather than to have turned to the wiser and better remedy of to-day, of qualifying universal suffrage by universal education. It was not so well understood then, as now, that popular suffrage, once conceded, never yields or compromises its powers and franchises, but, with insatiable instinct, continues to demand, until the last barriers are broken down, and civil rights are made equal to all. Modern statesmanship admits no alternative; the people must be educated and qualified for self-government is the canonized doctrine of to-day.

[1] The contemporary historian says:

"It is to be observed that antecedent to the formation of the Constitution, an immense mass of information had been presented to the public mind in newspaper essays, and in books, on political subjects. While, in addition to these, may be mentioned the Constitutions of the States, as storehouses or fountains of information, from which to draw constitutional provisions.

"Excepting, however, the provisions for forming the senate, and the original jurisdiction given to the court of appeals, the Constitution of Kentucky resembling in its general arrangements that of the United States, and in its details those of the several States, is, in reality, the genuine offspring of

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p 414.

the local circumstances and habitual modes of thinking and acting, common to a majority of the people of the country at the time—the result of principles, inculcated and imbibed in the Revolution, brought with the emigrants, and here cherished and propagated, from the first to the last settlement. It was made for present use rather than futurity; for the then condition of the country, more than for one materially different, which was to ensue in the course of progressive population and change of circumstances; in short, it was the result of feeling, not of foresight—of prepossession, rather than a full knowledge of the subject. It was a representative democracy, instead of a real republic, as all governments should be. It contained, nevertheless, most of the essential principles and material parts of a good constitution, but defective in some. In others, ill-assorted, and the checks inadequate.

"The constitution of 1792 exhibits plenary evidence of a compromise, if not of a contest; and the mode of forming the Senate, and of electing the governor, was an attempt to check and control the downright and broad democracy avowed in *the equality of all men*, and reduced to practice in *the equal right of suffrage*, throughout all the primary elections. That such was the design of the contrivance is manifest, as well on inspecting its features, as from the resistance it met with after its proposed operation was ascertained, and which terminated only in its dissolution by that democracy, which abolished any compromise that might have been made.

"Take from the first Constitution of Kentucky the mode of electing militia company officers, the mode of electing sheriffs and coroners, and the original jurisdiction of the court of appeals, and render the electors of the governor and senators eligible by citizens having the fee-simple estate in one hundred acres of land, and upward, on which one family at least, should reside; and it may be put in competition with any constitution in America, without the hazard of a blush, and with a challenge of equal merit; it would, in reality, be excellent.

"Take it as it is, with the exception of the original jurisdiction of the appellate court, and it may be held up to the world as the delineation of a constitution nearly perfect and truly republican in its apparent features. Its design is obviously to embrace both extremes of the heterogeneous mass of human beings who compose the great community which it was to govern, and from whom were to be drawn by election such individuals as were to exercise the powers of government; while the deficiency lies in the substratum of the Senate."

In 1790, Indian massacres, incendiarisms, and pillages were reported at Lee's creek; on Hanging Fork of Dick's river; in Kennedy's bottom, where the settlers were all driven out; on the Ohio, on John May's boat, where the crew were killed or taken prisoners; on three boats near the mouth of the Scioto; on Beargrass; at Big Bone Lick; at Baker's station; on a boat near Three Islands, in the Ohio, and at many other points. These aggres-

sions called for retaliatory punishment. General Scott, with two hundred and thirty volunteers, crossed the Ohio at Limestone, and was joined by General Harmar, with one hundred United States regulars, and all marched for the Scioto towns. The Indians avoided any general engagement, and retreated. Some of them were killed, and their property destroyed.

From the military posts of Niagara, Detroit, and Mackinaw, yet detained contrary to the terms of the treaty of peace eight years before, the British continued treacherously to supply the Indians with munitions of war, and to incite them to hostilities against the frontiersmen. [1] McAfee recites, in evidence of this, the letters of Colonel McKee, the British commandant of Fort Miami, written soon after this, and published after in the American journals, having fallen into the hands of our Government. There were many people in England who hoped that the British power would some day regain the sovereignty of the States, and in this hope probably the ministry shared. From this, and also from the chagrin and irritation caused by the failure of their arms in the Revolutionary struggle, proceeded this unjustifiable conduct. It resulted in no advancement to any interest whatever of England or her colonies; but did have the effect to cause the butchery of thousands of men, women, and children of their own blood and kindred, and the almost complete annihilation of the tribes of miserable savages whom they bribed and incited to engage in these atrocities. President Washington was well apprised of these intrigues and perfidy of the English agents, and sought in vain for redress by negotiation. Only the exhausted state of the country restrained him from another resort to arms to enforce the rights of the Western men.

The president was now convinced that treaties with the Indians were practically worthless to protect the frontier. He favored more energetic measures than Congress would sanction, but took the most effective means at command to chastise the savages. [2] General Harmar was furnished over three hundred regulars, and authorized to call upon Pennsylvania and Virginia for such volunteer contingent as were needed. The rendezvous was at Fort Washington, now Cincinnati; from which place some fourteen hundred men began the march in September, 1790, toward the Miami towns, now the site of Fort Wayne. As General Harmar came in sight, with his troops, they beheld the main town in a blaze, having been fired by the retreating Indians. A detachment of one hundred and eighty Kentucky militia and regulars, under Colonel Hardin, were drawn into an ambuscade of some six hundred savages, and routed with heavy loss. The Indians were led by the noted chief, Little Turtle. The main body of General Harmar's troops lay at a distance of only six miles, but did nothing to relieve the situation. Having again divided his army, the smaller subdivisions under Colonel Hardin were attacked in detail, after the Indians had been re-enforcing for two days; and after desperate and destructive fighting on either side, a general

1 McAfee's History. 2 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 362.

retreat was ordered. In the two battles, the entire Indian forces encountered in the first, a seventh, and in the second, a third, of the American army, while General Harmar lay off but a few miles with the main body inactive. There were nearly two hundred of the whites killed. The Indian loss was severe, but not ascertained.

The prejudice of the frontiersmen against the employment of officers and men of the regular army was very great and well founded. Braddock's defeat, where Washington's riflemen saved the remnant of the English army, and other experiences taught the same views to the president. But so embarrassed was he by the existence of the regular military establishment around him, that it was next to impossible to order a military movement without placing at the head and front the regular officers and soldiers. It would have been a grievous affront to a very powerful element of the political machinery of the Government, in which were many old friends and comrades in arms.

Though the warnings had already come from Kentucky against the policy, the president could not entirely heed them. Yet, to satisfy the Kentuckians, a local board of war was appointed, consisting of Generals Scott, Shelby, Innes, Logan, and Brown, who could call out the militia to act with the regulars when they deemed proper.

[1]Under direction of this board, an expedition of eight hundred mounted men, with General Scott first and General Wilkinson second in command, was organized. Crossing at the mouth of Kentucky river, they penetrated the wilderness, and reached the Indian towns on the Wabash in June, 1791, some forty or fifty miles north-west of Indianapolis. Colonel Hardin, with about one hundred men, was detached to attack some smaller villages on the left, while General Scott led the main body against the principal village, Ouiatenou, the site of Lafayette, the smoke of which was discernible. As the troops reached the high ground overlooking the Wabash, they discovered the Indians trying to escape in canoes over the river. Wilkinson was ordered to follow them up with a battalion, which he did in time to completely empty five canoes crowded with savages, with the deadly rifles of his men, though under a return fire from a Kickapoo town on the opposite bank. Captains King and Logsdon were ordered by General Scott to cross their companies below this town, and, under command of Major Barbee, to attack it. The enemy was soon driven out of it. Colonel Hardin had been successful enough to kill and capture some sixty of the enemy in the villages on the left. General Wilkinson, with nearly four hundred men, was next dispatched to attack an important town at the mouth of Eel river. This was successfully done, the town burned, and several hundred acres of grain destroyed. These assaults proved a severe chastisement to the Indians. Besides killing over one hundred men and taking many prisoners, extensive growing crops were destroyed. The troops returned home with small loss.

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 373.

This expedition having been undertaken so early in the season as to enable the Indians to replant their crops, General Wilkinson, in August, called for another volunteer force of five hundred men, with Colonels Hardin and McDowell second in command, by authority of the board of war. The response was prompt, and the march begun toward the same section on the Wabash, which they crossed some miles above the present site of Logansport. General Wilkinson then directed an attack upon the important town of Languille, as the French had given it. The enemy fled with little resistance, after losing nine killed and thirty taken prisoners. The same cruel course of destroying the crops was found necessary, and five hundred acres were laid waste, now too late to replant for winter supply.

During this year, 1791, Captain Hubbell was descending the Ohio in a flat-boat, in which were nine men, three women, and eight children. Near the mouth of Kanawha, they were attacked by a large party of Indians in canoes, probably near one hundred in number. Captain Hubbell had served some six years gallantly in the army of the Revolution, and was conceded the command. In three canoes, manned by thirty Indians each, the attack was made. The fight became brisk and desperate on both sides. Captain Hubbell, after firing his own gun, took up one from a wounded man and raised it to fire, when a bullet from the enemy knocked off the lock. He coolly seized a fire-brand, sighted his gun, and touched off the powder in the pan. As he was in the act of firing his third shot, a ball passed through his right arm, and for a moment disabled him. Recovering himself, and seeing the Indians about to board the boat, he seized a couple of army pistols, and drove them back with effective shots. Without loaded arms, he, with one or two of his men, beat off the Indians with billets of wood used in cooking. The savages, perceiving Captain Greathouse's boat, now in sight, left Captain Hubbell's to attack that. The crew made no resistance, and the men were instantly killed and the women made prisoners. The Indians again turned their attention to the first boat, manning their canoes with fresh men, and putting in their midst the captured women. It was a hard alternative to fire so near these women, but self-preservation is the first law. But four men were left capable of defense. Captain Hubbell was wounded twice. As the Indians would rise to fire, the men would give them the first fire, and usually with deadly effect. Despairing of success, the Indians retired to the shore. The current now carried the boat within thirty yards of the shore, when the only two men left unwounded were put at the oars to hasten it by, which was successfully done, though nine balls were shot into one oar and ten into the other. The current now carried the boat far out into the river, and the fighting ceased. Three were killed and five wounded. As the boat reached Limestone, hundreds of people came to view the scene of carnage and conflict, with the dead and wounded men, and also horses and cattle. The sides were specked with bullets, and in one blanket, hung up as a curtain, one hundred and twenty-two bullet-holes

were counted. A force was at once raised to disperse this body of savages, who discovered several dead Indians on the shore, together with the bodies of Captain Greathouse and the men, women, and children captured with him.

The decoy and capture of Captain May's boat and crew, the pursuit, the fighting, and the escape of Captain Thomas Marshall, with the abandonment of two out of three of his boats, and many other incidents of river depredation, followed each other at brief intervals at this period. The skirmishes, the ambushes and assassinations, the robberies of live stock, and the destruction of property, were of almost weekly occurrence.

In April, 1792, Captains Calvin and Kenton, of Mason county, crossed the Ohio and pursued a party of Indians down to the Miami valley, who proved to be led by Tecumseh. Though they surprised the savages by a night attack in camp, yet the skill and bravery of their leader not only saved his men from panic, but rallied them for effective resistance. The fighting resulted in several killed and wounded on both sides, but nothing decisive.

About the same time, a prosperous settlement of the Cooks, Lewis Mastin, William Dunn, William Bledsoe, and several others, with their families, in Quinn's Bottom, on South Elkhorn, and some four miles from Frankfort, was raided by about one hundred Indians. The brothers Cook were first killed, and their wives, with three little children, left to defend the cabin. The door was barricaded, and the only gun seized by one of the Spartan women. Having no bullets, she split in two a piece of lead and rounded it to fit the rifle, and quickly loaded it. The Indians had failed to beat down the door, and, putting the end of the gun at a small opening in the logs, she took deliberate aim at an Indian and shot him dead. The infuriated savages mounted the roof and set fire to it. One of the women ran up to the loft, and, while the other handed her water, put out the flames as often as the torch was applied. The water failing, she broke a lot of eggs and quenched the flame again. Lastly, they unrobed the vest of the dead husband of one, saturated with his blood, and smothered the kindling fire with it. The savages, baffled and uneasy lest an escaped messenger might bring an avenging force upon them, now abandoned the house, went off a distance, and climbed some trees for observation. Coming down, they sunk the body of the dead Indian in the waters of Elkhorn, and departed. Besides the Cooks, there were killed Mastin, two of Dunn's sons, and one negro, and two negroes captured. A company of one hundred men pursued these bandits, but they escaped over the Ohio with a loss of one or two.

This year, a scurrying band of Indians attacked the house of Mr. Stephenson, of Madison county, early in the morning before all had risen from bed. Firing into the house, they seriously wounded Mrs. Stephenson before defense could be made. Stephenson sprang from the bed and seized his rifle, and drove back the savages, while two young men living with him came to

the rescue. The assailants were driven off, with several killed and wounded. Mr. Stephenson was wounded and one of the young men killed.

Several raids were made into that portion of Ohio county lying next to Green river. In one of these, Mrs. John Anderson was scalped and two of her children killed, and Hannah Barnett captured and carried off. In another, McIlmurray was killed, Faith wounded, and Vannada made a prisoner. Earlier than this, some twenty young persons of both sexes went out from a station on the river, to pull flax. Two mothers went out to visit or carry them meals, one taking her little child. They were fired on and pursued by Indians, and all ran for the fort. The mother with the babe, being delicate, was falling behind, clinging to her child. The other mother turned back, in the face of the fire and pursuit by the Indians, took the child in her arms, and ran safely over two hundred yards, to the fort. The feeble woman fell in one hundred yards of the station, when an Indian ran up to tomahawk and scalp her. Just in time, a shot from one of the garrison stretched him dead at her side, and saved her life.

In August, 1792, a party of Indians were marauding on Rolling Fork of Salt river, in Nelson county. Major Brown made a vigilant pursuit to overtake and chastise them. Bringing them to bay, a sharp fight ensued, in which four of the savages were left dead on the field, and three of the whites killed and wounded.

Again we must omit the details of incessant harassments by these red bandits, who prowled the forests in every direction, giving but a few as illustrative of the perils that yet beset the settlers.

In the appointment of a commanding officer for the West by the Federal Government, General Hamilton consulted Mr. Brown, then the only congressman from this section. General St. Clair's name was mentioned, when Brown suggested that he was old and infirm, had been unfortunate in the service of the Continental army, and was without the confidence of the Western people, who, more than ever, since Harmar's defeat, believed that the officers and men of the regular army were unacquainted with, and unfit for, the methods of Indian warfare. It was difficult to ignore the demands of the military arm of the national service, and the appointment of St. Clair was made, with a concession to the Kentuckians of the improvised military board, of which mention has been made.

The Government now felt the necessity of more enlarged measures and plans for the punishment and subjugation of the savage tribes. Orders were issued to enlist in several States troops for the regular service, to the number of two thousand, to be placed under the command of General St. Clair. Kentucky had been called upon for about one thousand volunteers; but so intense was the feeling of prejudice against General St. Clair, and the regular service generally in such warfare, that no response was made to the call. St. Clair was bedfast with gout and rheumatism, was an imbecile with disease, age, and inexperience in such campaigning, and was then unfit to lead

an army in any campaign. Why the sagacity and well-known experience of President Washington would sanction or tolerate an appointment, that foreboded disaster in the discontent of the troops and the general murmur of protest throughout the country, is an enigma of history which the author does not attempt to explain. The novel expedient of drafting one thousand men for the army was resorted to in Kentucky; but no general officer could be found who would accept the command of these enforced recruits, and this was finally given to Colonel Oldham.[1]

About the 1st of October, 1791, the army of over two thousand men, well armed and provisioned, which had rendezvoused at Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, began its march, by way of Fort Hamilton, on the Big Miami, toward the Indian towns on the Maumee river. The march was slow and wearisome to frontiersmen, as it was conducted after the ordinary routine of military science. Forts and stations were constructed on the route for storage of supplies, and for protection in case of disaster; the roads needed to be repaired for the passage of the artillery, and all had to move to the order of military precision. The army was officered by brave and tried subordinates, but the volunteer material was of a very mixed and doubtful element of the refuse of the States where they were enlisted. It was the most formidable force and equipment ever sent against the North-west Indians. The Kentucky conscripts did not conceal their disaffection from the first, and hints of another Braddock's or Harmar's disaster were murmured. They began their desertions by individuals, and then by squads. Finally, a large part of a battalion followed, when the general detached a regiment to bring back the deserters.

On the 3d of November, the army came to a village on a small tributary of the Wabash, which St. Clair mistook for the St. Mary's, a branch of the Maumee, and here encamped in two lines, with the creek in front. The right wing was composed of Butler's, Clark's, and Patterson's battalions, commanded by Major-General Butler, forming the first line; and the left wing, of Bedinger's and Gaither's battalions and Colonel Darke's regiment, forming the second line. The right flank was protected by the steep bank of the creek and Faulkner's corps; some of the cavalry and their pickets covered the left. The militia were thrown over the creek some five hundred yards, and encamped in the same order, in front of which a company of regulars was picketed.

Near sunrise on the 4th, the enemy, in strong force, attacked the militia, the picket company having fallen back and given information to General Butler of the advance of the Indians, who treated the report as unworthy of attention, most fatally. Colonel Oldham had disregarded the regular orders to put out scouts, to keep advised of any movements of the enemy. The morning call and parade were over; and the troops, dismissed, had laid aside their arms, when suddenly a horde of Indians dashed into the militia

[1] Marshall, Vol. I., pp. 377–387.

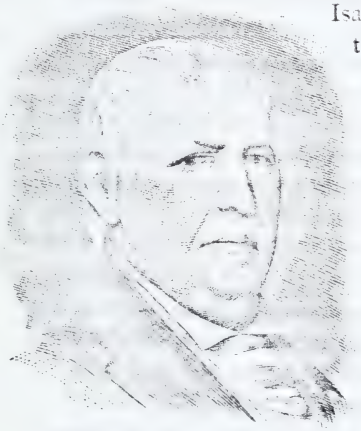
camp, and completely routed them. In a stampede, they ran back upon Butler's and Clark's lines, and created some disorder. The Indians hotly pursuing, poured a reserved volley into these ranks, and increased the confusion. The officers rallied the men, and got them in some order. In quick succession, the savages boldly attacked the center of the front line, also the artillery, and the second line. Throwing themselves flat on the ground, or concealed by trees or logs, they kept up a galling fire, especially upon the artillery. The troops responded with small arms and artillery, but with not very destructive effect. The camp was now surrounded, and the slaughter was great at every point. The soldiers began to be disheartened, and then disordered, though the officers bravely rallied them. The savages charged into the camp with brandished tomahawks, and were driven out with the bayonet. Again they charged, and yelled, and fought desperately. Many officers and men had fallen, among them General Butler, second in command. St. Clair was helpless in his cot. No quarter was given or expected. A retreat or a general massacre was now inevitable. A charge was made on the right of the enemy, the way cleared to the road, and then followed a disorderly stampede, each man caring for himself, and all deserting wagons, artillery, baggage, guns, and every encumbrance. General St. Clair managed to get away on a pack-horse, with aids to mount and dismount as he retreated.

In four days the general reached the rendezvous, Fort Washington, with the main remnants of a shattered army. Rumors flew over Kentucky that St. Clair was besieged in Fort Jefferson and in great danger. Generals Scott and Wilkinson at once called for relief volunteers, who warmly responded, ready to march on Fort Jefferson. The facts being known, these calls were withdrawn. Over eight hundred men, out of fourteen hundred engaged, fell in the carnage of this slaughter. Far more disastrous than Harmar's, it was paralleled only in the defeat of Braddock at DuQuesne. It was the fatal issue of an unbroken series of blunders. The appointment by the War Department of the Federal Government, the infirmities and unfitness of General St. Clair, the indifference of General Butler to the report of the pickets, and the failure of Colonel Oldham to observe the general order to put out scouts in the enemy's country, betray an unmilitary disregard of discretion impossible to be apologized for. The Indian forces engaged were estimated at fourteen hundred, about the same as the whites. They were commanded by the daring chiefs, Little Turtle and Brant. It is said that Little Turtle withdrew his men from pursuit, telling them that they had killed enough Americans. Pursuit must have ended in almost annihilation.

General Wilkinson, who was a man yet of power and prestige in Kentucky, was honored with the commission of lieutenant-colonel in the Second regiment of the United States army, and placed in command of Fort Washington. In January, he announced the arrival of the clothing and pay of

the soldiers of General St. Clair's army, which, had they come in time, might have saved the men a great amount of suffering and privation, and produced a far better state of feeling in that ill-fated body of troops. Through the coverts of the woods and brush which clothed the country everywhere, the savage bandits resumed their butcheries upon the isolated farm-houses and wayfarers, while piratical bands continued to decoy and assail those who sought the more convenient transit to Kentucky by way of the Ohio river, accounts of which would fill volumes.

By the provisions of the constitutional convention at Danville, on the 4th of June, 1792, the governor and Legislature assembled at Lexington. Isaac Shelby had been chosen governor by the college of electors; Alexander S. Bullitt, speaker of the Senate, and Robert Breckinridge, speaker of the House of Representatives. On the 6th, Governor Shelby met and addressed the Legislature, in person, after the custom of the British monarchs, which was imitated by the colonial governors, and by many governors of the States for a long time, and by President Washington. James Brown was appointed secretary of state, and George Nicholas attorney-general. The first United States senators were Hons. John Brown and John Edwards.



GOVERNOR ISAAC SHELBY.

A joint committee of the two houses, according to order, announced that they had waited on the governor, and had received his reply that he would, the next day, at twelve o'clock, in the Senate chamber, meet the General Assembly, in order to make his communications. Accordingly, on the day appointed, the speaker and members of the House of Representatives repaired to the chamber of the Senate, a little before the time for expecting the governor, and took the seats prepared for them, on the right front of the speaker's chair, the senators being on the other. At the appointed hour, the governor, attended by the secretary, made his appearance at the portal of the hall, when the speaker of the Senate, leaving his seat, met the governor, and conducted him to one placed on the right of the speaker's chair.

After the repose of a minute, the governor arose with a manuscript in his hand, and respectfully addressing, first the Senate and then the House of Representatives, read the communication which he had prepared; and delivering to each speaker a copy of the manuscript, he retired, as did also the speaker and members of the House of Representatives, who were reformed in their own hall immediately after. Thus the first courtly proceedings of a State inaugural in Kentucky passed off.

Each house resumed its appropriate functions, and, among the first business, ordered the communications from the governor to be entered on the journals.

In substance, they recommended to the attention of the Legislature the prosperity of the country as the great object of government; the establishment of both private and public credit, as among the most efficient means of effecting this desirable result. The first was represented to depend upon a speedy and impartial administration of justice, the latter on a scrupulous adherence to all public engagements.

Then he successively urged the speedy adjustment of the disputed titles to lands, by the mode pointed out in the Constitution; the regulation of future elections, in such manner as to guard against undue influence; the appointment of two senators to represent the State in the Congress of the United States, and the passage of a law to compel sheriffs and other public officers to give security for the due performance of their duties.

To the House of Representatives, he recommended the raising of an adequate revenue for public exigencies, and the appointment of commissioners to fix on a place for the permanent seat of government, giving to both houses his assurance of a cordial co-operation in such measures as should have for their object the good of the republic, and finally advising them to use dispatch, rendered the more necessary by the unorganized state of the various departments of the government.

The first law made by the first Legislature of Kentucky was entitled, "An act establishing an auditor's office of public accounts." It was approved by the governor, and became a law June 22, 1792. And thus our State government began by making a law for keeping straight its accounts of receipts and expenditures, a good omen for the fine credit our Commonwealth has maintained from that day to this. This first session of our Legislature began on Monday, June 4th, and ended on Friday, June 29, 1792. Thomas Todd was made clerk of the House, and Buckner Thruston of the Senate. Rev. John Gano was made chaplain, and John Bradford public printer. Nicholas Lewis was appointed sergeant-at-arms to the House, and Roger Divine door-keeper. In the Senate, Kenneth McKoy was appointed sergeant-at-arms, and David Johnson door-keeper.

There was great jealousy and contention over the selection of a seat of government, as provided for in the Constitution, between the people on the north and south sides of the Kentucky river. The appointment of commissioners was by the selection of twenty-one persons distributed over the State, from whom the delegations from Mercer and Fayette, alternately, struck off one, until five gentlemen were left. These were Robert Todd, John Edwards, John Allen, Henry Lee, and Thomas Kennedy, any three of whom might fix the seat of government. A majority decided on Frankfort, and this place became the capital. A state-house of stone, uncouth enough, was soon erected to accommodate the Legislature, paid for princi-

pally out of private means. An edifice of brick was built for the governor's use, at the expense of the State.

The assembly proceeded to organize the judiciary of the Commonwealth. The Court of Appeals was constituted of three judges—Harry Innes as chief-justice, and Benjamin Sebastian and Caleb Wallace second and third judges. Innes, declining, was appointed United States district judge, and George Muter was commissioned to fill the appellate vacancy. Subordinate to this, county courts were provided for, composed of justices of the different counties, any two of whom, out of three appointed, were to constitute a court of quarterly sessions, and any other two a county court. The justices had jurisdiction of all cases of less value than five pounds sterling, or one thousand pounds of tobacco. If the judgment was for less than half the amounts named, they were final; if over, an appeal lay to the quarterly sessions. The jurisdiction of the latter extended to all cases at common law and chancery, excepting criminal cases involving life or limb. The criminal jurisdiction was exercised by one court called the Court of Oyer and Terminer, held twice a year by three judges, from whose decisions there was neither appeal nor writ of error.

The members of the assembly received *one dollar* per diem, and twelve dollars extra for the session, or twenty dollars each to the presiding officers. The clerk was paid fifty dollars, and the sergeant-at-arms twelve dollars, "*in full of all demands.*" The treasury department was organized by the appointment of an auditor and treasurer. There being no money in the treasury, as no revenue had been collected, the treasurer was ordered to borrow. The great scarcity of money, its enhanced purchasing value, and the simplicity of habits brought the wage standard then to a corresponding level.

To give an idea of the market prices of the times, beef was two cents per pound; buffalo meat, one and a half cents; venison, one and a quarter; butter, eight cents; turkeys, fifteen cents each; potatoes, fifty cents per barrel; flour, five dollars per barrel; whisky, fifty cents per gallon. Marketing was not an established business; the stuffs were peddled around by such as had a surplus, but each man usually supplied his own meat from the woods.

On the 6th of November, 1792, Major John Adair, in command of one hundred Kentuckians, was attacked by a large body of Indians under Little Turtle, at a camp near Fort St. Clair, on a line of defense north from Fort Washington. After a severe contest, in which the Indians were several times repulsed, only to rally again with re-enforced strength, Major Adair was forced to retreat, with the loss of six killed, the camp equipage, and one hundred and forty pack-horses. The enemy were too badly punished to pursue, and were content to retire with their booty. Their losses in killed and wounded were much in excess of the whites, as seven of their dead were counted on the field when driven back by the whites. General Wil-

kinson publicly complimented the steadiness and gallantry of the major and his men, in the face of superior numbers.

[1] Toward the close of the year, the hearts of many were saddened by the intelligence of the death of the brave Colonel John Hardin and Major Trueman. They had been selected by General Wilkinson to proceed on a mission to the Miami towns, with a view to confer with the Indians upon the question of negotiations for a peace treaty. They had proceeded to the vicinity of the towns, and arrived at an Indian camp, about a day's journey from where Fort Defiance was built afterward on the Maumee. They were well received in camp by the Indians, who showed their usual respect for messengers of peace. After their arrival some time, five Delawares came from their town, about thirty miles off. Colonel Hardin proposed to visit their town with them that evening, but they refused. They encamped together that night, seemingly in a friendly spirit. Next morning, they became much excited over some inquiries made by the white party in reference to the country. The counsels of the ferocious prevailed, and Colonel Hardin was murdered on the spot. His companion was escorted toward Sandusky, and assassinated on the road. When the news came to the Indian towns, that a white man with a *peace talk* was killed, it excited passionate indignation, and brought much censure upon the perpetrators of the treacherous and cowardly deed; a waste of cheap sentiment that offered little consolation to Kentuckians for the butchery in cold blood of beloved comrades.

Pending these crucial trials and mishaps, which continued to vex the souls of the Western people, there were those among their fellow-citizens of the Eastern States who dwelt in the repose of security, and prospered amid the happy fruitages of peace; and yet most diligently engaged in disseminating the self-excusing hypothesis, that these continued hostilities in the West were provoked and kept alive by the aggressive cruelties and outlawry of the Americans; and that the poor Indians were indeed persecuted, murdered, and outraged beyond all forbearance. Hence, the latter were goaded to retaliation and self defense. Maudlin sentiment from the pulpit, ill-advised comments by the press, and cheap harangues by demagogues, had given enough importance to this misleading and mischievous philanthropy, on the part of a specious class in the communities, to call for some attention on the part of the General Government.

We will be pardoned a brief digression here to notice this symptom of a distempered or affected humanitarianism, which has manifested itself in every age toward the forlorn red barbarians, with whom our country has had to deal, and has to deal now. Millions at a distance believe that the poor Indian out West is a victim to the persecutions and aggressive wrongs of the American invader of his territory and his rights: and that all the red man needs, to be innocent and good, is to be let alone, or treated well, by his white neighbor. In this conclusion, and in this sentiment, there are

[1] Collins, Vol. II., p. 316; Marshall, Vol. I.

none of the frontiersmen who have had to deal with the savages, to mourn their butcheries and atrocities, to engage in hostilities with them, and who knew them and their natures thoroughly, who will be found to share. They only know them, as we know all barbarians who have fallen farther away in their apostasy from all original virtue than any other living beings, as ferocious, treacherous, and deceitful creatures of impulse and passion. In their brutal natures and instincts, there is no more scruple to murder, steal, or lie, than there is to eat their venison or smoke their pipes. As to susceptibility to a moral sense of wrong, that will make them amenable to conscience and restrain their evil inclinations for conscience sake, they evince small possession of it. They seem, in their aboriginal estate, to act only from an impulse of present gratification, or from a sense of fear, in their general habits.

The Indian is the modern type, but the same apostate outlaw against divine and moral government as were the antediluvians, the Sodomites and the Canaanites, whose *national* existence God decreed should be exterminated. The law of such extermination was given in the words, "when their iniquity shall be full." The same law of God is in active force yet, and will be in all time; only, the execution of the first was by the agency of miracle, while since, the execution is by the natural laws of cause and effect, the agencies of providence ever presided over and directed by the unseen hand of God Himself. An apostate nation, whose "iniquity is full," is one that has obliterated the idea of the true God, and of responsibility to Him, from their minds and practices; and hence, have aborted the purposes of Deity who created and gave them national existence. It is His wise decree, for the defense and safety of better nations and peoples, that such should be *nationally* exterminated.

Such decree does not presuppose that there shall be no individual exceptions in such national exterminations. Indeed, the reverse is shown. None of the ancient nations named were destroyed without warning, and a way of escape for the virtuous. It is the national or tribal existence of the Indian that is fated for destruction. It is of the genius of our civilization and of our political institutions, that every individual of these tribes, whom it may be possible to save out of such tribal extinctions, should have the door of escape held wide open.

The Government has ever unwisely and unhappily reversed this divine order, in its treaties and policies with the red men. It has conceded to them independent tribal or national existence and territorial rights within our own national domain and jurisdiction, which it has done to no other people. Had it pursued the other policy of ignoring, or requiring a forfeiture of tribal existence, and given to each household or head a homestead of land, inalienable for a generation or two, and required the Indians to become industrious and law-abiding citizens, or to take the consequences of individual outlawry, the majority of them might have become assimilated,

and incorporated into the body politic. It is the recognition and concession of their tribal organizations and identity by the Government, that so long repeated and perpetuated savage hostilities, and that entail the main expenses of our military establishment to this date.

It is fairly estimated that for one hundred years, there have been slain by Indians, as many white men, women, and children, as there are red men within the jurisdiction of the United States. Ten years ago, the statement was made and not questioned, that on the route from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Tucson, Arizona, a distance of four hundred miles, the remains and burial spots of six hundred persons murdered by Apaches could be identified. It may be safely asserted that not less than five thousand men, women, and children fell victims to the fire-arms, the tomahawk, and scalping-knife of these barbarians during the pioneer days, in Kentucky. Their *tribal* extermination is fated and is but a question of time.

The policy of the Government has ever been in direct contravention of the divine order. The latter is just and humane, in that it destroys the tribal body that is utterly apostate and corrupt, and saves the individuals by incorporation into a better national life and body. The former is inhumane and cruel in the end, in that it seeks to perpetuate a depraved and prostituted national or tribal existence; and in so doing fatally determines and perpetuates the barbarisms of the individual. It assures the gradual destruction of the tribe, by the certain and more rapid destruction of its vicious and depraved individuals. It would have been absurd and unwise, had our Government provided for the distinct existence of a German nation, an Irish nation, an African nation, or a French or Italian tribe, out of the crude and diverse elements of our immigration, within its own body—politic and territorial; but not more absurd and not more destructive of peace, good order, and prosperity, than the perpetuation of the tribal unity and distinction conceded to the Indians.

[1] An authority who made a special study and investigation of this subject, a few years ago, shows that the Government pays out treaty annuities to the *domesticated* tribes, numbering an aggregate of less than two hundred thousand souls, six millions annually for their support, and an average of twenty-four millions more each year, in military equipment and expenditures, to *police them into civil order and subordination.* Besides this worse than waste of thirty millions annually, there are, in the aggregate, nearly two hundred millions of acres of choice lands set apart for these wild Arabs of the Occident, from which white settlers are interdicted; or an area of territory as large as Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. One-tenth of this territory would give to each head of an Indian family, or male adult, enough for a choice farm of five hundred acres, instead of five thousand to roam over in majestic seclusion and impudent deviltry, as now. This phenomenal policy brings about the singular anomaly of the existence

1 L. D. Ingersoll, *National Magazine*, February, 1875.

within our national domain, of some two hundred distinct "nationalities," each based upon distinct treaty stipulations, and each with its own peculiar characteristics.

It would be as unjust and untrue to say of the Indian, that he can not be civilized and assimilated into the body-politic of a good government, as it would be to say the same of the African. The benign and subduing influence of our Christianized civilization, with its potential agencies of light and love, finds nothing unconquerable in the wide world of human apostacy and depravity. The redeemed and restored African and Indian, while they may stand with the minority, are living indices pointing to the possibilities of our civilization, with the emphasis of demonstration. If all the ingenuity of statecraft had been combined and concerted for the past century to formulate and enforce an Indian policy, the most mischievous, unkind, and pernicious, to the red man first, and to the white man also, it would not have better cause to-day to crown its authorship with the well-earned laurels of success, than is due the policy pursued.

The president, to counteract the pernicious impression which possessed the minds of the people of the Atlantic States, and also that the Indians were willing to listen to and accept terms of peace on just grounds, ordered a treaty council to be held at Sandusky. In the meantime, all citizens were forbidden to engage in any hostilities with the savages, a very painful and hard necessity laid on the Kentuckians after the many recent and distressing barbarities perpetrated on them.

On this state of affairs, Butler very pertinently remarks: [1] "Nor can the necessity of this action of the president be appreciated without attentively noticing the deep-rooted prejudices of the country at large on the subject of Indian hostilities. They showed themselves in the debates of Congress, and were too much confirmed by the history of the national intercourse with the aborigines in general. Sympathy with the interests of a race of men incompatible with the existence of our agricultural people seems to have occupied the people east of the mountains *when it had no longer room to operate against themselves*. No thought then seemed to exist that the same causes of inconsistent states of social existence prevailed on the western side of the mountains, just as they had presented themselves on their eastern side for the preceding century and a half. Our people would have gladly abided, for the present, with the territorial limit of the Ohio river. But no territorial limit could permanently arrest the ruin of the one race or the progress of the other. The decree of their fate was passed by natural causes which no human exertions could counteract."

The commissioners appointed by the president of the United States now announced that the Indians would not form a treaty of peace. The sincere and persevering benevolence of the Government was vindicated, and the rest was left to the fate of arms. General Wayne, who had assem-

1 Butler, p. 221.

bled his troops at Fort Washington, received orders early in October, 1793, to commence his march toward the Maumee. In pursuance of his authority, he had called upon the government of Kentucky for a detachment of mounted volunteers. These, so deep was the dislike and the want of confidence in regular troops among the militia of Kentucky, after the disasters of Harmar and St. Clair, could not be obtained by volunteering. On the 28th of September, the governor of Kentucky had been compelled by this reluctance to order a draft from the militia. The necessary re-enforcement was obtained, and by the 24th of October, General Scott, at the head of one thousand mounted men from Kentucky, reached within four miles of headquarters, then six miles in advance of Fort Jefferson and eighty miles from the Ohio river. Here the troops rested for several days. The Indians were now known to be in great force in the neighborhood of the Miami villages, eagerly anticipating another destructive victory over their white enemies. The season was far advanced in a rigorous climate, and the army not too well prepared for the stern and trying conflict with savages more flushed with confidence of conquest than they had ever been. This was the first campaign the army had prosecuted in the woods. In consideration of these united difficulties, the general-in-chief most prudently determined to suspend his march and to build Fort Greenville. The regular troops now entered into winter quarters, and the Kentucky militia were dismissed, not unpleasantly, though with renewed confidence in regular forces, owing to the energy and the hardihood displayed by General Wayne.

Early in 1793, the contagion of French attachment manifested itself in the United States by the establishment of the Democratic Society in Philadelphia, in too close imitation of the disorganizing clubs which had disseminated anarchy and destruction throughout the beautiful kingdom of France. Not that the partialities of our countrymen for Frenchmen, or their sympathy with the fortunes of France, are to be confounded with the crimes against all social order which deformed the French revolution. Many of these they did not know, and much they did not credit, coming as it did through English channels, a source of information doubly suspicious to our countrymen, at the time, from the hostilities of England against France, and likewise from her exasperating policy toward the United States.

England was cordially hated by the people of Kentucky, who knew that it was her treacherous hand that raised the Indian tomahawk against them and their defenseless women and children. To this was to be added the no less agitating sentiment of national gratitude for the people who so signally befriended us in the hour of our greatest peril and need. Many of the Revolutionary officers who had removed to Kentucky, as Scott, Hardin, Anderson, Croghan, Shelby, and Clark, with numerous followers, had fought side by side with the French in our own armies, and together against the British and their auxiliaries, the savages. Out of this state of public sentiment, Democratic societies were readily established at Georgetown, Paris,

and Lexington, on the model of the one at Philadelphia, and all after the model of the Jacobin clubs of Europe. The French revolution, a volcano lit by the torch of Republicanism carried back to Europe from the flames of American liberty, was in its first stage of eruption, and was shaking the thrones and establishments of that continent with its ominous vibrations. The outbreak in 1793 was yet kept within the legitimate bounds of the *right of revolution.* It had not committed any of those excesses of brutality which finally set all virtuous sentiment against it throughout the world. It was a remarkable phenomenon to witness the effect of the political changes in Europe on the people of the Western wilderness, so remote and isolated. But they hailed the advent of the French revolution with open enthusiasm. They believed it the precursor to the general downfall of monarchical governments and the erection of republics upon their ruins. Again, the sentiment of Kentucky was strongly anti-Federal, believing, as the people did, that Federal usurpation was tending to the establishment of an aristocratic government at home, and to endanger the individual rights of the States. Their ideas were doubtless exaggerated on this latter subject, but they served to enlist prejudice even against the administration of the peerless Washington. These Democratic clubs would ask of the Government that it confine its acts and jurisdiction within the strict letter of the Federal Constitution.

They ventured further in demanding, what they conceived to be, those rights which the Government should guarantee to one section as to another. The society at Lexington gave vent to their wishes in the violent resolution, "That the right of the people on the waters of the Mississippi to the navigation thereof was undoubted, and that it ought to be *peremptorily* demanded of Spain by the Government of the United States." It must be borne in mind by the reader in this connection, that the monarchy of Spain was in league with England and the other monarchies of Europe, in a mighty effort to extinguish the Titanic struggle for popular government in Democratic France. It was all Europe against France, and France in a life-and-death contest to secure for herself that liberty she had so grandly fought to secure for the Americans. The Democrats of the Occident were intoxicated with the *mirage* of freedom which appeared in the East.

The ardent and grateful friends of France now reminded the Government that the colonies, when treating with her for assistance in the extremity of their need during the war with the mother country, *consented to make war on England whenever the French Government did.* Now, nearly twenty years after, when called on to carry out that dangerous stipulation, the Federal Government, under the lead of the prudent Washington, very wisely declined to keep the contract which a predecessor had made, and under circumstances altogether different from those considered in the treaty. The fathers had bargained to pay a tribute of indemnity, which, though named in the bond, the sons dared not liquidate. The stipulation was more an impulse of sentimental diplomacy than of international obligation.

The further relation of the history of this interesting episode is lucidly given by Butler:

[1] "In this state of public feeling, the French minister, Genet, about the 1st of November, 1793, sent four persons of the names of Le Chase, Charles Delpeau, Mathurian, and Gignoux, to Kentucky, with orders to engage men in an expedition against New Orleans and the Spanish possessions. For this purpose, they carried with them blank commissions. The governor was soon afterward informed by the secretary of state of this enterprise, and [2] 'that the special interests of Kentucky would be particularly *committed* by such an attempt, as nothing could be more inauspicious to them than such a movement, at the very moment those interests were under *negotiation* between Spain and the United States.'

"Such, however, was the excitement of the public mind on the subject of the Mississippi, added to its fevered condition in regard to French politics, that too many persons were ready to embrace those foreign proposals to embroil the peace of the United States. Two of these emissaries had the audacity to address letters to the governor, informing him in express terms of their intention 'to join the expedition of the Mississippi,' and requesting to *be informed* whether he had 'positive orders to arrest all citizens inclining to our assistance.' To this presumptuous letter of Delpeau, Governor Shelby condescended to reply, in the words of the secretary of state, that he had been charged to 'take those legal measures necessary to prevent any such enterprise, to which charge I must pay that attention which my *present situation* obliges me.' These foreign agents proceeded in their piratical attempt, from the bosom of a neutral and friendly nation, to raise two thousand men under French authority, and to distribute French commissions among the citizens of Kentucky, to purchase cannon, powder, boats, and whatever was deemed necessary for a formidable expedition. In an unguarded moment, these insinuating agents, influenced by the same mischievous spirit that had undermined the peace and independence of so many European states, subordinated the exalted patriotism and fidelity of General George Rogers Clark, and prevailed upon him to take command of the expedition, as 'a major-general in the armies of France, and commander-in-chief of the revolutionary legions on the Mississippi.' Under this ominous entitlement for an American officer, he issued, under his own name, proposals 'for volunteers for the reduction of the *Spanish forts* on the Mississippi, for opening the trade of that river, and giving freedom to its inhabitants. All persons serving on the expedition will be entitled to one thousand acres of land; those that engage for one year will be entitled to two thousand; if they serve three years, or, during the present war with France, they will have three thousand acres of any *unappropriated* land that may be conquered, the officers in proportion as other French troops, all lawful plunder to be equally divided, according to the custom of war; those

1 Butler, p. 223. 2 American State Papers, pp. 2-36.

who serve the expedition will have their choice of receiving their lands or one dollar per day.'

"Governor St. Clair intimated to Governor Shelby, early in November, that this commission had been given to Clark. This communication was followed by one from General Wayne, of January 6, 1794, inclosing his orders to Major W. Winston, commanding the United States cavalry in Kentucky, which placed that officer and his men under the orders of Governor Shelby, and promised that, 'should more force be wanted, it should not be withheld, notwithstanding our proximity to the combined force of hostile Indians.' After the receipt of these letters, Governor Shelby addressed the Federal secretary of state, on the 13th of January, 1794, and, after acknowledging the receipt of the information in regard to Clark and the French emissaries, proceeded as follows:

"'I have great doubts, even if General Clark and the Frenchmen attempt to carry this plan into execution, provided they manage their business with prudence, whether there is any *legal authority to restrain or to punish* them, at least *before they have actually accomplished it.* For if it is lawful for any one citizen of the State to leave it, it is equally so for any number of them to do it. It is also lawful for them to carry any quantity of provisions, arms, and ammunition. And if the act is lawful in itself, there is nothing but the particular intention with which it is done that can possibly make it unlawful; but I know of no law which inflicts a punishment on intention only, or any criterion by which to decide what would be sufficient evidence of that intention, even if it was a proper subject of legal censure.'

"This communication precluding any effectual interposition on the part of the governor of Kentucky, the president of the United States issued his proclamation, on the 24th of March, apprising the people of the West of the unlawful project, and warning them of the consequences of engaging in it. About the same time, General Wayne was ordered to establish a strong military post at Fort Massac, on the lower Ohio, and to prevent by force, if necessary, the descent of any hostile party down that river."

It was most evidently not the province or duty of Governor Shelby to interpose the State authority in a matter that concerned the Federal Government alone. Though his political enemies charged that he was conniving with the French party, his view, that the suppression of the military movement on Spanish Louisiana was a matter beyond the limited jurisdiction of the State government, was certainly tenable. As an individual, Governor Shelby no doubt sympathized with the almost universal sentiment of his people, in favor of opening the navigation of the Mississippi to all.

In his letter to the secretary of state, of 13th of January, in bold words, he continues: [1] "Much less would I assume a power to exercise it against Frenchmen, whom I consider as *friends and brethren*, in favor of the Spaniard, whom I view as an *enemy and a tyrant.* I shall also feel but little in-

[1] Butler, p. 232.

clination to take an active part in punishing or restraining any of my fellow-citizens for a supposed intention only, to gratify the fears of the minister of a prince, who openly withholds from us an invaluable right; or one who secretly instigates against us a most savage and cruel enemy. Yet, whatever may be my private opinions as a man, a friend to liberty, an American citizen, and an inhabitant of the Western waters, I shall at all times hold it as my duty to perform whatever may be constitutionally required of me as governor of Kentucky, by the president of the United States."

In March, the secretary of state, Edmund Randolph, replied to this letter of the governor's, and endeavored to confute the legal difficulties which had embarrassed his mind. [1] He then assures him the negotiations at Madrid, respecting the navigation of the Mississippi river, had been under consideration since the first *verbal* overtures of Spain in December, 1791, which had been accepted by the president; and that Mr. Short had been associated with Mr. Carmichael, the charge d' affairs at Madrid, in the negotiation; that for many months the commissioners had been employed in this important affair at the Spanish capital, and were so employed yet. Though necessary forms had enforced delay, and the events of Europe, and other considerations, had presented embarrassments, yet there was expectation of a satisfactory result.

Persistently, actively, and steadily, the agents of the French Government and the veteran pioneer leaders who were commissioned by them pursued the work of raising, organizing, and equipping the army of two thousand men, to man a flotilla for a descent upon New Orleans, the Spanish provincial capital. The best of fighting men were not wanting, and the notes of busy preparation echoed throughout the land.

Citizen Genet, the ambassador of the French republic, had landed in Charleston in the spring of 1793, and was received with demonstrations of enthusiasm that seemed to have elated him beyond all discretion. His progress through the Atlantic States to New York was characterized by scenes befitting the triumphal march of a Roman conqueror. Treating with contempt the president's proclamation of neutrality, he proceeded openly to arm and equip privateers, and to enlist crews in American ports for vessels to war upon the commerce of England and Spain, as though the United States were an ally, and sanctioned the authority.

All Europe beheld with dismay the fire, and cloud, and shock of the great political volcano that poured its desolating lava from the Parisian center, over its most distant countries and capitals. The contagion of excitement spread its ominous influences throughout America, to be viewed with alarm by our government; to be hailed with delirious joy by the over-sanguine democracy, that had not yet learned to distinguish its own love of liberty and order from the unchastened and untamed licentiousness of Jacobinism. The impatient and dangerous sympathy, heedless of the warning

1 Marshall, Vol. II., p. 150.

proclamations of Washington, distilled its poison throughout the States. Only the fortunate distance and the intervening ocean held Americans in check.

Nowhere did it blaze forth with more intensity than in Kentucky, for her people had an aim and an interest; while her remoteness made this the most available theater of active operations. The clubs resorted to every method of arousing the people, aided by the invectives of the press. In the spring of 1794, a meeting was called at Lexington, where violent resolutions were adopted, breathing the deepest hostility to the administration, and inviting a future convention of delegates to be appointed in citizens' meetings in the several counties, which more than hinted in the old direction of separation.

Fortunately, about this time, the intelligence came that Genet had been recalled, at the earnest instance of our own Government, and all his acts disavowed by the French republic. Thus disrobed of authority, and their military commissions rendered null and void, the French agents abandoned further efforts in the State. In consequence, the whole scheme of an expedition against New Orleans, which had tempted the allegiance of Kentuckians, vanished into thin air. The collapse had come. On the 14th of May La Chaise informed the Lexington club: "That unforeseen events had stopped the march of two thousand brave Kentuckians to go, by the strength of their arms, and take from the Spaniards the *empire of the Mississippi*, insure to their country the navigation of it, break the chains of the Americans and their brethren, the French, and lay the foundations of the prosperity and happiness of two great nations, destined by nature to be one."

Of this period of intense political agitation throughout the world, a distinguished writer says: "Nowhere did it rise to a higher degree than among the ardent and excitable people of Kentucky. The adventurous spirit and energetic stamp of a conquering and emigrating people communicate themselves to the general character, and are displayed in the general deportment." This may, in part, be a solution of the overflowing ardor and abounding energy, which are so prominently exhibited in Kentuckians, and which still mark the descendants of that daring body of men, who conquered the favorite of all the hunting-grounds of the Indians. In addition to this, a large body of Revolutionary officers and soldiers had settled in Kentucky, and, no doubt, increased the military impulse. How mistaken and ill-directed, and how ill requited was all this enthusiasm of Americans for French interests need not now be detailed.

[1] Of General Isaac Shelby, who, as governor of Kentucky, has been brought into prominence in our history, the reader will demand more than the passing mention. Few prominent characters in the military and political events of his day, both continental and local, evinced more decision and ability than he. Born and reared in Maryland, in early manhood North Carolina became the State of his first adoption. Following the early inclina-

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 712.

tion of his nature for military life, he tendered his offices to General Lewis, of Virginia, and rendered brilliant service at the great and decisive battle of Point Pleasant, with the confederated forces of the Miami tribes, an action before mentioned in this history. Afterward, in North Carolina, he rendered most efficient service during the Revolutionary war in many minor expeditions, but especially in retrieving the disaster of Gates, at Camden, the effect of which cast a gloom over the Southern country. That which seemed to paralyze others only awakened a spirit of greater resolve in Shelby, and to develop the superior military power which distinguished his after life. Holding together the little army he then commanded, he secured a large number of prisoners in his hands by a swift movement to the shelter of the Blue Ridge mountains. At this time, the noted Ferguson was spreading terror among the people of that district of North Carolina, hardly dreaming of serious opposition. It was mainly the genius of Shelby that conceived and planned, and his energy and determination that rallied and led, the forces at the battle of King's mountain, where victory gave new inspiration to the patriot population, although in subordinate command. He rendered signal service at the battle of Cowpens, and was ever in the front of that active campaigning, in his adopted State, against the English and Tories, which formed one of the most exciting episodes of the war of the Revolution.

At the conclusion of peace in 1783, he removed to Kentucky, and soon won the confidence and sympathy of her impulsive people. He became at once prominent in the political and military affairs of the State. He was notably gifted with a penetrating and sagacious statesmanship, which, together with his military ability and experience, gave him an influence in the State second to that of no other citizen. His independence of mind and speech, and his personal bravery, endeared him to a people who especially admired those manly qualities. He strongly sympathized with the party that contended so earnestly, and, at times, threateningly, for the full and equal recognition of rights for the Western people in the policies of the General Government. Yet no man was more devoted to the principles upon which the republic was based, or more loyal to the authorities who with equality and justice, administered the government of the same.

We left General Wayne in headquarters at Greenville, in the fall of 1793. During the winter, he reoccupied the battle-ground of St. Clair, and there erected Fort Recovery.[1] The British agents not only continued to supply the Indians with arms and munitions, and to instigate them to implacable hostilities, but themselves resorted to open and flagrant outrages, that under other conditions would have been a justifiable cause of war.

[2] On the 10th of February, Lord Dorchester, governor-general of Canada, in a speech before an assemblage of tribes at Quebec, declared to them

1 Marshall, Vol. II., pp. 137-9; Butler, p. 235.

2 American State Papers, Vol. II., pp. 65-73.

that "he should not be surprised if Great Britain and the United States were at war in the course of the year, and, if so, a line must be drawn by the warriors." Yet holding Detroit, ten years after the treaty of peace, in the same hostile spirit, Governor Simcoe established a military post below the rapids of the Maumee, about fifty miles south of that fort. Against the remonstrance of the Government, he refused to withdraw the garrison, the British minister seeking to justify the insult.

Under these encouragements, and secretly supplied with British arms, a large body of Indians attacked Fort Recovery in July, who, after an assault of twenty-four hours, were driven off, with a loss of less than one hundred killed and wounded.

The brief experience of the Kentuckians with General Wayne in the partial campaign of the autumn of 1793 had wrought a revolution in their sentiments in his favor. On the return home of General Scott, on furlough, with his one thousand drafted troops, they all bore testimony to the military ability, as well as the gallantry and dash, of General Wayne, or "Mad Anthony," as he was known by the sobriquet given him for daring courage in the Revolutionary war. With confidence established, General Scott reported with sixteen hundred Kentucky militia, on the 26th of July, and united his forces with about the same number of regulars under the commanding general. The army commenced its march to the junction of the Au Glaize and Maumee rivers, with the intention of surprising the rich and extensive Indian towns there. But warned of his approach by a deserter, he found the enemy had fled. Destroying the crops, General Wayne continued his march down the Maumee on the same side on which the British had recently built the new fort, in the vicinity of which his scouts reported the Indians to be camped in large force. Taking time to hastily construct Fort Deposit, within seven miles of the British garrison, the march was resumed.

Major Price, who commanded the advance guard, sent back word to General Wayne that the enemy were in order of battle within a mile or two of the British fort, their left upon the Maumee, and their right extending indefinitely into the thick brush-wood.

The regulars were drawn up in two lines, the right resting on the Maumee, while General Scott was ordered, with a brigade of Kentucky volunteers, on the left, to turn the extreme right of the enemy and to attack him in the rear; then General Barbee, with his brigade, was directed to follow close behind the second line of the regulars, to be employed as circumstances might require.

The order was given to the regulars to "advance and charge with trailed arms, and arouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and, when up, to deliver a close and well-directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to load again, or form their lines." Such was the impetuosity of the charge that the Indians, and

a lot of Canada militia and volunteers with them, were routed from their coverts, and driven in disorderly panic before the relentless bayonet, and under a destructive fire from the infantry. So general and rapid was the flight that, with the very best exertions he could make to overtake and engage the savages with his detachment of mounted men, General Scott was able to bring but a part of them into the action. The loss of the Indians was very heavy, and far out of proportion to that of the whites. The woods for two miles were strewed with the dead bodies of the red men and their white auxiliaries. The Indians, in their retreat, were surprised and disheartened that the gates of the British fort were shut against them in their flight.

The army remained for three days encamped on the battle-ground, destroying all the houses, the fields of grain, and other property in reach, including the house and stores of Colonel McKee, the British Indian agent, and principal instigator of the Indians to hostilities against the Americans. While this work was in progress, Major Campbell, who commanded the new fort, addressed General Wayne to "know in what light he was to view such near approaches, almost in reach of the guns of a fort belonging to his majesty, the king of Great Britain." To this insolence, General Wayne replied that "were you entitled to an answer, the most full and satisfactory was announced to you from the muzzles of my small arms yesterday morning, in the action against hordes of savages in the vicinity of your fort, which terminated gloriously for the American arms." Everything in view of the fort and under its guns was then destroyed. It was with difficulty that the commanding officer could restrain the disposition of the Kentuckians to attack the British. They tauntingly fired their rifles toward the fort to provoke a response, and only the discreet avoidance of retaliation on the part of the British commander saved them from the wrath of the exasperated soldiers.

The great and decisive victory on the Maumee, together with the failure of their English friends to come to their relief, broke the spirit of the Indians, and shortly after they were invited to a treaty meeting at Greenville, where terms of peace were agreed on. Large cessions of territory were made to the United States, and all claims south of the Ohio river given up, all of which was faithfully observed until the war of 1812.

In the early summer of 1794, Captain William Whitley raised one hundred men to march against the Nicojack towns in Tennessee, from which repeated raids upon the settlers in that State and across the Kentucky line had recently been made, resulting in murders and spoliations. Crossing the line, he joined Colonel Orr, by appointment, who had collected up several hundred volunteers for the same purpose. The command was conceded to Whitley, though the men were mustered in under Orr's name, to entitle them to pay. The rendezvous was but a night's journey, but for fifteen miles over rough and almost pathless mountains. The aim was to surprise

the enemy, and this was successfully done. An hour after sunrise, the Indian town was surrounded and assailed. Fifty of the savages were killed, nineteen made prisoners, and the houses and property destroyed. Whitley, with a small detachment, set out to attack a village called Running Water, but was met by a large body of the enemy, and a sharp skirmish ensued, with the loss of several on either side, when the Indians fled. Many articles of plunder were recaptured, showing the guilty hostility of the red men, among them, clothing showing bullet-holes made by their murderous rifles.

In April, 1793, Morgan's station, on Slate creek, seven miles from Mount Sterling, was assailed by a band of thirty-five Indians, and captured and burned. Two of the helpless whites were slain and nineteen made prisoners, most of the latter being women and children, the men being absent attending to their crops. A party was soon raised for pursuit and recapture, if possible; but the Indians, finding themselves pursued, tomahawked the weak and helpless women and children, and managed to get away with the others. They were taken to the North-west and sold, but were restored to liberty after the treaty of Greenville, in 1795. This was the last Indian incursion into the interior of Kentucky.

Raids were made into Logan county the same year, and at Bear Wallow, in Hart county, on the Cumberland road, three men were killed and scalped. Scurrying bands committed outrages at other points at different times, but not in large bodies. These were evidently but expiring efforts, showing that the prestige and power of the savages were yielding to the encroachments of the white men, never to be restored. The onward march of the dominant race was slow, but toward manifest destiny.

About the year 1790, an individual known as "Big Joe Logston" emigrated from near the source of the north branch of the Potomac to Kentucky, and resided many years in the family of Andrew Barnett, in Green county. He subsequently removed to Illinois. Big Joe seems to have been a rare and an original character, well suited for the hazards and adventures of pioneer life. The following account, given by Mr. Renick in the *Western Pioneer*, of a desperate fight with two Indians is characteristic: "The Indians made a sudden attack, and all that escaped were driven into the rude fort for preservation, and, though reluctantly, Joe was one. This was a new life to him, and not at all congenial. He soon became very restless, and every day insisted on going out with others to hunt up the cattle. Knowing the danger better, or fearing it more, all persisted in their refusal to accompany him. To indulge his taste for the woodsman's life, he turned out alone, and rode till the after part of the day without finding any cattle. What the Indians had not killed were scared off. He concluded to return to the fort. Riding along a path which led in, he came to a fine vine of grapes. He turned into the path and rode carelessly along, eating his grapes, and the first intimation he had of danger was the crack of two rifles, one from each side of the road. One of the balls passed through the paps of

his breast, which, for a male, were remarkably prominent. Fortunately, it proved to be only a flesh wound, and did not injure the breast-bone. The other ball struck his horse behind the saddle, and he sunk in his tracks. Thus was Joe eased off his horse in a manner more rare than welcome. Still, he was on his feet in an instant, with his rifle in his hands, and might have taken to his heels, and no Indian could have caught him. That, he said, was not his sort. He had never left a battle-ground without leaving his mark, and he was resolved that *that* should not be the first. The moment the guns fired, one very athletic Indian sprang toward him, with tomahawk in hand. His eye was on him, and his gun to his eye, ready as soon as he approached near enough to make a sure shot to let him have it. As soon as the Indian discovered this, he jumped behind two saplings, some distance apart, neither of which were large enough to cover his body; and, to save himself as well as he could, he kept springing from one to the other.

"Joe, knowing he had two enemies on the ground, kept a look-out for the other by a quick glance of the eye. He presently discovered him behind a tree loading his gun. The tree was not quite large enough to hide him. When in the act of pushing down his bullet, he exposed pretty fairly his hips. Joe, in the twinkling of an eye, wheeled and let him have his load in the part so exposed. The big Indian then, with a mighty 'ugh!' rushed toward him with his raised tomahawk. Here were two warriors met, each determined to conquer or die—each a Goliah of his nation. The Indian had rather the advantage in size of frame, but Joe in weight and muscular strength. The Indian made a halt at the distance of fifteen or twenty feet, and threw his tomahawk with all his force, but Joe had his eye on him and dodged it. It flew quite out of the reach of either of them. Joe then clubbed his gun and made at the Indian, thinking to knock him down. The Indian sprang into some brush or saplings to avoid his blows. The savage depended entirely on dodging, with the help of the saplings. At length, Joe, thinking he had a pretty fair chance, made a side blow with such force that, missing the dodging Indian, the gun, now reduced to the naked barrel, was drawn quite out of his hands, and flew entirely out of reach. The Indian now gave an exulting 'ugh!' and sprang at him with all the savage fury he was master of. Neither of them had a weapon in his hands, and the Indian, seeing Logston bleeding freely, thought he could throw him down and dispatch him. In this he was mistaken. They seized each other, and a desperate struggle ensued. Joe could throw him down, but could not hold him there. The Indian being naked, with his hide oiled, had greatly the advantage in a ground scuffle, and would still slip out of Joe's grasp and rise. After throwing him five or six times, Joe found that, between loss of blood and violent exertions, his wind was leaving him, and that he must change the mode of warfare or lose his scalp, which he was not yet willing to spare. He threw the Indian again, and, without attempting to hold him, jumped from him, and as he rose, aimed a fist-blow at his head, which

caused him to fall back, and as he would rise, Joe gave him several blows in succession, the Indian rising slower each time. He at length succeeded in giving him a pretty fair blow in the rear of the ear with all his force, and he fell, as Joe thought, pretty near dead. Joe jumped on him, and, thinking he could dispatch him by choking, grasped his neck with his left hand, keeping his right free for contingencies. He soon found that the Indian was not so dead as he thought, and that he was making some use of his right arm, which lay across his body, and, on casting his eye down, discovered the savage was making an effort to unsheath a knife which was hanging at his belt. The knife was short, and so sunk in the sheath that it was necessary to force it up by pressing against the point. This the Indian was trying to effect, and with good success. Joe kept his eye on it, and let the Indian work the handle out, when he suddenly grabbed it, jerked it out of the sheath, and sunk it up to the handle into the Indian's breast, who gave a death groan and expired.

"Joe now thought of the other Indian, and, not knowing how far he had succeeded in killing or crippling him, sprang to his feet. He found the crippled Indian had crawled some distance toward them, and had propped his broken back against a log and was trying to raise his gun to shoot him, but in attempting to do this he would fall forward, and had to push against his gun to raise himself again. Joe, seeing that he was safe, concluded that he had fought long enough for healthy exercise that day, and, not liking to be killed by a crippled Indian, he made for the fort. He got in about nightfall, and a hard-looking case he was—blood and dirt from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot—no horse, no hat, no gun, with an account of the battle that some of his comrades could scarce believe to be much else than one of his big stories, in which he would sometimes indulge. He told them they must go and judge for themselves.

"Next morning a company was made up to go to Joe's battle-ground. When they approached it, his accusers became more confirmed, as there was no appearance of dead Indians, and nothing Joe had talked of but the dead horse. They, however, found a trail as if something had been dragged away. On pursuing it they found the big Indian, at a little distance, beside a log, covered up with leaves. Still pursuing the trail, though not so plain, some hundred yards farther, they found the broken-backed Indian lying on his back with his own knife sticking up to the hilt in his body, just below the breast-bone, evidently to show that he had killed himself, and that he had not come to his end by the hand of an enemy. They had a long search before they found the knife with which Joe killed the big Indian. They at last found it forced down into the ground below the surface, apparently by the weight of a person's heel. This had been done by the crippled Indian. The great efforts he must have made, alone, in that condition, show, among thousands of other instances, what Indians are capable of under the greatest extremities."

[1] During the year 1884, David Chapman, of Warren county, died at the age of ninety-three years. He was the first white child believed to have been born in Southern Kentucky. His father, Thomas Chapman, with several others, moved their families from Virginia to Kentucky, and located at a station on Barren river, three miles eastward from Bowling Green. A year after, he removed his family to a stockaded dwelling he had prepared, some four miles above the valley of Drake's creek. Here, every morning and evening, with beat of drum and shouldered rifles, he marched around his stockade at the head of his family. Besides himself, six sons could carry guns; and his wife, daughter, and a negro woman, with hats, coats, and guns, joined the procession. This was kept up as long as hostile bands of Indians roamed and hunted through Kentucky. Every tree and shrub within rifle shot of the stockade, behind which an Indian could hide, was cleared away. Often of a morning they found the print of moccasined feet, showing where Indians had watched and waited through the night for some member of the family to show himself outside the stockade. After sunset no one ventured out; nor even in daylight without the trusty rifle. Frequently the cows were intercepted and driven back into the cane-brake, to lure some member of the family out to drive them home. One of the sons, Abner, was thus decoyed into an ambush. As he galloped out, with his gun and dogs, to drive the cows home, the dogs struck a bear-trail, as he thought, and he pressed on eagerly almost into the trap that had been prepared for him. The peculiar bristling of the dogs warned him just in time. He wheeled and put spurs to his horse. The Indians arose and fired from behind a bank after him. He escaped, but not unscathed. A bullet pierced his powder-horn, and exploded it.

This portion of Kentucky was an extensive prairie at that time, with belts of timber along the creeks and rivers, and here and there a little scrub oak or black jack just peering above the tall grass covering the great undulating plain. It was called the Barrens, from the lack of forests. One spring, the Indians stole every horse Mr. Chapman had; and the wife and mother, who had shed so many tears for her old Virginia home and its white wheaten bread, saw starvation staring her in the face. But one day a poor foundered horse hobbled to the door, and Mr. Chapman took it in, as he did everything and everybody who asked shelter at his hands, made it some leather moccasins when it got better, and raised a crop of corn with it.

Near his station Fleenor was killed and a comrade mortally wounded, the latter lingering seven weeks under the roof and care of the Chapman household. On another occasion, a man named Drake was hunting a mile or two up the creek, when Indians, by answering his turkey-call, lured him nigh to death. Catching a glimpse of them concealed in the cane, he turned and ran some distance, then up a steep bluff. They fired as he ran, but he did not know he was wounded until he saw the bushes sprinkled with blood

[1] *Courier-Journal* correspondent.

as he ran up the bluff. He snatched a handful of hickory leaves and stuffed in the wound, and made his way to Mr. Chapman's. The ball passed clear through him, just missing his heart. The doctor drew a silk handkerchief through the orifice, dressed it, and Mr. Chapman nursed him until he got well. Drake's creek was named after him.

The last Indian incursion into Kentucky, McDonald describes thus:

"In the course of the summer of 1793, the spies who had been down the Ohio, below Limestone, discovered where a party of about twenty Indians had crossed the Ohio, and sunk their canoes in the mouth of Holt's creek. The sinking of their canoes, and concealing them, was evidence of the intention of the Indians to re-cross the Ohio at the same place. When Kenton received this intelligence, he dispatched a messenger to Bourbon county, to apprise them that the Indians had crossed the Ohio, and had taken that direction; while he forthwith collected a small party of choice spirits, whom he could depend upon in cases of emergency. Among them was Cornelius Washburn, who had the cunning of a fox for ambuscading, and the daring of a lion for encountering. With this party, Kenton crossed the Ohio, at Limestone, and proceeded down to opposite the mouth of Holt's creek, where the Indian canoes lay concealed. Here his party lay in ambush four days, before they saw or heard anything of the Indians. On the fourth day of their ambuscade, they observed three Indians come down the bank, and drive six horses into the river. The horses swam over. The Indians then raised one of their canoes they had sunk, and crossed over. When the Indians came near the shore, Kenton discovered, that of the three men in the canoe, one was a white man. As he thought the white man was probably a prisoner, he ordered his men to fire alone at the Indians, and save the white man. His men fired; the two Indians fell. The headway which the canoe had, ran it upon the shore; the white man in the canoe picked up his gun, and as Kenton ran down to the water's edge, to receive the man, he snapped his gun at the whites. Kenton then ordered his men to kill him. He was immediately shot. About three or four hours afterward, on the same day, two more Indians, and another white man, came to the river, and drove in five horses. The horses swam over; and the Indians raised another of their sunk canoes, and followed the horses across the Ohio. As soon as the canoe touched the shore with the Indians, Kenton's men fired upon them and killed them all. The white man who was with this party of Indians had his ears cut, his nose bored, and all the marks which distinguish the Indians. Kenton and his men still kept up the ambuscade, knowing there were still more Indians, and one canoe behind. Some time in the night, the main body of the Indians came to the place where their canoes were sunk, and hooted like owls; but not receiving any answer, they began to think all was not right. The Indians were as vigilant as weasels. The two parties who had been killed, the main body expected to find encamped on the other side of the Ohio; and as no an-

swer was given to their hooting, which was doubtless agreed upon as a countersign, one of the Indians ventured to swim the river to reconnoiter, and discover what had become of their friends. The Indian who swam the river, must have discovered the ambuscade. He went upon a high hill, or knob, which was immediately in Kenton's rear, and gave three long and loud yells; after which he informed his friends that they must immediately make their escape, as there was a party of whites waylaying them. Kenton had several men who understood the Indian language. Not many minutes after the Indian on the hill had warned his companions of their danger, the Bourbon militia came up. It being dark, the Indians broke and ran, leaving about thirty horses, which they had stolen from about Bourbon. The next morning, some attempts were made to pursue the savages; but they had scattered and straggled off in such small parties, that the pursuit was abandoned, and Kenton and his party returned home, without the affair making any more noise or eclat than would have taken place on the return of a party from a common hunting tour. Although Kenton and his party did not succeed as well as they could wish, or their friends expected, yet the Indians were completely foiled and defeated in their object; six of them were killed, and all the horses they had stolen were retaken, and the remainder of the Indians scattered, to return home in small squads. This was the last inroad the Indians made in Kentucky; from henceforward the settlers lived free from all alarms."

CHAPTER XXI.

(1795–1800.)

Changes of the judiciary.
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Henry Clay's early sentiments.
Efforts to abolish.

In the session of 1795, the Legislature passed an act divesting the Court of Appeals of original jurisdiction in land cases, and established six district courts; one each at Washington, Paris, Lexington, Frankfort, Danville, and Bardstown.[1] The court of Oyer and Terminer was superseded by these. They were held twice a year by two judges; their jurisdiction embracing all matters at common law or in chancery arising within their districts, except for assault and battery, for slander, and for actions for less than fifty pounds. At the next session, a court of quarter sessions in each county, to be composed of three justices to be appointed for the purpose, was provided for. A third act reconstructed the county courts, the judges of which, like the judges of the quarter sessions, were legislated out of office by repealing the law of their creation. This dangerous precedent of assuming, by an indirection, control of the inferior courts by the Legislature, occasioned severe comment; and afterward became, in the history of the State, the cause of violent and embittered controversy, in its application to the Court of Appeals. The civil list at this period was in accordance with the economic spirit of the times, the habits of life, and the enhanced value of money. The salary of the governor was one thousand dollars per annum; of the appellate judges, six hundred and sixty-six; of the secretary of state, treasurer, auditor, and attorney-general, three hundred and thirty-three dollars each. The number of representatives in the General Assembly was forty-two, as follows: Bourbon, five; Clark, two; Fayette, six; Green, one; Hardin, one; Harrison, one; Jefferson, two; Logan, one; Lincoln, three; Mercer, three; Madison, three; Mason, three; Nelson, three; Shelby, one; Scott, two; Washington, two, and Woodford, three.

In 1795, a treaty was made at Greenville, Ohio, with the Northern Indians, which established comparative peace for many years afterward, and put an end for all future time to Indian invasions of Kentucky. The next year a similar treaty was made with the Southern Indians, with much the same results. On the auspicious events coincident, Butler writes:[2]

"These pacific measures, so important to the prosperity of the one party, and the existence of the other, were most essentially promoted by the British treaty concluded on the 19th of November, 1794, and the equally important treaty with Spain, agreed to on the 17th of October, 1795.

"In regard to the British treaty, which convulsed this country more than any measure since the Revolution, and which required all the weight of Washington's great and beloved name to give it the force of law, no section of the country was more deeply interested than Kentucky; yet perhaps in no part of the Union was it more obnoxious. Its whole contents encountered the strong prepossession of the Whigs against everything British; and this feeling seems to have prevailed in greater bitterness among the people of the Southern States (possibly from more intense sufferings in the Revolutionary war) than in any other portion of the Union, on account of their

1 Marshall, Vol. II., p. 55. 2 Butler, p. 242.

sympathies with France. Yet now, when the passions which agitated the country so deeply, and spread the roots of party so widely, have subsided, the award of sober history must be, that the British treaty was dictated by the soundest interests of this young and growing country. What else saved our infant institutions from the dangerous ordeal of war? What restored the Western posts, the pledges of Western tranquillity, but this much-abused convention? The military establishments of the British upon the Western frontiers were to be surrendered before the 1st day of June, 1796. Further than this, Kentucky was not particularly interested; but it is due to the reputation of the immortal father of his country, and the statesmen of Kentucky who supported his administration in this obnoxious measure, to mention that Mr. Jay informed the president, in a private letter, that 'to do more was impossible; further concessions on the part of England could not be obtained.'[1] Fortunate was it for the new Union and young institutions of the infant republic, that they were allowed by this treaty time to obtain root, and to fortify themselves in the national sympathies and confidence."

The other treaty, with Spain, referred to, was of not less importance in its immediate bearings on the future of the Commonwealth, affecting both the peace of society and the interests of commerce and trade. We have already adverted to the aborted overtures of Don Gardoqui, and the intrigues of Wilkinson and his associates. The failure of all previous efforts to seduce and to dissever Kentucky from allegiance to the Union and to the people of her own kindred did not utterly extinguish the hope of the Spaniards. Their dream of a western empire for more than a century placed in the magnificent vision, as the central feature, the dominion and control of the great Mississippi valley, and consequently of the navigation of the main artery of commerce which flowed through its center, and led to the ocean. Entranced by the grandeur and glory of this promise to the eye, they could not consent to abandon the hope of its realization. While open negotiations were pending, therefore, between the Federal capital and the Spanish court, they were protracted for indefinite years, with alternate encouragement and neglect upon the part of Spain, as her affairs with France or Great Britain promised a continuance of peace, or to involve her in the maelstrom of war which was devastating the central nations of Europe. Thomas Pinckney, our minister to London, was commissioned by Washington to proceed to Madrid, with plenary powers to negotiate terms of treaty, about the last of June, 1795. By the end of October, terms mutually satisfactory were agreed upon, which acknowledged our southern limits to the north of the thirty-first degree of latitude, and our western, to the middle of the Mississippi. Our right of the navigation of the Mississippi to the sea was conceded, and also the right of deposit at New Orleans for our produce for three years. [2] Yet behind these fair prospects of an amicable arrangement

1 Jay's Life, Vol. II., p. 235.

2 Journal House of Representatives; Wilkinson's Memoirs, Vol. II.

of our long-pending differences at Madrid, insidious conspiracy was again busily marplotting, with little less than treasonable intent, between the leaders at New Orleans and in Kentucky, to consummate the first hope and wishes of the Spaniards.

[1] "In July, 1795, Governor Carondelet dispatched Thomas Power to Kentucky with a letter to Benjamin Sebastian, then a judge of our Court of Appeals. In this communication he declares that the '*confidence reposed* in you by my predecessor, Brigadier-General Miro, and your *former correspondence*, have induced me to make a communication to you highly interesting to the country in which you live, and to Louisiana.' He then mentions that the king of Spain was willing to open the navigation of the Mississippi to the Western country, and desirous to establish certain regulations, reciprocally beneficial to the commerce of both countries. To effect these objects, Judge Sebastian was expected, the governor says, 'to procure agents to be chosen and fully empowered by the people of your country to negotiate with Colonel Gayoso on the subject, at New Madrid, whom I shall send there in October next, properly authorized for the purpose, with directions to continue at the place or its vicinity until the arrival of your agents.' Some time in November or early in December of this year, Judge Innes and William Murray received a letter from Judge Sebastian requesting them to meet him at Colonel Nicholas' house, in Mercer county. The gentlemen addressed went, as desired, to Colonel Nicholas', and met Judge Sebastian there, who submitted the letter quoted above. Some deliberation ensued, which resulted in the unanimous opinion of all the gentlemen assembled that Judge Sebastian should meet Colonel Gayoso, to ascertain the real views of the Spanish Government in these overtures. The judge accordingly descended the Ohio, and met the Spanish agent at the mouth of the river. In consequence of the severity of the weather, the gentlemen agreed to go to New Madrid. Here a commercial agreement was partially approved by Sebastian; but, a difference of opinion occurring between the negotiators whether any imposts, instead of a duty of four per cent., should be exacted upon importations into New Orleans by way of the river, the negotiators repaired to the metropolis, in order to submit the difference of opinion to the governor. This officer, upon learning the nature of the difference between the gentlemen acting in this most insidious negotiation, readily consented to gratify the Kentucky envoy. It was deferred, on account of some pressing business. A few days after this interview, the Spanish governor sent for Judge Sebastian, and informed him that a courier had arrived from Havana with the intelligence that a treaty had been signed between the United States and Spain, which put an end to the business between them. Judge Sebastian, after vainly urging the Spanish governor to close this sub-negotiation, in the expectation that the treaty would not be ratified, returned to Kentucky by the Atlantic ports.

1 Butler, pp. 244–250.

"Several reflections necessarily arise out of this summary of the negotiation of 1795, which was preserved secret from the government of Kentucky until *voluntarily* disclosed by Judge Innes, in 1806, before a committee of the Legislature. The first remark that suggests itself on the face of these documents is, that Judge Sebastian had been connected with the Spanish Government before this time, since Governor Carondelet refers to the confidence reposed in him by his predecessor. To what extent, and how long, no information exists within the command of the author, although he has attempted to investigate the earliest ramifications of a plot, now only interesting for its historical curiosity. This negotiation, though terminated so abruptly by Carondelet, contrary to the urgent representations of Sebastian, was again renewed by the former officer in 1797, while the territorial line was marking between the United States and Spain, on the south. It was again effected through the agency of Messrs. Power and Sebastian, and in a way to endanger the Union and peace of these States more flagrantly and openly than on the former more covert attempt.

"In the summer of 1797, Thomas Power again arrived at Louisville, as the agent of the governor of Louisiana, and immediately communicated a letter to Sebastian, desiring him to lay his proposals before Messrs. Innes, Nicholas, and Murray. These proposals were no less than to withdraw from the Federal Union, and to form a government wholly unconnected with that of the Atlantic States. To aid these nefarious purposes, in the face of a solemn treaty recently negotiated, and to compensate those who should consign themselves to infamy by assisting a foreign power to dissolve the American Union, and to convert its free republican States into dependencies on the arbitrary and jealous Government of Spain, orders for one, or even two hundred thousand dollars, on the royal treasury in New Orleans, were offered; or, if more convenient, these sums were to be conveyed, at the expense of his Catholic majesty, into this country, and held at the disposal of those who should degrade themselves into Spanish conspirators. Fort Massac was pointed out as an object proper to be seized at the first declaration of independence, and the troops of the new government, it was promised, should be furnished, without loss of time, with twenty field pieces, with their carriages and every necessary appendage, including powder, balls, and other munitions, together with a number of small arms sufficient to equip the troops which it should be judged expedient to raise. The compensation for these free offers of money and arms, independent of weakening the United States, was to be obtained in the extension of the northern boundary of the possessions to which Spain had so pertinaciously clung, and which she now so desperately, and for the last time, endeavored so treacherously to retain. The northern boundary, on this side of the Mississippi, was to be the Yazoo, as established by the British Government, when in possession of the Floridas, and which was, by a secret article in the treaty of peace, retained, as the boundary between the United States and

Floridas, should Great Britain recover them from Spain. Eager, indeed, must Spain have been to obtain this insignificant addition to her boundary, when she could break in upon her jealous exclusion of foreigners from her American possessions, and promise the Kentuckians, if they would declare themselves independent of the Federal Government and establish one of their own, to grant them privileges far more extensive, give them a decided preference over the Atlantic States in her commercial connections with them, and place them in a situation infinitely more advantageous in every point of view than that in which they would find themselves were the treaty of 1795 to be carried into effect. Such were the powerful temptations presented by the Spanish Government of Louisiana to some of the leading men of Kentucky, in order to seduce them into a dependency of Spain. These offers were entertained too gravely, and rejected with too much tameness for the honor of Kentucky patriotism, as will appear from the following detail given by Judge Innes to the legislative committee previously mentioned:

"After receiving the above communications from Power, Sebastian visited Judge Innes, at his seat near Frankfort, and laid them before him. The judge immediately observed that it was a dangerous project, and ought not to be countenanced, as the Western people had now obtained the navigation of the Mississippi, by which all their wishes were gratified. Mr. Sebastian concurred in sentiment, after, it must be observed, this explicit declaration of Judge Innes, who seems to have given tone to the whole transaction. Still, as Power desired an answer in writing, Sebastian prevailed on Innes to see Colonel Nicholas, saying whatever they did he would concur in. In a few days afterward, Colonel Nicholas was seen by the judge, at Lexington, who agreed in opinion with Innes that the proposal ought to be rejected. The colonel, accordingly, wrote an answer[1] to Power's communication, which unequivocally declared they would not be concerned in any attempt to separate the Western country from the United States; that whatever part they might, at any time, be induced to take in the politics of their country, that her welfare would be their only inducement, and that they would never receive any pecuniary or other reward for any personal exertions made by them to promote that welfare. They added that they flattered themselves that everything concerning the important business of the navigation of the Mississippi would be set right by the Governments of the two nations; but if this should not be the case, it appeared to them that it must be the policy of Spain to encourage, by every possible means, the free intercourse with the inhabitants of the Western country, as this will be the most efficient means to conciliate their good will, and to obtain, without hazard, and at reduced prices, those supplies which are indispensably necessary to the Spanish Government and its subjects. This reply was forwarded to Mr. Sebastian, and communicated by him to Mr. Power.

1 Dated Lexington, September 4, 1797; Journal of the House of Representatives, 1806.

"This transaction must be pronounced a dangerous tampering with a foreign power, and contrary to the allegiance of American citizens. Yet the whole tenor of the conduct of Messrs. Innes and Nicholas can not justify the slightest suspicion of their fidelity to the Union of the American States, or indifference to their liberties. Their character for faithful, devoted friends to the freedom and happiness of their country had ever stood high and unimpaired in the confidence of their fellow-citizens. It is likewise due to the virtues of Judge Innes to declare that, in all the relations of private life, no man was dearer or more idolized by the witnesses of his mild, upright, and benevolent character. His[1] public career in this country, amid its earliest difficulties, had always been one of high trust and confidence, under all the changes of government; he had early been appointed judge of the Virginia District Court, then attorney-general, judge of the United States District Court for Kentucky, a member of the board of war for the Western country, and president of our first college of electors. In all these responsible capacities, the conduct of Judge Innes was without reproach, and raised him, most deservedly, high in the public esteem, and received the repeated thanks of General Washington for the discharge of high trusts. Colonel Nicholas has left the reputation of an exalted and patriotic statesman. In the convention of Virginia, assembled to decide upon the ratification of the present Constitution of the United States, he took a prominent and influential part alongside such illustrious worthies as Wythe, Madison, and Governor Randolph. In the opposition to the administration of the elder Adams, he bore an ardent share, as exhibited in his celebrated letter to a Virginia friend on the alien law.

"In regard to Mr. Sebastian, the other agent in this unhappy business, much more is known of his abilities, commanding address, and most courteous, dignified manners than his devotion to popular government. He had, however, received a judgeship in the Court of Appeals, at its organization, in 1792. The most probable construction of this conference seems to be that Mr. Sebastian was the corrupt instrument of Governor Carondelet, and that he permitted his acknowledged abilities and intimacy with Judge Innes to swerve him from the direct and open path of public duty, by listening to proposals from a foreign government, at once derogatory to his duty as a public officer of the laws and his honor as a faithful citizen.

"In the Spanish conspiracy, there are three stages and correspondent degrees of condemnation. The first existed in 1787, when Don Gardoqui communicated his overtures to the people of Kentucky, to establish a government independent of the rest of the confederacy; this, under the ominous and disgraceful condition of the existing government, might have been laudably entertained by Kentucky patriots. The second happened in 1795, under circumstances of accumulated trial and disappointment to the fondest and most indispensable hopes of Western prosperity; at this time the Span-

1 D. Clark's letter to Judge Innes; *Palladium*, April 7, 1808.

ish propositions, whatever ultimate views were concealed under them, only aimed at an irregular, and so far unjustifiable, agreement of private citizens with a foreign government for the regulation of Western trade. This proposal, if it had been consummated, would, however, have amounted to superseding the regular operations of the General Government in the Western commerce, and would have granted exclusive commercial favors to the parties in this agreement, inconsistent with the equal constitutional rights of the citizens of a common country. It would, moreover, have been introductive of a foreign influence, dangerous to the liberty and peace of the nation. But the third stage of this business, after ten years of interrupted communications, was the most indefensible of all; it was a treacherous and undisguised attempt of Spain to dissever this country, in the face of her recent treaty, and inconsistent with everything like the good faith which is represented as characteristic of Castilian honor. This intrigue of the provincial authorities, in Spanish Louisiana, is no doubt to be traced to European politics."

Humphrey Marshall, the eminent statesman and historian of Kentucky, was this year elected United States senator, over the distinguished John Breckinridge. This event derived importance from the fact that Marshall was a bold and uncompromising leader of the Federal party in Kentucky, and an earnest supporter of Washington and his administrative policy. His competitor was no less an able leader of the democratic or republican party, as the opposition was called. A violent feeling of prejudice was excited against the senator a short time after, on account of his vote in favor of the adoption of the treaty with England. The anti-Federal spirit was still rife, though prudent counsels had before elected him. The event of the session, however, was the attempt to remove from the bench of the Appellate Court, Judges George Muter and Benjamin Sebastian, by an address of two-thirds of both houses of the General Assembly.[1]

"The cause of this delicate interference with a high judicial tribunal arose out of an opinion and decree of the Court of Appeals, on the subject of claims under certificates issued by the commissioners for settlements and pre-emptions, in the case of Kenton against McConnell. Such meritorious titles must naturally have been regarded with the fondest affection, won as they had been at the hazard of everything dear to man. When, therefore, the decisions of a court, which were made final, where not caveated by the land law of 1779 creating them, and whose conclusive character had been decided by the old district court, were to be opened to all the perilous uncertainty, vexation, and expense of legal controversy, it was not at all strange that the people and the Legislature should be agitated. A memorial was laid before the Legislature, which brought the matter regularly before that body. The House of Representatives determined to summon the two judges before them. This was done, and a copy of the memorial annexed

1 Butler, p 252; Marshall, Vol. II. p 161.

to the summons was served on the two obnoxious judges; Wallace, the third judge, having objected to the decree. They answered that justice to the judge, and to the independence of the court, demanded that they should be proceeded against in the manner pointed out in the Constitution, in which mode they felt themselves ready to answer any specific charge. The house interpreted this letter into a refusal to appear before it, and proceeded to act upon a resolution, that the opinion and decree are subversive of the plainest principles of law and justice, and involve, in their consequences, the distress and ruin of many of our innocent and meritorious citizens. The resolution then goes on to allege that the judges must have done so, either from undue influence or want of judgment; as said decree and opinion contravene the decisions of the court of commissioners, who were authorized to adjust and settle under the Virginia land act of 1779, and also contradict a former decision of the late Supreme Court for the district of Kentucky, on a similar point—whence arises a well-grounded apprehension that the said George Muter and Benjamin Sebastian are altogether destitute of that judgment, integrity, and firmness, which are essential in every judge; but more especially in judges of the Supreme Court; and that there is no security for property so long as the said George Muter and Benjamin Sebastian continue as judges of the Court of Appeals. The house, then, in consequence of these recitals, and their power to address the governor to remove any judge for any reasonable cause, which should not be sufficient ground for impeachment, determined, by a majority of three votes, that this address ought to be made. The subject, however, was resumed in the Senate, and a resolution, censuring the judges for a decision, which the resolution asserted, from what appears at this time, proceeded from a want of a proper knowledge of law, or some impure motives, that appear to discover a want of integrity, passed by a majority of one vote. This was most unconstitutionally transmitted to the other house for its action, when the question had fallen from a want of the constitutional majority of two-thirds. It passed by the same majority, as the first resolution introduced on this subject into the house."

The overweening influence which George Nicholas was alleged to have had with the court entered into the discussions of this issue, and the suspicions were only intensified of the party favoring prosecution, by his being counsel for McConnell in this case. At the subsequent term, Judge Muter reversed his opinion, and joined Judge Wallace in one favorable to Kenton. But Sebastian stubbornly adhered to the first. The action of the Legislature was a bold venture; but it was encouraged by the almost universal sentiment, that the court had rendered a flagrantly unjust and injurious decision, and one affecting widely the general interests of the citizens.

General Benjamin Logan and James Garrard, both of the democratic party, became candidates for the succession of Isaac Shelby, the first governor of Kentucky. By a bare majority Garrard was elected, and assumed

the functions of the office in June, 1796. Harry Toulmin, an accomplished and learned gentleman, who had been a follower of Dr. Priestly, in England, and a minister in the Unitarian church, was appointed secretary of state. It was the acknowledgment of his worth that rendered this appointment acceptable to the people at the time; a testimony that was afterward confirmed by his succession to the judgeship of the United States Court in Alabama. He was the author of a digest of the laws of Kentucky, since held in high esteem.

The essential features of the message of the new governor, we give in the following extracts:

"With peculiar pleasure it is that I call your attention to the present state of the country, contrasted with what it lately was, involved in war with a cruel foe, on all our borders; and now, by the directions and exertions of the Federal Government, as the instrument of a wise and gracious Providence, the blessings of peace, no longer in expectation, are in our enjoyment. Add to this the increase of population; the extension of the settlements to the extremities of our territories; the flourishing state of agriculture; the increase of improvements; the establishment of manufactures; a year of the greatest plenty, in succession to one of the greatest scarcity, with the hopeful prospects opening to agricultural industry and commercial enterprise by means of the treaty with Spain, which has opened the navigation of the Mississippi, and a port at Orleans for us—objects long and ardently desired—and with this accumulation of blessings, extending our views to the security of our rights by means of our constitution and laws, I might ask, in the exultation of an American citizen, where is the nation that hath greater reason to be thankful, contented, and happy?

"Thus fortunately circumstanced, our present situation seems peculiarly favorable to legislative deliberations, while it invites the attention to a calm review of the laws in force. Suffer me to refer you to some of them. The first to be mentioned, as directly affecting humanity, are those of the criminal code, and the law respecting grand juries. Crimes of magnitude escape punishment, while those of a trivial nature are punished with an undue severity. And however this course of procedure may suit despotic governments, it derogates from the justice and the honor of a free and enlightened State.

"In relation to the adjustment of the boundary between Virginia and this State, the executive will want the aid of the Legislature. Commissioners have been appointed by each State; yet the business, I am sorry to say, has not terminated so happily as was anticipated, owing to a disagreement between them.

"The general revenue laws of the State seem to require careful revision. The act establishing a permanent revenue seems to have undergone so *many hasty alterations*, and has become so complex and susceptible of so many constructions, that its operation is considerably impeded, and some-

times its effect defeated. While the collectors are authorized to collect the arrearages of 1792 and '93, it is doubted if the law will compel them to pay the money collected into the public treasury. The attorney-general says it will not. Another part of this law subjects land not entered for taxation within a limited time to be forfeited to the State. Can, or ought, such forfeiture injuriously affect the rights of others who have complied with the law? It may be a question as to non-residents, whether the forfeiture is not an infraction of the seventh article of the compact with Virginia, and if so, a violation of the Constitution. These matters being deemed worthy of attention are, on that account, presented to your view.

"The Green river settlers, availing themselves of the act of last session, have paid four thousand pounds into the public treasury for lands taken up. Those who have not paid have no doubt forfeited their claims to the State; but I do very sincerely recommend them as proper subjects of legislative indulgence.

"The auditor's statement exhibits a balance of more than eleven thousand pounds in favor of the State. This is a subject on which I congratulate you, and at the same time take the liberty to express a hope that its disbursement will be on objects of general utility.

"The act for transcribing certain entry books has been complied with.

"The appointments to office, since last session, will be laid before the Senate."

The issues of the approaching presidential election were agitating the whole country, and the people of Kentucky were not the least interested, of the many. Washington issued his affectionate and paternal valedictory to his countrymen, announcing that he would not again serve after the 4th of March, 1797. The two great political parties began to organize for the campaign, and to consider the claims of candidates. The Federal party selected John Adams, who was then vice-president; and the Democratic party, Thomas Jefferson, who was secretary of state. Honored and embalmed as these great and patriotic statesmen now are in the memories of the people of to-day, we will find it difficult to realize that the presidential contest waged between the adherents on either side was as remorseless, intemperate, and embittered, as was that between the adherents of Blaine and Cleveland in the very recent presidential campaign. The truth of history thus forms a commentary of rebuke upon the uncharitable injustice and unkindness with which the characters of the most eminent and worthy men are assailed by partisan spirit, and at the same time affords grateful assurances that, when time shall have dissipated the prejudices of the partisan, the virtues and nobler deeds of the great shall live to be honored, not only in the urn of memory, but in the holier consecration of affection, as well. On counting the electoral votes, it was found that, by a plurality of three, John Adams was chosen the second president of the United States. Thomas Jefferson receiving the next highest number, was, by the provisions of the

Constitution, then declared elected vice-president, a singularly antagonistic succession, in case of a presidential vacancy.

The laws of Virginia and Kentucky under which the titles to land had been acquired, and upon which the claims were now based, seemed a very flood of evils let loose to harass and distress the original settlers, and with little less remorse than the inflictions of savage warfare. There was no survey and partition of public lands by the Federal Government in Kentucky, as these lands did not become the disposable property of the same. The parent State of Virginia made no provision for such survey. Hence, the titles were acquired under different laws, and in different conflicting and misleading modes, only to inveigle the unsuspecting into interminable, and, too often, ruinous litigations. Each claimant surveyed for himself, and of course a multiplicity of surveys overlay the same land, or overlapped upon the surveys of adjacent tracts.

[1] By the land law of Virginia, passed in 1779, for the sale of public lands, one holding a warrant for land might enter in the surveyor's books the boundaries of such lands as he wanted to acquire *previous to any survey;* but he must direct the location thereof so specially and precisely, as that others might be enabled with certainty to locate warrants on the adjacent residuum. Others claimed rights of settlement or pre-emption, as described under the land law in its appropriate gear. These claimants must obtain certificates from the commissioners appointed, naming the cause of claim, the number of acres, and describing the location. Under these brief texts arose a system of judicial legislation fraught with subtlety and perplexity, and aggravated by the license and entanglements of surveys. In the language of the distinguished attorney, John Rowan, "the territory of Kentucky was encumbered and cursed with a triple layer of adversary claims." The occupying claimant who had built his cabin and outlying improvements, cleared away the forest growth, and inclosed his fields, had no assured guarantee that his title would not soon be assailed by some adverse claimant from a distant State or district, who had never seen the land, or embarked a penny in its improvement. Thus home, comfort, and competency might, by a judicial fiat, be in a moment swept away, and occupant, wife, and children beggared and turned out upon the merciless charities of the world.

The questions concerned the deepest feelings of the human heart; for the freehold, improved and adorned as the sweet refuge of the laborer, his affectionate partner for life, and their loved offspring, possessed a value and gave a charm to life far beyond its worth in silver and gold. Often the remains of the loved and lamented dead of the household and kindred lay in some consecrated spot near by, while every familiar object treasured some pleasant memories of the past. In the safe repose of peace at last, those rude homes far away in the wilderness were peculiarly endeared to the people of Kentucky. They had risked their lives in exile from civilization for

1 Butler, p. 267.

them; braving all perils, enduring all hardships, and cheerfully laboring to subdue the wilds of nature. Now, when, amidst a cloud of legal perplexities, new even to the subtle priesthood of the law, they were about to lose the fruits of all toils and sacrifices, they could but feel the pain of suspense and danger to the depths of their hearts, when they found the elder patents of foreign claimants brought against the titles of the actual settlers and occupants. The settlement of the country was discouraged by this condition of affairs.

Under the laws and rulings of the courts, not only might the *bona fide* occupant, who had cleared the ground, erected houses, built barns, planted orchards, and made fields and meadows, be evicted from his premises and divested of his title; but the new and foreign claimant was allowed to take possession and use of all the improvements, without compensation, and to demand of him rent for the use of the land for the time of occupancy. Against this palpable injustice the common sentiment of the people protested, and in tone that demanded redress of grievances.

To meet this demand a bill passed the Legislature and became a law, on the introduction of Humphrey Marshall: "That the occupant of land from which he is evicted, or deprived by better title, shall be excused from payments of rents and profits, accrued prior to the actual notice of the adverse claim; provided, his possession was peaceable, and he shows a plain and connected title in law or equity deduced from some record, and that the successful claimant should be liable to a judgment against him for all valuable and lasting improvements made on the land prior to actual notice of adverse claim." This was the application of a remedy in justice, and to the full extent of the law's permission, although the right and jurisdiction of the Legislature were boldly challenged by interested attorneys, on the ground that "it was a violation of the compact of separation with Virginia, which declared that the rights and interests of lands derived from the laws of Virginia should be decided by the laws in force when the compact was made, and this precluded legislation on the subject." The act of the Legislature was sustained by the courts of Kentucky.

[1] "In the year 1798, an agitation took place which has scarcely ever been equaled in Kentucky, produced by the passage of two acts of Congress, familiarly known as the Alien and Sedition laws. The sentiment of Kentucky was never more unanimous than in the condemnation of these measures. The governor, in his first communication to the Legislature after their passage, called the attention of that body to these measures by telling them that they had vested the president with high and dangerous powers, and intrenched on the prerogatives of the individual States, had created an uncommon agitation of mind in different parts of the Union, and particularly among the citizens of this Commonwealth. The alien law authorized the president of the United States to order all such aliens as he shall judge dan-

1 Butler, p. 282; Marshall, Vol. II., p. 255.

gerous to the peace and safety of the United States, or shall have reasonable ground to suspect are concerned in treasonable or secret machinations against the government thereof, to depart out of the territory of the United States. By another section, the president was authorized to grant license to any alien to remain within the United States for such time as he shall judge proper, and at such place as he may designate. In addition to these high and arbitrary powers over aliens, whose nations were at peace with the United States, powers so calculated to arouse the jealousies of a people attached to their liberties, it was likewise enacted that should any alien return who had been ordered out of the United States by the president, unless by his permission, he shall be imprisoned so long as, in the opinion of the president, the public safety may require.

"The sedition law was still more odious than this measure. It attempted to protect the official conduct of the different branches of the Government of the United States from that free and unrestrained discussion, alone worthy of a people canvassing the public conduct of their agents. This object it effected by holding any person answerable, by fine and imprisonment, who should print, utter, or publish any false, scandalous, and malicious writing against the Government of the United States, the president of the United States, or either house of Congress, with intent to *defame* either of them, or excite against either of them the *hatred* of the good people of the United States. The great objection to this measure is not its subjecting malicious falsities to punishment, but its subjection of *opinion*, however honestly entertained, to fine and imprisonment."

The sense of Kentucky was expressed on these obnoxious measures in what since became, and are yet known as, the famous resolutions of 1798; and which, with their counterpart adopted by the Legislature of Virginia, are memorable both for the discords which produced them, and for the subsequent and final efforts at their enforcement—finally misdirected in the gigantic civil war which convulsed the nation in 1860–65. These resolutions are generally believed to have been drafted by Thomas Jefferson; and this view has been strengthened by a letter of Jefferson admitting the authorship. This claim has been indignantly resented by the relatives of Hon. John Breckinridge, for whom they assert their authorship, as well as responsibility. It is reasonably certain that the famous document was discussed, deliberated, and matured in the private council of several statesmen, of whom the two claimants to authorship were most prominent. The mere mechanism of making a draft was of less importance. So conspicuous a part have these Kentucky resolutions played in both State and Federal politics, that it is but due to the completeness of history to place them in full before the reader upon the pages of this work. They were as follows:

"1. *Resolved*, That the several States composing the United States of America are not united upon the principle of unlimited submission to the General Government; but that by compact under the style and title of a

constitution for the United States, and of amendments thereto, they constituted a General Government for special purposes, delegated to that Government certain definite powers, reserving each State to itself, the residuary mass of right to their own self-government; and that whensoever the General Government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are unauthoritative, void, and of no force; that to this compact each State acceded as a State, and as an integral party, its co-States forming as to itself the other party; that the Government created by this compact was not made the exclusive or final *judge* of the extent of the powers delegated to itself; since that would have made its discretion, and not the Constitution, the measure of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress.

"2. *Resolved*, That the Constitution of the United States having delegated to Congress power to punish treason, counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States, piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offenses against the laws of nations, and no other crimes whatever; and it being true as a general principle, and one of the amendments to the Constitution having also declared, 'that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people;' therefore, also the same act of Congress, passed on the 14th day of July, 1798, and entitled 'an act, in addition to the act entitled an act for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States;' as also the act passed by them on the 27th day of June, 1798, entitled 'an act to punish frauds committed on the Bank of the United States' (and all other their acts which assume to create, define, or punish crimes other than those enumerated in the Constitution), are altogether void and of no force; and that the power to create, define, and punish such other crimes is reserved, and of right appertains, solely and exclusively, to the respective States, each within its own territory.

"3. *Resolved*, That it is true as a general principle, and is also expressly declared by one of the amendments to the Constitution, that 'the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people; and that no power over the freedom of religion, freedom of speech, or freedom of the press, being delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, all lawful powers respecting the same did of right remain, and were reserved to the States, or to the people;' that thus was manifested their determination to retain to themselves the right of judging how far the licentiousness of speech and of the press may be abridged without lessening their useful freedom; and how far those abuses which can not be separated from their use should be tolerated, rather than the use be destroyed; and thus also they guarded against all abridgment by the United

States of the freedom of religious opinions and exercises, and retained to themselves the right of protecting the same; as this State, by a law passed on the general demand of its citizens, had already protected them from all human restraints or interference. And that in addition to this general principle and express declaration, another and more special provision has been made by one of the amendments to the Constitution, which expressly declares that 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press;' thereby guarding in the same sentence, and under the same words, the freedom of religion, of speech, and of the press, insomuch, that whatever violates either, throws down the sanctuary which covers the others; and that libels, falsehoods, and defamation, equally with heresy and false religion, are withheld from the cognizance of Federal tribunals. That therefore the act of the Congress of the United States, passed on the 14th day of July, 1798, entitled 'an act, in addition to the act for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States,' which does abridge the freedom of the press, is not law, but is altogether void and of no effect.

"4. *Resolved*, That alien friends are under the jurisdiction and protection of the laws of the State wherein they are; that no power over them has been delegated to the United States, nor prohibited to the individual States distinct from their power over citizens; and it being true as a general principle, and one of the amendments to the Constitution having also declared that 'the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people,' the act of the Congress of the United States, passed on the 22d day of June, 1798, entitled 'an act concerning aliens,' which assumes power over alien friends not delegated by the Constitution, is not law, but is altogether void and of no force.

"5. *Resolved*, That in addition to the general principle, as well as the express declaration that powers not delegated are reserved, another and more special provision inserted in the Constitution, from abundant caution, has declared 'that the *migration* or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year 1808;' that this Commonwealth does admit the migration of alien friends described as the subject of the said act concerning aliens; that a provision against prohibiting their migration is a provision against all acts equivalent thereto, or it would be nugatory; that to remove them when migrated is equivalent to a prohibition of their migration, and is, therefore, contrary to the said provision of the Constitution, and void.

"6. *Resolved*, That the imprisonment of a person under the protection of the laws of this Commonwealth, on his failure to obey the simple *order* of the president to depart out of the United States, as is undertaken by the said act, entitled 'an act concerning aliens,' is contrary to the Constitu-

tion, one amendment to which has provided that 'no person shall be deprived of liberty without due process of law,' and that another having provided 'that in all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a public trial by an impartial jury, to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation, to be confronted with the witnesses against him, to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense,' the same act undertaking to authorize the president to remove a person out of the United States who is under the protection of the law, on his own suspicion, without accusation, without jury, without public trial, without confrontation of the witnesses against him, without having witnesses in his favor, without defense, without counsel, is contrary to these provisions also of the Constitution; is, therefore, not law, but utterly void and of no force; that transferring the power of judging any person who is under the protection of the laws from the courts to the president of the United States, as is undertaken by the same act concerning aliens, is against the article of the Constitution which provides that 'the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in the courts, the judges of which shall hold their offices during good behavior,' and that the said act is void for that reason also; and it is further to be noted that this transfer of judiciary power is to that magistrate of the General Government who already possesses all the executive and a qualified negative in all the legislative powers.

"7. *Resolved*, That the construction applied by the General Government (as is evinced by sundry of their proceedings) to those parts of the Constitution of the United States which delegate to Congress power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States, and to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the powers vested by the Constitution in the Government of the United States, or any department thereof, goes to the destruction of all the limits prescribed to their power by the Constitution; that words meant by that instrument to be subsidiary only to the execution of the limited powers, ought not to be so construed as themselves to give unlimited powers, nor a part so to be taken, as to destroy the whole residue of the instrument; that the proceedings of the General Government, under color of these articles, will be a fit and necessary subject for revisal and correction at a time of greater tranquillity, while those specified in the preceding resolutions call for immediate redress.

"8. *Resolved*, That the preceding resolutions be transmitted to the senators and representatives in Congress from this Commonwealth, who are hereby enjoined to present the same to their respective houses, and to use their best endeavors to procure, at the next session of Congress, a repeal of the aforesaid unconstitutional and obnoxious acts.

"9. *Resolved, lastly*, That the governor of this Commonwealth be and is hereby authorized and requested to communicate the preceding resolutions

to the Legislatures of the several States, to assure them that this Commonwealth considers union for specified national purposes, and particularly for those specified in their late Federal compact, to be friendly to the peace, happiness, and prosperity of all the States; that, faithful to that compact, according to the plain intent and meaning in which it was understood and acceded to by the several parties, it is sincerely anxious for its preservation; that it does also believe that to take from the States all the powers of self-government and transfer them to a general and consolidated government, without regard to the special delegations and reservations solemnly agreed to in that compact, is not for the peace, happiness, or prosperity of these States, and that, therefore, this Commonwealth is determined, as it doubts not its co-States are, tamely to submit to undelegated, and consequently unlimited, powers in no man or body of men on earth; that if the acts before specified should stand, these conclusions would flow from them: That the General Government may place any act they think proper on the list of crimes and punish it themselves, whether enumerated or not enumerated by the Constitution, as recognizable by them; that they may transfer its cognizance to the president or any other person, who may himself be the accuser, counsel, judge, and jury, whose *suspicions* may be the evidence, his order the sentence, his officer the executioner, and his breast the sole record of the transaction; that a very numerous and valuable description of the inhabitants of these States being by this precedent reduced as outlaws to the absolute dominion of one man, and the barriers of the Constitution thus swept away from us all, no rampart now remains against the passions and the power of a majority of Congress to protect from a like exportation or other more grievous punishment the minority of the same body, the Legislatures, judges, governors, and counselors of the States, nor their other peaceable inhabitants who may venture to reclaim the constitutional rights and liberties of the States and people; or who for other causes, good or bad, may be obnoxious to the views, or marked by the suspicions, of the president, or be thought dangerous to his or their elections, or other interests, public or personal; that the friendless alien has, indeed, been selected as the safest subject of a first experiment; but the citizen will soon follow—or, rather, has already followed—for already has a sedition act marked him as its prey; that these and successive acts of the same character, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these States into revolution and blood, and will furnish new calumnies against republican governments, and new pretexts for those who wish it to be believed that man can not be governed but by a rod of iron; that it would be a dangerous delusion, were a confidence in the men of our choice to silence our fears for the safety of our rights; that confidence is everywhere the parent of despotism; free government is founded in jealousy, and not in confidence; it is jealousy, and not confidence, which prescribes limited constitutions to bind down those whom we are obliged to trust with power; that our Constitution has accordingly

fixed the limits to which and no further our confidence may go; and let the honest advocate of confidence read the alien and sedition acts, and say if the Constitution has not been wise in fixing limits to the government it created, and whether we should be wise in destroying those limits. Let him say what the Government is if it be not a tyranny which the men of our choice have conferred on the president, and the president of our choice has assented to and accepted over the friendly strangers to whom the mild spirit of our country and its laws had pledged hospitality and protection; that the men of our choice have more respected the bare suspicions of the president than the solid rights of innocence, the claims of justification, the sacred force of truth, and the form and substance of law and justice. In questions of power, then, let no more be heard of confidence in man, but bind him down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution. That this Commonwealth does, therefore, call on its co-States for an expression of their sentiments on the acts concerning aliens, and for the punishment of certain crimes hereinbefore specified, plainly declaring whether these acts are or are not authorized by the Federal compact. And it doubts not that their sense will be so announced as to prove their attachment unaltered to limited government, whether general or particular, and that the rights and liberties of their co States will be exposed to no danger by remaining embarked on a common bottom with their own; that they will concur with this Commonwealth in considering the said acts as so palpable against the Constitution as to amount to an undisguised declaration that the compact is not meant to be the measure of the powers of the General Government, but that it will proceed in the exercise over these States of all powers whatsoever; that they will view this as seizing the rights of the States and consolidating them in the hands of the General Government, with a power assumed to bind the States, not merely in cases made Federal, but in all cases whatsoever, by laws made, not with their consent, but by others against their consent; that this would be to surrender the form of government we have chosen, and to live under one deriving its power from its own will, and not from our authority; and that the co-States, recurring to their natural right in cases not made Federal, will concur in declaring these acts void and of no force, and will each unite with this Commonwealth in requesting their repeal at the next session of Congress.

"Approved November 16, 1798.

"JAMES GARRARD, *Governor of Kentucky.*

"By the governor.

"HARRY TOULMIN, *Secretary of State.*

"Similar resolutions, drafted by James Madison, and familiarly known as the 'Virginia resolutions of 1798,' were adopted by the Legislature of that State, on the 21st of December, 1798, and likewise directed to be forwarded by the governor to the Legislatures of other States, for consideration. Dissenting and condemnatory views were adopted in resolutions passed by

Delaware, on February 1, 1799; by the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantation, in the same month; by Massachusetts, on February 13th; by New York, on March 5th; by Connecticut, on the second Thursday of May; by New Hampshire, on the 14th of June, and by Vermont, on the 30th of October ensuing.

"On Thursday, November 14, 1799, the Kentucky House of Representatives, Mr. Desha in the chair, having had under consideration the resolutions of the several State Legislatures above referred to, on the subject of the alien and sedition laws, *unanimously* adopted the following, which the Senate, on the 22d, concurred in:

"The representatives of the good people of this Commonwealth, in General Assembly convened, having maturely considered the answers of sundry States in the Union to their resolutions passed at the last session, respecting certain unconstitutional laws of Congress, commonly called the alien and sedition laws, would be faithless, indeed, to themselves, and to those they represent, were they silently to acquiesce in the principles and doctrines attempted to be maintained in all those answers, that of Virginia only excepted. To again enter the field of argument, and attempt more fully or forcibly to expose the unconstitutionality of those obnoxious laws, would, it is apprehended, be as unnecessary as unavailing. We can not, however, but lament that, in the discussion of those interesting subjects, by sundry of the Legislatures of our sister States, unfounded suggestions and uncandid insinuations, derogatory of the true character and principles of the good people of this Commonwealth, have been substituted in place of fair reasoning and sound argument. Our opinions of these alarming measures of the General Government, together with our reasons for those opinions, were detailed with decency and with temper, and submitted to the discussion and judgment of our fellow-citizens throughout the Union. Whether the like decency and temper have been observed in the answers of most of those States who have denied or attempted to obviate the great truths contained in those resolutions, we have now only to submit to a candid world. Faithful to the true principles of the Federal Union, unconscious of any designs to disturb the harmony of that Union, and anxious only to escape the fangs of despotism, the good people of this Commonwealth are regardless of censure or calumniation. Lest, however, the silence of this Commonwealth should be construed into an acquiescence in the doctrines and principles advanced and attempted to be maintained by the said answers, or lest those of our fellow-citizens throughout the Union, who so widely differ from us on those important subjects, should be deluded by the expectation that we shall be deterred from what we conceive our duty, or shrink from the principles contained in those resolutions; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That this Commonwealth considers the Federal Union, upon the terms and for the purposes specified in the late compact, as conducive to the liberty and happiness of the several States; that it does now

unequivocally declare its attachment to the Union, and to that compact, agreeably to its obvious and real intention, and will be among the last to seek its dissolution; that if those who administer the General Government be permitted to transgress the limits fixed by that compact, by a total disregard to the special delegations of power therein contained, an annihilation of the State governments, and the erection upon their ruins of a general consolidated government, will be the inevitable consequence; that the principle and construction contended for by sundry of the State Legislatures—that the General Government is the exclusive judge of the extent of the powers delegated to it—stop nothing short of despotism; since the *discretion* of those who administer the Government, and not the *Constitution*, would be the measure of their powers; that the several States who formed that instrument, being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of its infraction, and that a nullification by those sovereignties of all unauthorized acts done under color of that instrument is the rightful remedy; that this Commonwealth does, upon the most deliberate reconsideration, declare that the said alien and sedition laws are, in their opinion, palpable violations of said Constitution; and however cheerfully it may be disposed to surrender its opinion to a majority of sister States in matters of ordinary or doubtful policy, yet in momentous regulations like the present, which so vitally wound the best rights of the citizen, it would consider a silent acquiescence as highly criminal; that, although this Commonwealth, as a party of the Federal compact, will bow to the laws of the Union, yet it does at the same time declare that it will not now, nor ever hereafter, cease to oppose, in a constitutional manner, every attempt, from what quarter soever offered, to violate that compact. And, finally, in order that no pretexts or arguments may be drawn from a supposed acquiescence on the part of this Commonwealth in the constitutionality of those laws, and be thereby used as precedents for similar future violations of the Federal compact, this Commonwealth does now enter against them its solemn protest.

"*Attest:* THOMAS TODD, *Clerk House Representatives.*

"In Senate, November 22, 1799. Read and concurred in.

"*Attest:* BUCKNER THRUSTON, *Clerk Senate.*"

[1] In the meager debate on the first resolutions, William Murray, of Franklin, contended that they set forth doctrines not warranted in the terms of the Constitution of the United States, and with subtle reasoning. Said he, "This Constitution was not merely a covenant between integral States, but a compact between individuals composing these States. Accordingly, the Constitution begins with this form of expression, 'We, the people of the United States,' and not 'We, the thirteen States of America.' The interpretation of the Constitution of the United States is not a matter for legislative determination, but clearly left to the decision of the courts having jurisdiction."

1 Butler, p. 286–7.

On the part of John Breckinridge, it was replied: "I consider the co-States to be alone parties to the Federal compact, and solely authorized to judge in the last resort of the power exercised under the compact. Congress being not a party, but merely the creature of the compact, and subject, as to its assumption of power, to the final judgment of these by whom, and for whose use, itself and its powers were all created. If, upon the representation of the States from whom they derive their powers, they should nevertheless attempt to enforce them, I hesitate not to declare it as my opinion, that it is then the right and duty of the several States *to nullify those acts*, and protect their citizens from their operation.".

It is a fact of profound significance that the author of the Declaration of Independence, and the author of these resolutions of interpretation, was the same person, of whose statesmanship and patriotism no pen of sacrilege would dare to question. Of the same school of political doctrine was John C. Calhoun, no less gifted and patriotic, who succeeded Jefferson as the exponent and leader of the great and powerful party of discipleship who accepted the teachings of these masterly spirits. The student of our political history will pause with curious wonder, to inquire how it was possible that a Hamilton and a Webster on the one side, and a Jefferson and a Calhoun upon the other, could so differently and diversely construe the instrument of common adoption for the Union, and which alone must be the chart and guide of Federal administration. The Federal Constitution was the reactionary product of the monarchical despotisms of Europe, the centralism and tyrannies of which were only the more hideous and repugnant, in the light of expanding intelligence and a pervading sense of personal rights. Since the war for independence, the States had been but little restrained in the exercise of their sovereignties. The school of statesmen, of which Jefferson was the great master, believed and taught that in the Federal compact only so much of sovereignty and jurisdiction should be conceded as were set forth in the express terms of the Constitution. All else were reserved to the States, or to the people, with whom all sovereignty is originally vested. They beheld the same danger in the ascendancy of a sectional or interested majority that existed in the centralism of a monarchy.

The North-eastern States composed a majority in the Government; and being more a commercial and manufacturing people, had interests somewhat different from their agricultural neighbors of the South. Already, the majority in Congress had shown a crafty disregard of the interests of the minority, by an effort to barter away the right of navigation on the Mississippi river, by years of neglect to provide for the defense of the western borders against Indian hostilities, and now by the passage of the repugnant alien and sedition laws, not less odious to the spirit of the Constitution than avowed nullification. Intensely jealous of encroachment by the Federal Government on what were believed to be the rights of the States and indi-

viduals, the resolutions of '98, on the part of Virginia and Kentucky, were resistant protests against the first manifestations of power assumed and implied, but not stated, in the terms of the Constitution.

We readily concede the mutually patriotic motives, and doubt if any realized the germ of evil that was contained in the doctrine of nullification, in its practical working in the action of South Carolina, years after, and in the application, more recently, of the secession of a number of States from the Union, and the consequent civil war that convulsed the country.

[1] Mr. Madison says of the Virginia resolutions: "It is worthy of remark and explanatory of the intentions of the Legislature, that the words, 'not law, but utterly null and void, and of no force and effect,' which had followed, in one of the resolutions, the word unconstitutional, were struck out by common consent."

These resolutions remained on record, undisturbed, until 1833. On the 2d of February of that year, in answer to the nullification acts of South Carolina, resolutions were passed by the Kentucky Legislature, of which the following extract forms the essence: "That so long as the present Constitution remains unaltered, the legislative enactments of the constituted authorities of the United States can only be repealed by the authorities that made them; and if not repealed, can in no wise be finally and authoritatively abrogated or annulled, than by the sentence of the Federal judiciary declaring their unconstitutionality; that those enactments, subject only to be repealed or declared null, and treaties made by the United States, are supreme laws of the land; that no State of this Union has any constitutional right or power to nullify any such enactment or treaty, or to contravene them, or to obstruct their execution; that it is the duty of the president of the United States, a bounden, solemn duty, to take care that these enactments and treaties be faithfully executed, observed, and fulfilled; and we receive, with unfeigned and cordial approbation, the pledge which the president has given to the nation in his late proclamation, that he will perform this high and solemn duty."

This doctrine of nullification, and the right of the protesting State to find its remedy within its own jurisdiction, must have been asserted by its authors, with a full consciousness that it implied, in its practical enforcement, the principle of anarchy within, or the disintegration of the Federal Union without, as the better, in a choice of evils between this and centralism. These extreme views are to be judged of in the light of the circumstances of the age and conditions within which they were then announced. They do not raise a question of patriotic motive, but evince to us the intense jealousy with which the fathers of the republic guarded the tender plant of liberty against the devouring rapacity of despotism, which, hydra-headed, might become a monster of danger in the embodiment of a majority, as well as in the forms of monarchy. Very naturally, and without the testimony of later

[1] Letter to Everett, Book of the Constitution, p. 87.

experience, they did not give due consideration and significance to the fact that, in the swell-tide of awakened sentiment for personal and civil liberty that was pervading this country and threatening to inundate Europe, as great a danger lurked in the excessive diffusion of power among the subject masses, and the tendency, under undue influences, to licentious use of the same. From this source, our republic may anticipate no less trouble and danger than from centralism, against which the argus-eyed vigilance of popular intelligence is ever directed. There is little doubt but that the action of Virginia and Kentucky, ominous of future trouble in certain contingencies, exerted a marked and healthy influence on the public sentiment of the entire country for the time, in arresting and turning back the tendency to aggrandizement of power on the part of the majority in Congress, on a loose and latitudinarian construction of the Constitution. It made a profound and lasting impression on the political sentiment of the nation, as was evinced in the election of Democratic administrations for the succeeding twenty-four years, in the persons of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe.

We quote a just and true comment on this action from Shaler's *Kentucky Commonwealth:*

"All that was before the minds of men was a new and very debatable instrument, concerning whose meaning there was naturally great difference of opinion. The Kentucky resolutions were the first proclamation of the great discussion destined to be continued for two generations, to be in the end decided, as it could only be decided, by a third in the most famous civil struggle of all time. That the resolutions were intended only as the expression of a sentiment, and not as the basis for any contemplated action, is shown by the previous and succeeding course of politics in the State. It would be a distortion of history to look upon this action as though it had been taken in 1860. It was, in fact, only a caveat directed against the course of a party disposed to take an even more unconstitutional view of the Union than was held by those who voted for the resolutions."

Among the suffering victims to defective land titles, pursued and persecuted by the land-sharks who infested the country, and with their arts and rogueries made it their business to hunt up elder and adverse claims, or to invalidate those that might be shown to be defective, was Daniel Boone, now passing the sere autumn of life, and into the frosty chill of its wintry days. Innocent of guile himself, and suspecting none in others, the simple and trusting old woodsman had contented himself with such titles to land as were issued to him after the subtle and treacherous forms of the day. One tract after another passed from his possession, and last among them a beautiful farm in the Bluegrass section, not far from Boonesborough. He keenly felt the injustice and ingratitude of his harsh fortune; and finally, discouraged and despairing, he determined to exile himself forever from the land which he had made so many sacrifices to conquer from the savage foe, and to subdue to the peaceful and happy pursuits of civilization. The fruitage

of all his work, now at ripe harvest time, like the apples of Sodom, had turned to ashes on the lips that would vainly taste.

[1] With family and worldly possessions, he transferred his habitation to a new home in Virginia, near the mouth of the Great Kanawha. Here he remained for several years, cultivating a farm, raising stock, and at proper seasons engaging in his favorite sport of hunting. In 1795 or 1797, we find him removed again to the far West, and located in Missouri, then upper Louisiana, in the Femme Osage settlement, in the district of St. Charles, fifty miles west of St. Louis. The country of this last retreat belonged to Spain, and the governor of the same had given him assurance that an ample portion should be given to him and his family. A commission was issued appointing him commandant or syndic of the district in which he lived. The duties of his office were both military and civil, and he continued to discharge them until the transfer of the territory to the United States, in 1803. In consideration of his services, over eight thousand acres of land were given Boone under Spanish grant, and all seemed propitious for the founding of a magnificent estate, with all the comforts of home surroundings, once more. But the Nemesis of misfortune again followed the careless and inattentive habits of the old pioneer. Some formalities were neglected in securing the title, and so when, years after, the commissioners of the United States appointed to decide on claims were called on to examine that of Boone, they felt constrained to reject it for want of the observance of legal forms.

There is a romantic account of Boone residing in Greenup county in the closing years of the century, given by Collins: He made his home where Riverton now stands, over one mile above Greenupsburg, on the bank of the Ohio. In March, 1857, Mr. Warnock, then seventy-nine years old, made oath that in the fall of 1799 he saw Daniel Boone, at a point one or two miles above the mouth of Little Sandy river, cut down a tree out of which to make a canoe, and that, soon after, he saw Boone in the canoe when he started for his new home in Missouri. These apparently-conflicting statements of different historians may be reconciled in the probability that Boone may have tarried for some time in Greenup county on his way from the Kanawha to Missouri, or that, after visiting Missouri, following the passion of his restless nature, he may have returned to Kentucky and lived for a time on the Ohio, at the site of Riverton, and finally removed to Missouri about 1800.

In his last adopted home, Boone found a congenial life and surroundings. His sons and sons-in-law settled around him in the same country. The wilds of nature gratified the longings of the veteran forester, and here he indulged to his heart's content in hunting the buffalo, the deer, and the bear, and in trapping the beaver. With the help at hand, his land was cultivated, and produced in abundance the grain, the vegetables, and the fruits

[1] Peck's Life of Boone; Perkins' Western Annals.

which supplied the wants of all. His duties as syndic were light, being much the same in importance as those of our magistrate now, and gave him leisure to pursue the congenial habits of old. He would go off many miles from home on his hunting excursions, build his camp, and remain for days or weeks. Sometimes a friend accompanied him, but most generally a colored servant boy who had learned to know his ways and wants. On one occasion, he fell extremely ill in camp, with no help nigh but his faithful servant boy. [1]He pointed out to the latter a place where he wished to be buried, in case he should die in camp, and also gave him directions about his burial, and the disposal of his rifle, blankets, and peltry.

In 1812, Boone sent a petition to Congress, praying for a confirmation of his Spanish title to lands. The Legislature of Kentucky joined in this petition in the following:

"*Resolved*, That our senators in Congress be requested to use their exertions to procure a grant of land in the territory of Missouri to Daniel Boone—either the land granted him by the Spanish Government or such quantity in such place as shall be deemed most advisable, by way of donation."

The usual dallying of long delay followed this, during which time Mrs. Boone, the partner of his life, died at the age of seventy-six years, a bereavement that fell with a chill of gloom over the spirits of the venerable pioneer. Congress finally granted about one-tenth the amount of land asked for, to which he was entitled in common with all other emigrants.

Before the death of his wife, Boone gave up his hunting expeditions, the feebleness of old age disqualifying him for the exposure and toils. He made his home in his later years with his daughter, Mrs. Callaway, visiting his other children at times, by whom and his grandchildren he was greatly beloved. His time was usefully spent in extreme old age in making powder-horns for his grandchildren, neighbors, and friends, in repairing rifles, and in other descriptions of handicraft, which he did with neatness and style of finish.

Early in September, 1820, Boone had an attack of fever, and after a lingering illness of some two or three weeks, died on the 26th day of the month, in the eighty-sixth year of his life, and was buried by the side of his wife, in a coffin which he had some years before prepared for the event. The Legislature of Missouri passed resolutions that its members wear the badge of mourning for twenty days. In 1845, the remains of Daniel Boone and wife were removed and deposited in the cemetery at Frankfort, Kentucky, followed by a splendid pageant of kindred and citizens in honor of the hero's memory. Had Kentucky been as just and generous to the living Boone as she was to the memory of the dead hero, she might have afforded him the consolation and pride of spending his last days amidst the friends and scenes of his best manhood.

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1 Peck's Life of Boone.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Knight-errant of the wood!
Calmly beneath the green sod here,
He rests from field and flood.
The war-whoop and the panther's screams
No more his soul shall rouse,
For well the aged hunter dreams
Beside his good old spouse.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Hushed now his rifle's peal—
The dews of many a vanish'd year
Are on his rusted steel;
His horn and pouch lie mouldering
Upon the cabin door—
The elk rests by the salted spring,
Nor flees the fierce wild boar.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Old Druid of the West!
His offering was the fleet wild deer;
His shrine the mountain's crest.
Within his wildwood temple's space
An empire's towers nod,
Where erst, alone of all his race,
He knelt to nature's God.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Columbus of the land!
Who guided freedom's proud career
Beyond the conquer'd strand,
And gave her pilgrim's sons a home
No monarch's step profanes,
Free as the chainless winds that roam
Upon its boundless plains.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The muffled drum resound!
A warrior is slumb'ring here
Beneath his battle-ground.
For not alone with beast of prey
The bloody strife he waged,
Foremost where'er the deadly fray
Of savage combat raged.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
A dirge for his old spouse!
For her who blest his forest cheer,
And kept his birchen house.
Now soundly by her chieftain may
The brave old dame sleep on,
The red man's step is far away,
The wolf's dread howl is gone.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
His pilgrimage is done:
He hunts no more the grizzly bear,
About the setting sun.
Weary at last of chase and life,
He laid him here to rest,
Nor recks he now what sport or strife
Would tempt him further West.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The patriarch of his tribe!
He sleeps, no pompous pile marks where,
No lines his deeds describe;
They raised no stone above him here,
Nor carved his deathless name—
An empire is his sepulcher,
His epitaph is fame. —*O'Hara.*

[1]Boone appeared to have considered love to mankind, reverence to the Supreme Being, delight in His works, and constant usefulness, as the legitimate ends of life. He was one of the purest and noblest of the pioneers of the West. Regarding himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence for accomplishing great purposes, he was, nevertheless, always modest and unassuming, never seeking distinction, but always accepting the post of duty and danger. As a military leader he was remarkable for prudence, coolness, bravery, and imperturbable self-possession. His knowledge of Indian character enabled him to divine their intentions and baffle their best laid plans; and yet, he was a great favorite with them.

Of General George Rogers Clark, the greatest military genius that figures in the early history of Kentucky, we have for years been silent, since the hero of the North-west ceased himself to be an actor in the last scenes of

1 Hartley's Life of Boone, p. 332.

the tragic drama of the pioneer age of Kentucky. Charity would fain drop the mantle over the blended faults and misfortunes of one more of the countless great and gifted many who have fallen victims to the demon of intemperance, if the faithfulness of history permitted. Of his last days, a friendly and admiring eulogist pathetically says: [1] "The great work of his life was done, and done thoroughly. He was still barely twenty-seven years of age. He was made a major-general; led a number of successful expeditions against hostile tribes of Indians, and one against Detroit, which proved abortive by desertions; and, finally, he settled in the home of his nephew, Colonel Croghan, at Locust Grove, about eight miles above this city on the river road.

"So far the story is all pleasing. But time brings change. A hero in war, peace fell upon him like a blight. He became intemperate and paralyzed. The enormous land bounties, which had long before been voted him by the Virginia Assembly for his public services, were for years withheld from him, and he left helpless and penniless upon the bounty of his kinsmen. The strong, dashing young soldier decayed away as he approached old age, mortified but proud. Day after day, year after year, he sat meditating on the glories of the past, the ingratitude of the present, and the assured grandeur of the future. His surgeon required the amputation of his right leg. 'All right,' said he; 'bring in the boy of the regiment and let him beat the drum.' What a scene that must have been, the old warrior with his mouth firm set, the surgeon sawing his leg off above the knee, and the drummer-boy beating as for his life, like he did when he led the victorious little army through the floods of the Wabash. The old spirit came back at times, and sat in the ruins of the old temple.

"When decrepitude and death were closing fast upon him, there came into his room one day, leading a party of friends, an eloquent representative of the State of Virginia to present him a jeweled sword voted by the Virginia Assembly in consideration of his gallant and invaluable services to the State and to the country. While his praise was being eloquently worded the old man listened with his eyes fixed upon the fire, then drew himself up in his chair, and said: 'Young man, go tell Virginia that when she needed a sword I found one. Now, I want bread.' And when that sword was returned, rejected, and with his just rebuke, the Virginia Assembly neglected no longer to make good its broken promises of land to Clark and the gallant men who followed him. But the worn-out old soldier lived but a little while longer, and in February, 1818, he died and was buried at Locust Grove. There for over half a century, his bones lay, with hardly a man able to mark the spot. They now rest beneath a plain headstone in Cave Hill, while all around them the country, which he entered a wild wilderness and won for us, is becoming the heart-center of civilization destined to be the glory of centuries to come."

1 Bodley's Address.

Of Simon Kenton, a faithful historian says: [1] "The crafty offsprings of peace, who slept in the lap of ease and security, while this noble pioneer was enduring the hardships of the wilderness, and braving the gauntlet and stake, and the tomahawk of the Indians to redeem the soil of the West, crept in when the fight, and toil, and danger were past, and by dishonorable trick, miserable technicality, and cunning procedure, wrested the possessions bought at such a terrible price from the gallant, unlettered, simple-hearted man, unversed in the rascality of civilization. He lost his lands, acre after acre, the superior skill of the speculator prevailing over the simplicity and ignorance of the hunter. What a burning, deep disgrace to the West, that the hero who had suffered so much and fought so well to win the soil of his glorious cane-land from the savage should, when the contest was ended, be compelled to leave it to those who never struck a blow in its defense! Together with Boone and numerous other brave old frontier men, who bore the heat and burden of the day, Kenton, like an old shoe, was kicked aside when he was no longer of any use, or had become too antiquated for the fashion of the times. Kentucky treated her earliest and staunchest defenders scarcely so well as they treated their dogs—after running down the game, she denied them the very offal.

"The fate of General Simon Kenton was still harder than that of the other simple-hearted fathers of the West. His body was taken for debt upon the covenants in deeds to lands, which he had, in effect, given away, and for twelve months he was imprisoned, upon the very spot where he first built his cabin in 1775, where he planted the first corn ever planted on the north of the Kentucky river by the hands of any white man, where he ranged the pathless forest in freedom and safety, where he subsequently erected his foremost station-house, and battled the Indians in a hundred encounters, and, nearly alone, endured the hardships of the wilderness, while those who then reaped the fruits of his former sufferings were yet unborn, or dwelt afar in the lap of peace and plenty.

"In 1799, beggared by law-suits and losses, he moved into Ohio, and settled in Urbana. He was no longer young, and the prospect of spending his old age in independence, surrounded by plenty and comfort, which lightened the toil and sufferings of his youth, was now succeeded by cheerless anticipations of poverty and neglect. Thus, after thirty years of the prime of his life, spent faithfully in the cause of Kentucky and the West, all that remained to him was the recollection of his services, and a cabin in the wilderness of Ohio. He himself never repined, and such was his exalted patriotism, that he would not suffer others to upbraid his country in his presence, without expressing a degree of anger altogether foreign to his usual mild and amiable manner. It never occurred to his ingenuous mind that his country could treat anybody, much less him, with neglect, and his devotion and patriotism continued to the last unimpaired.

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 452.

"In 1805, he was elected a brigadier-general in the Ohio militia, and in 1810 he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is a consoling fact, that nearly all the old fathers of the West devoted the evening of their stormy lives to the service of their Maker, and died in the triumph of the Christian faith. In 1813, the gallant old man joined the Kentucky troops under Governor Shelby, into whose family he was admitted as a privileged member, and was in the battle of the Thames. This was his last battle, and from it the old hero returned to obscurity and poverty in his humble cabin in the woods. He remained in Urbana till 1820, when he moved to the head of Mad river, Logan county, Ohio, in sight of Wapakoneta, where he had been tied to the stake by the Indians when a prisoner in their hands. Here he was harassed by judgments and executions from Kentucky, and to prevent being driven from his cabin by his white brethren, as formerly by the savages, to the forest for a shelter, he was compelled to have some land entered in the name of his wife and children. He still had many tracts of mountain land in Kentucky of little value, which, however, were forfeited to the State for taxes. In 1824, then seventy years of age, he undertook a journey to Frankfort, in tattered garments and on a sorry horse, to endeavor to get the Legislature, then in session, to release the claim of the State on his mountain lands.

"Here, where he had roved in an unbroken wilderness in the early day, now stood a flourishing city, but he walked up and down its streets, an object of curiosity to the boys, a stranger, recognized by no one. A new generation had arisen to people and possess the land which he had defended, and his old friends and companions were gone. At length General Fletcher, from Bath county, saw and knew him, and by his means the old pioneer was clothed in a decent suit, and entertained in a kind and becoming manner. When it became known that Simon Kenton was in the town, numbers assembled to see the celebrated hunter and warrior, and testify their regard for him. He was taken to the capitol and placed in the speaker's chair; and there was introduced the second great adventurer of the West, to a crowded assembly of legislators, judges, officers of the government, and citizens. This the simple-hearted old man was wont to call the proudest day of his life. His lands sold for taxes were at once released; and by the exertions of friends in Congress, shortly after, a pension of two hundred and forty dollars a year was obtained for him, securing his old age from absolute want. Without further reward from the Government, or notice from his fellow-citizens, General Kenton lived in his quiet and obscure home, to the age of eighty-one. On the 29th of April, 1836, in sight of the place where the Indians proposed to burn him at the stake, he breathed his last, surrounded by his family and neighbors, and supported by the consolations of the Gospel."

We can easily see how unfit for civilized life were Boone and Kenton, suddenly transposed from an almost savage state of society, unsophisticated,

and simple-minded as they were. The questions of property, regulated by law, and liberty, and policy, in their profound subtleties, were to them as sealed books, which they had never studied. For more than twenty years, battling with savages, and enduring bitter privations with constant and necessary activity, they lived in the free wilderness, where action was unfettered by law, and where property was not controlled by form and technicality, but rested on the natural and broader foundations of justice and convenience. They knew how to beat back the invader of their soil, to bear down a foe in the field, or circumvent him by strategem, or in ambush. But they knew not how to swindle a neighbor out of his acres, by declaration, demurrer, plea, and replication, and all the scientific pomp of chicanery. They knew not how *damages* could solve a private injury, or a personal wrong. Hence, in the broad and glorious light of civilization, they were ingenuous, simple, or stupid, as it may be called, and this made them an easy prey to unscrupulous speculators or designing tricksters. Certain it is, that myriads arose to prey upon the simple patriarchs of the forest, and to drive them farther out into the wilderness, once more to brave its toils and perils, rather than to endure man's inhumanity to man, under civilization.

There was evidently a growing discontent with a number of the provisions and with the workings of the first constitution of the State of 1792. By virtue of an act of the previous Legislature, the people voted upon the question of calling a convention for the enactment of a new one in 1797. Of twenty-one counties in the State, there were five that made no return. Though out of nine thousand eight hundred and fourteen votes in the counties reporting, five thousand four hundred and forty-six were for, and but four hundred and forty votes against, the call, yet the failure of the five delinquent counties to report defeated the requisite constitutional majority, and made abortive the proceeding.

At the next legislative session, a similar bill passed the House for a second vote on the question of the election of 1798, but was defeated in the Senate. A feeling of irritation and impatience increased among the people, until the suggestion was made, and very generally adopted, that the people vote an instruction upon their legislators, at the next assembling, to call a constitutional convention, and provide for the election of delegates thereto at the succeeding election. There were various and general discussions in the newspapers, and before the people in debate, in relation to the convention. The cry went out against an aristocratic Senate chosen by electors, and not by the people, who had the power of filling vacancies in their own body. The same electors also chose the governor, and thus both these important factors at the head of government were too independent, and too far removed from responsibility to the people. Other objections were urged with zeal, not always temperate. The country became much agitated; and at the election of members to the Legislature, the ballots were also cast both for and against a convention. The result was much like that in the first

instance. Ten counties failed to report, and, though the aggregate majority in those that did was large, the constitutional majority was wanting. The sentiment of the people, however, was ascertained; and at the assembling of the Legislature, a two-thirds vote was obtained from both houses, which, by the terms of the constitution, authorized the convention to meet for the enactment of another fundamental law for Kentucky.

Thus, after seven years from the first, the second constitutional convention met on the 22d of July, 1799, and elected Alexander C. Bullitt, of Jefferson county, president, and Thomas Todd, secretary.

No report of the debates of the body is known to exist, although proposals for taking down and publishing them are contained in the newspapers of the day. The various points of division can not, therefore, be stated; but as a substitute for this narration, a brief analysis of the important alterations in the government by the new constitution will be offered. The first radical change was the constitution of the Senate and executive, the former of which, instead of being elected by a college of electors, was distributed among a certain number of senatorial districts, not less than twenty-four, and an additional senator to be chosen for every three representatives which shall be elected above fifty-eight. One-fourth of this body was renewed every year, so that, after the first three years, the senators held their offices for four years.

The governor, instead of being elected by the same college of electors as the Senate, was chosen every four years by the voters directly, but, instead of possessing the effectual negative of the old constitution, he was overruled, on disapproving a law, by a simple majority of all the members elected. Thus was the executive responsibility swallowed up by the Legislature, and the representative of the whole Commonwealth was scarcely capable of exercising any effectual check in behalf of the people over the mistakes incident to all popular bodies, and which are so usefully subjected to the re-examination of the community, as well as to that of their representatives, by an efficient veto. The executive veto was calculated to bring that department of the government into contempt, by its imperfect powers of withstanding the moral force so characteristic of popular bodies. The patronage which the governor possessed, in so simple and economical a community, furnished a very confined and indirect influence. Most of the offices within his gift were irremovable at his pleasure. With these two essential alterations, the new constitution was reported, after the labors of twenty-seven days, on the 17th of August. It declared the former frame of government to be in force until the 1st of June, 1800, when the new fundamenal law of the State was to go into operation.

It is, the author thinks, a matter of regret that alterations of our constitution should not be submitted to popular vote by the ordinary Legislature whenever two-thirds, or other number beyond such a majority, should think them necessary, without prohibiting the assemblage of a convention whenever

substantially and unequivocally required by the people. A provision like the above, such as is introduced into the constitutions of many other States, is better designed to save the community from the hazard of submitting the whole frame of its fundamental law to the ordeal, often so dangerous, of an unlimited convention.

This session closed the legislative functions under the old constitution, after having added six hundred and fifty laws to the statute book in eight years, rather more than eighty per annum. Whoever attends to the subject will be struck with the frequent changes in the courts, and in the execution of the unsteady laws. *Relief*, also, of one kind or other, either to private individuals who should have been left to seek it in a court of law or equity, or to public functionaries who had violated the laws and ran to the Legislature to cover their ignorance or design from the consequences, by legalizing what was illegally done, makes a figure in the code; besides those acts of direct interference between creditor and debtor, which, taken together, show a considerable moral laxity of law-makers, and, taken separately, furnish precedents for every species of irregular and incorrect legislation. Not that there were no good laws, for, indeed, there were many. But so radical and licentious was the disposition to change that but few acts escaped, directly or indirectly, the effects of legislative ignorance, malice, partiality, or prejudice. Such were the reflections of Marshall.

The sympathy of the people of Kentucky for the French was, in 1797 and after, put to the severest test. The relations of the latter and our own Government were becoming strained. The late treaty with Great Britain was the cause of much chagrin and umbrage, not only to Frenchmen, but to their hosts of friends in the United States. It was alleged to be in bad faith, after the partialities shown by France and the many expressions of assurance of return of favors when the emergency of need might require. In the background of all this was the intense hatred and malediction of England for her bad faith in carrying out the provisions of the peace treaty of 1783, and for her atrocious inhumanity in inciting Indian barbarities on the borders while affecting to be at peace. James Monroe was superseded by Charles Pinckney as minister to France. The Government, with much hauteur, refused to receive him, and thus shut the door to the friendly overtures intended. Indeed, this French question had entered with lively interest into the presidential contest, and the election of Mr. Adams was a sore disappointment to the people of that nation.

An extra session of Congress was called for the 15th of June, 1797, and in the president's message, adverting to the speech of the president of the French Directory on the departure of Minister Monroe, he says: "Sentiments are disclosed more alarming than the refusal of a minister, because more dangerous to our independence and union, and at the same time studiously marked with indignities toward the Government of the United States." President Adams, attempting further friendly negotiations, instituted the com-

mission of Messrs. Pinckney, Marshall, and Gerry, with instructions to use all proper efforts toward conciliation. The French cabinet haughtily refused to receive them. [1]Great forbearance was exercised to avoid or postpone a declaration of war. Yet, a state of war actually existed, and the dilemma of the Government was painful. French ships of war were depredating on American commerce, and decrees were issued by the French Directory subjecting to seizure all American vessels having on board British goods or products, or which had sailed from British ports.

In retaliation and defense, an act of Congress suspended commercial intercourse between the United States and France and her possessions. Merchant vessels were authorized to be armed in their voyages to the West Indies or Europe. The president was empowered to increase the standing army and the navy by large additions. Pending these belligerent threatenings, parties divided in Kentucky, the Democratic still in sympathy with their old friends and allies, and the Federal supporting the administration of Adams. Many assemblies passed resolutions of the tenor of the day, of which the following at a Lexington meeting are a sample:

"*Resolved*, That the present war with France is impolitic, unnecessary, and unjust, inasmuch as the means of reconciliation have not been unremittingly and sincerely pursued, hostilities having been unauthorized against France by law while a negotiation was pending.

"*Resolved*, That a war with France will only be necessary and proper when engaged in for the defense of our territory, and to take any part in the present political commotions of Europe will endanger our liberty and independence. Any intimate connection with the corrupt and sinking monarchy of England ought to be abhorred and avoided."

Against this, a meeting of citizens of Mason county presented an address to the president, numerously signed, which brought a response of grateful encomium, from which address we quote: "We have seen, with the anxiety inseparable from the love of our country, the situation of the United States under the aggressions of the French nation on our commerce, our rights, and our sovereignty. As freemen, we do not hesitate; we will rally around the standard of our country and support the constituted authorities. An insidious enemy shall in vain attempt to divide us from the Government of the United States, to the support of which, against any foreign enemy, we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Other similar addresses accompanied this.

Washington was appointed commander-in-chief and all made ready for war, with an impression that France would invade our territory, or attempt it. No declaration of war yet came from either side; still, war was begun. The United States frigate Constitution, of thirty-eight guns, on February 19, 1799, fell in with the French frigate La Insurgent, forty guns, and after a hot fight of an hour, captured her. On February 1, 1800, the Constitu-

1 Statesman's Manual.

tion met the La Vengeance, of fifty-four guns, and after an action of five hours, the latter hauled off and escaped, by a favoring squall, after being silenced, with a loss of one hundred and sixty killed and wounded. Three hundred private American vessels had been armed for self-defense, while much damage had been done to American shipping by French vessels. A change in the French Government was effected by Napoleon becoming first consul. It was intimated that commissioners would now be received at the French capital. Messrs. Murray, Ellsworth, and Governor Davis, of North Carolina, were appointed such commissioners, and proceeded in November, 1799, to France. Toward the close of 1800, a treaty was ratified between the two countries and further hostilities avoided.

African slavery, transplanted from the other States, was now deeply rooted in the civil and social soil of Kentucky. From the first immigration and settlement of 1775, to this date, slaves often formed a part of the family retinue, or swelled the body of colonists, who usually combined for mutual safety. In the solitudes of the wilderness, and the isolations of the settlements, the intense longings for the society of human kind made the companionship of master and household with the colored slaves an essential condition to the contentment and happiness of both. If Uncle Ben and Black Sam felled the trees for fencing and fuel, plowed the corn-ground, or hoed the garden, Mars Tom often bore a hand with them; and when he did not, they knew he was on an Indian scout, or supplying the wants of the household with spoils of the hunt, or sharing in some other way the diligent toils and exposures incident to the rude life and home. If Aunt Dinah or Jenny plied the loom, spun the yarns, or cooked the meals, Mistress Anna was often pressed to direct and aid, or diligently employed in other domestic duties. Together the children played, together they went errands, and together they did the lighter work of boys and girls; and if sometimes it became necessary, the boys were ever ready to fight for each other, almost forgetting the difference of race and color. Conversational intercourse, between the females especially, was cheerful and confiding, and only restrained by the respectful deference which the slave always manifested to the master or mistress. Hence, while the relations were civilly and socially so distinct, they were mutually confiding and affectionate. The white and colored elements were thus pleasantly blended in the household unit, ever respecting the differences which nature and fortune had prescribed, yet useful and happy in the respective spheres in which they were placed. Of these relations we may have to speak further on, and from the personal experience and study of a lifetime.

In 1798, the Legislature passed an act concerning slaves, modifying the previous laws to some extent. Good treatment was enjoined upon the master, and all contracts between the two positively forbidden. The execution of the law was placed under the jurisdiction of the county courts, and these were authorized to admonish the master for any ill-treatment toward

his servant. If persisted in, the court had the option and power to discharge the abused slave. Moderate chastisement with stripes, as in the punishment of children, was not considered ill-treatment. In this law, white and colored being free—but from any cause reduced to servitude—were recognized alike. Any purchase of a white servant by a colored man or an Indian was prohibited.

In 1797, the great orator and statesman, Henry Clay, came to make Kentucky his adopted home, at the early age of twenty-one years. Among his first declaration of principles was an avowed advocacy of the emancipation of slaves, and the abolishment of the institution, pending the discussions of the issues of a constitutional change. There were many persons then in the State who were averse to the institution of slavery, from scruples of conscience, and from a conviction that it would prove a great social and political evil to the country.

[1] In 1792, Rev. David Rice, an eminent pioneer minister of the Presbyterian Church, was one of the members of the first constitutional convention, at Danville. He introduced and advocated a resolution in that body for the gradual extinction of slavery, but without success, though he found sympathy and support.

In 1804, a formidable movement, under the lead of Revs. Tarrent, Barrow, Sutton, Holmes, and other ministers of the Baptist Church, was concertedly made in the same direction. They openly declared for the abolition of slavery, alleging that no fellowship should be had with slaveholders, as in principle and practice slavery was a sinful and abominable system, fraught with peculiar evils and miseries, which every good man should condemn. They are known in the records of the times as *Emancipators*, but styled themselves *Friends of Humanity*. The movement compelled the attention of the associations, which passed resolutions, declaring it improper for ministers, churches, or associations to meddle with the question of the emancipation of slaves, or any other political subject. This gave such offense to the Emancipators, that they withdrew from the General Baptist Union, and, in 1807, formed an association of their own, called the Licking-Locust Association, Friends to Humanity. They did not proselyte with aggressive success, and in time died out as a distinct body, seeming to be consumed in the intensity of their own zeal. Expressions of hostility from other quarters signalized a disposition to agitate the question of abolition; but slavery had already become an interest and a sentiment among the people of Kentucky, too deep-rooted and entwined in every branch and fiber of the Commonwealth, to be dissevered and torn away by anything less than the cyclone of civil war.

1 Collins, Vol. II., pp. 419, 460.

CHAPTER XXII.

(1800.)

Nature and habits of Indians.
Described in Captain Smith's narrative.
From Fort Duquesne to Ohio.
Adopted by Indians.
Ceremonies.
Indian dance and coquetries.
Cunning arts.
Smith loses caste.
Hunting and fasting.
Indian improvidence and indolence.
Hospitalities.
Tontillogo, Smith's brother.
Endurance of exertion.
Chasing horses.
Parental discipline.
Tontillogo's squaw.
Manetohcoa, the conjurer.
Military tactics.
Contempt of regulars and their methods.
Smith regains favor.
Indian compliments.
Love of whisky.
Big debauch.
Religious views.
Their god, Owaneeyo.
Devout old chief.
Meat supply fails.
Faith of the Indian.
Relief at last.
Religious practices.
Old chief's prayer.
Several Indian dances.
War-dance of Ietan.
Acts the horse-stealer.
As a husband and dude.
Indian faith.
Extremes of character.
Anecdotes of Wawkaw and party.
Ferocity of the Indian enemy.
Burning of Colonel Crawford at the stake.
Nursing and rearing papooses.
Strapping to a board.
Experiences and habits of the pioneer whites in stockades and cabins.
Husbandry.
The hunting season and habits.
Need of skill and intrigue.
The house-warming.
Building cabins.
Furniture.
The dance.
Mechanic arts.
Hominy block.
The grater.
The hand-mill.
Deer-skin sifters.
Tanning leather.
Utensils for house and farm.
Imitating birds and beasts.
Sports.
Emigrating then and now.
Happiness in the log-cabin.
Diet.
Indian corn.
Making good corn-bread almost a lost art.
Measures of defense.
Dangers ever present.
The constant theme.
All learned to fight Indians.
Effect on character.
Religion in pioneer days.
The Baptists, the first pioneers.
Rev. William Hickman.
John Taylor and others.
Lewis Craig.
First Baptist churches.
First associations.
Numbers.
Early Roman Catholic immigrants.
Settlements in Nelson county.
Revs. Badin, Fournier, and Salmon.
Hardships and perils in mission work.

Settlement in Woodford county.
Revs. Haw and Ogden first itinerant Methodist ministers appointed.
Others preceded them.
Francis Clark pre-eminent.
Conference, 1787.
Bishop's Asbury's visit.
Results in 1800.
First Presbyterian work.
Rev. David Rice's labors.
Presbytery of Transylvania.
Churches in Washington county.
Rev. John Poage Campbell, Archibald Cameron, and James Blythe.
First Episcopal service and church.
French Atheism in Kentucky.
Talent and learning.
Aggressiveness and combativeness of the ministers of all denominations.
Dividing doctrines.

Much information upon the nature, habits, and character of the Indians will be found interspersed through the pioneer period of history, upon which to form a general idea of savage life. Yet, upon this essential subject, the story of the incidents of the founding of our Commonwealth out of the rudest original elements of nature, and of the remarkable people from whom its territory was wrested, would be incomplete without a more special and coherent description of the wild children of the forest. A picturesque and intensely-interesting sketch is condensed from the narrative of Colonel James Smith, following the description of the burning at the stake of prisoners taken at Braddock's defeat, from which we quote: [1]

"Two or three days after this shocking spectacle, most of the Indian tribes dispersed and returned to their homes, as is usual with them after a great and decisive battle. Young Smith was demanded of the French by the tribe to whom he belonged, and was immediately surrendered into their hands.

"The party embarked in canoes, and ascended the Alleghany river as far as a small Indian town, about forty miles above Fort Duquesne. There they abandoned their canoes, and, striking into the woods, traveled in a western direction, until they arrived at a considerable Indian town, in what is now the State of Ohio. This village was called Tullihas, and was situated upon the western branch of the Muskingum. During the whole of this period, Smith suffered much anxiety from the uncertainty of his future fate, but at this town all doubt was removed. On the morning of his arrival, the principal members of the tribe gathered around him, and one old man, with deep gravity, began to pluck out his hair by the roots, while the others looked on in silence, smoking their pipes with great deliberation. Smith did not understand the design of this singular ceremony, but submitted very patiently to the man's labors, who performed the operation of 'picking' him with great dexterity, dipping his fingers in ashes occasionally, in order to take a better hold. In a very few moments Smith's head was bald, with the exception of a single tuft upon the center of his crown, called the *scalp-lock*. This was carefully plaited in such a manner as to stand upright, and was ornamented with several silver brooches. His ears and nose were then bored with equal gravity, and ornamented with ear-rings

1 McClung's Sketches of Western Adventures.

and nose-jewels. He was then ordered to strip; which being done, his naked body was painted in various fantastic colors, and a breech-cloth fastened around his loins. A belt of wampum was then fastened around his neck, and silver bands around his right arm.

"To all this Smith submitted with much anxiety, being totally ignorant of their customs, and dreading lest, like the British prisoners, he had been stripped and painted for the stake. His alarm was increased, when an old chief arose, took him by the arm, and leading him out into the open air, gave three shrill whoops, and was instantly surrounded by every inhabitant of the village, warriors, women, and children. The chief then addressed the crowd in a long speech, still holding Smith by the hand. When he had ceased speaking, he led Smith forward and delivered him into the hands of three young Indian girls. These grappling him without ceremony, towed him off to the river, which ran at the foot of the hill, dragged him in the water up to his breast, and all three suddenly clapping their hands upon his head attempted to put him under. Utterly desperate at the idea of being drowned by these young ladies, Smith made a manful resistance; the squaws persevered, and a prodigious splashing of the water took place, amidst loud peals of laughter from the shore.

"At length, one of the squaws became alarmed at the furious struggles of the young white man, and cried out earnestly several times, 'No hurt you! No hurt you!' Upon this agreeable intelligence Smith's resistance ceased, and these gentle creatures plunged him under the water, and scrubbed him from head to foot with equal zeal and perseverance. As soon as they were satisfied they led him ashore and presented him to the chief, shivering with cold and dripping with water. The Indians then dressed him in a ruffled shirt, leggins, and moccasins, variously ornamented, seated him upon a bear-skin, and gave him a pipe, tomahawk, tobacco, pouch, flint, and steel. The chiefs then took their seats by his side, and smoked for several minutes in deep silence, when the eldest delivered a speech, through an interpreter, in the following words: 'My son, you are now one of us. Hereafter you have nothing to fear. By an ancient custom, you have been adopted in the room of a brave man, who has fallen, and every drop of white blood has been washed from your veins. We are now your brothers, and are bound by our law to love you, to defend you, and to avenge your injuries, as much as if you were born in our tribe.'

"He was then introduced to the members of the family into which he had been adopted, and was received by the whole of them with great demonstrations of regard. In the evening, he received an invitation to a great feast, and was there presented with a wooden bowl and spoon, and directed to fill the former from a huge kettle of boiled corn and hashed venison. The evening concluded with a war dance, and on the next morning the warriors of the tribe assembled, and leaving one or two hunters to provide for their families in their absence, the rest marched off for the frontiers of Vir-

ginia. In leaving the village, the warriors observed the most profound silence, with the exception of their leader, who sang the traveling song, as it is called; and when some distance off they discharged their rifles slowly, and in regular succession, beginning in front and ending with the rear. As soon as the warriors had left them Smith was invited to a dance, in which the Indian boys and young unmarried squaws assembled, and entertained themselves for several hours together. They formed in two lines facing each other, at the distance of about twenty feet. One of the young men held a gourd in his hand, filled with pebbles or leads, which he rattled in such a manner as to produce music, and all the dancers, singing in concert with their leader, moved forward in a line until the parties met; then retired, and repeated the same exercises for hours without the least variation.

"Young Smith was merely a spectator in this scene, and his chief entertainment arose from observing the occasional symptoms of gallantry and coquetry which diversified the monotony of the dance. Heads were often bent close together as the two lines met, and soft whispers, ogling glances, and an occasional gentle tap on the cheek, convinced Smith that Indians are not so insensible to the charms of their squaws as has been represented. An Indian courtship is somewhat different from ours. With them, all the coyness, reserve, and pretty delays are confined to the gentlemen. The young squaws are bold, forward, and by no means delicate in urging their passions; and a particularly handsome or promising young hunter is often reduced to desperate extremities to escape the toils of these female Lotharios. Smith was treated with the greatest kindness, and was for some time particularly distressed by the pressing invitations to eat, which he received from all quarters.

"With the Indians, it is uniformly the custom to invite every visitor to eat as soon as he enters the wigwam; and if he refuse they are much offended, regarding it as an evidence of hostility to them, and contempt for their housekeeping. Smith, ignorant of this circumstance, was sometimes pressed to eat twenty times a day, and observing their dark and suspicious glances when he declined their hospitality, he endeavored at length to satisfy them at the risk of stuffing himself to death. Making it a point to eat with all who invited him, he soon found himself in great favor. In the course of a week after his adoption, an old chief honored him with an invitation to hunt with him. Smith readily consented. At the distance of a few miles from the village, they discovered a number of buffalo tracks. The old Indian regarded them attentively, and followed them with great caution, stopping frequently to listen, and rolling his eyes keenly in every direction. Smith, surprised at this singular conduct, asked him why he did not push on more rapidly, and endeavor to get a shot. 'Hush!' said the Indian, shaking his head, 'may be buffalo! may be Catawba!'

"Having at length satisfied himself that they were really buffalo, he pushed on more rapidly, and on the way assigned his reasons for his hesitation. He

said that the Catawbas had long been at war with his tribe, and were the most cunning and wicked nation in the world. That, a few years ago, they had secretly approached his camp in the night, and sent out a few of their spies mounted upon buffalo hoofs, who walked around their camp, and then returned to the main body. That in the morning, he and his warriors, perceiving their tracks, supposed a herd of buffalo to be ahead of them, and moved on rapidly in pursuit; that they soon fell into the ambuscade, were fired on by the Catawbas, and many of them killed. The Catawbas, however, quickly gave way, and were pursued by his young men with great eagerness. But they had taken the precaution to stick a number of slender reeds in the grass, sharpened like a pen, and dipped in rattlesnake's poison, so that, as his young men pursued them eagerly, most of them were artificially snake-bitten, and lamed. That the Catawbas then turned upon them, overpowered them, and took the scalps of all who had been lamed by the reeds. The old man concluded by shaking his head, and declaring that 'Catawba was a very bad Indian; a perfect devil for mischief.'

"Smith, however, was so unfortunate a few days afterward as to fall into discredit with these simple people. He had been directed to go out and kill some venison for the squaws and children, who had suffered for several days, during the absence of the greater part of the warriors. As this was the first time that he had been entrusted with so weighty a commission alone, he determined to signalize his hunt by an unusual display of skill and enterprise. He, therefore, struck out boldly into the woods, and at a few miles distance, falling upon a fresh buffalo trail, he pushed on for several miles with great eagerness. Despairing, however, of overtaking them, as the evening came on he began to retrace his steps, and, as he had taken a considerable circuit, he determined to cut across the hills and reach the village by a shorter way. He soon became inextricably involved in the mazes of the forest, and dark found him completely bewildered. He fired his gun repeatedly, in hopes of being heard, but his signal was unanswered, and he wandered through the woods the whole night, totally unable to find his way home. Early in the morning, the Indians, probably suspecting him for desertion, started out in pursuit of him, but, observing the zig-zag manner in which the young woodsman had marched, they soon became satisfied of the truth, and their anger was changed to laughter and contempt. Smith's rifle was taken from him, and a bow and arrow were placed in his hand; and, although he was treated with undiminished kindness by all, yet it was evident that it was mingled with compassion and contempt for his ignorance of the woods. He was now placed under the particular care of Tontillogo, his adopted brother and a renowned hunter and warrior. With the aid of his directions, he soon learned all the mysteries of hunting. He trapped beaver, killed deer, bear, and buffalo with great readiness, and in the course of the winter rose considerably in reputation. The warriors were still absent, and the women and children depended on them entirely for subsistence. Some-

times they were three days without food, particularly when the snow became hard and the noise which they made in walking on the crust frightened the deer, so that they could not come within gun-shot. Their only resource, then, was to hunt bear-trees; that is, large hollow trees in which bears lay concealed during the winter. The hole is generally from thirty to fifty feet from the ground, and they are often compelled to climb up and apply fire in order to drive Bruin out, who obstinately maintains his ground until nearly stifled with smoke, and then, sneezing, snuffling, and growling, he shows himself at the mouth of his hole for a little fresh air. The hunter stations himself below, and fires upon him as soon as he appears. Toward spring, the warriors generally return, and game is then killed in abundance.

"We shall here pause in our narrative to mention some traits of Indian character and manners which, perhaps, will be interesting to many of our readers who have not had opportunities of informing themselves on the subject. The lives of the men are passed in alternate action of the most violent kind and indolence the most excessive. Nothing but the pressing call of hunger will arouse them to much exertion. In the months of August and September, when roasting-ears are abundant, they abandon themselves to laziness, dancing, and gaming, and can rarely be aroused, even to hunt, so long as their corn-fields will furnish them food. During these months, they are generally seen lying down in idle contemplation, dancing with their squaws, playing at foot-ball, or engaged in a game resembling dice, of which they are immoderately fond. War and hunting are their only serious occupations, and all the drudgery of life devolves upon the squaws. Smith gave high offense to the warriors by taking a hoe in his hands and working with the squaws for half an hour, at a time when they were engaged in planting corn. They reprimanded him with some severity for his industry, observing that it was degrading to a warrior to be engaged in labor like a squaw, and for the future he must learn to demean himself more loftily, always remembering that he was a member of a warlike tribe and a noble family.

"They are remarkably hospitable, always offering to a stranger the best that they have. If a warrior, upon entering a strange wigwam, is not immediately invited to eat, he considers himself deeply affronted, although he may have just arisen from a meal at home. It is not enough on these occasions that ordinary food, such as venison or hominy, is offered. It is thought rude and churlish not to set before their guest their greatest delicacies, such as sugar, bear's oil, honey, and, if they have it, rum. If there is no food of any kind in the house, which is often the case, the fact is instantly mentioned, and is at once accepted as a sufficient apology. Smith was so unfortunate as to incur some reproach upon this subject also. While he and his adopted brother, Tontillogo, were encamped in the woods, hunting, there came a hunter of the Wyandotte tribe, who entered their camp, faint and hungry, having had no success in hunting, and, consequently, having fasted for several days.

"Tontillogo was absent at the time, but Smith received the visitor with great hospitality, and gave him an abundant meal of hominy and venison. Shortly after Wyandotte's departure, his brother, Tontillogo, returned, and Smith informed him of the visit of the stranger, and of his hospitable reception. Tontillogo listened with great gravity, and replied: 'And, I suppose, of course, you brought up some of the sugar and bear's oil which was left below in the canoe?' 'No,' replied Smith; 'I never thought of it; it was at too great a distance.' 'Well, brother,' replied Tontillogo, 'you have behaved just like a Dutchman! I can excuse it in you this time, as you are young, and have been brought up among the white people; but you must learn to behave like a warrior, and never be caught in such little actions! Great actions alone can ever make a great man!'

"Their power of sustaining long-continued fatigue is very extraordinary. Even their squaws will travel as fast as an ordinary horse, and pack an incredible quantity of baggage upon their backs. In the spring of 1756, a great quantity of game had been killed at a considerable distance from the village, and all the inhabitants, including squaws and boys, turned out to bring it home. Smith was loaded with a large piece of buffalo, which, after packing two or three miles, he found too heavy for him, and was compelled to throw it down. One of the squaws laughed heartily, and, coming up, relieved him of a large part of it, adding it to her own pack, which before was equal to Smith's. This, he says, stimulated him to greater exertion than the severest punishment would have done.

"Their warriors, for a short distance, are not swifter than the whites, but are capable of sustaining the exercise for an incredible length of time. An Indian warrior can run for twelve or fourteen hours without refreshment, and after a hasty meal and very brief repose, appears completely refreshed, and ready for a second course. Smith found it more difficult to compete with them in this respect than in any other, for, although he ran with great swiftness for a few miles, he could not continue such violent exertion for a whole day. While he and his brother, Tontillogo, were encamped at a distance from the others, they were much distressed from having to pack their meat from such a distance, and, as three horses were constantly grazing near them, Tontillogo proposed that they should run them down and catch them, it having been found impossible to take them in any other way.

"Smith, having but little relish for the undertaking, urged the impossibility of succcess. But Tontillogo replied that he had frequently run down bear, deer, elk, and buffalo, and believed that, in the course of a day and night, he could run down any four-footed animal, except the wolf. Smith observed that, although deer were swifter than horses for a short distance, yet a horse could run much longer than either the elk or buffalo, and he was confident they would tire themselves to no purpose. The other insisted upon making the experiment, at any rate; and at daylight, on a cold day in February, and on a hard snow several inches deep, the race began. The

two hunters stripped themselves to their moccasins, and started at full speed. The horses were in very high order, and very wild, but contented themselves with running in a circle of six or seven miles circumference, and would not entirely abandon their usual grazing-ground.

"At ten o'clock, Smith dropped considerably astern, and before eleven Tontillogo and the horses were out of sight, the Indian keeping close at their heels, and allowing them no time for rest. Smith, naked as he was, and glowing with exercise, threw himself upon the hard snow; and having cooled himself in this manner, he remained stationary until three o'clock in the evening, when the horses again came in view, their flanks smoking like a seething kettle, and Tontillogo close behind them, running with undiminished speed. Smith, being now perfectly fresh, struck in ahead of Tontillogo, and compelled the horses to quicken their speed, while his Indian brother, from behind, encouraged him to do his utmost, after shouting: 'Chako! Chakoa-nough!'—'Pull away! Pull away, my boy!'

"Had Tontillogo thought of resting, and committed the chase to Smith alone for some hours, and then in his turn relieved him, they might have succeeded; but neglecting this plan, they both continued the chase till dark. Perceiving that the horses ran still with great vigor, they despaired of success, and returned to camp, having tasted nothing since morning, and one of them at least having run nearly one hundred miles. Tontillogo was somewhat crestfallen at the result of the race, and grumbled not a little at their long wind; but Smith assured him that they had attempted an impossibility, and he became reconciled to their defeat.

"Their discipline with regard to their children is not remarkably strict. Whipping is rare with them, and is considered the most disgraceful of all punishments. Ducking in cold water is the ordinary punishment for misbehavior; and, as might be expected, their children are more obedient in winter than in summer. Smith, during his first winter's residence among them, was an eye-witness to a circumstance, which we shall relate as a lively example of Indian manners: His brother, Tontillogo, was married to a Wyandotte squaw, who had several children by a former husband. One of these children offended his step-father in some way, who, in requital, gave him the 'strappado,' with a whip made of buffalo hide.

"The discipline was quite moderate, but the lad shouted very loudly, and soon brought out his Wyandotte mother. She instantly took her child's part, with great animation. It was in vain that the husband explained the offense, and urged the moderation with which he had inflicted the punishment. All would not do. 'The child,' she said, 'was no slave, to be beaten and scourged with a whip. His father had been a warrior, and a Wyandotte, and his child was entitled to honorable usage. If he had offended his stepfather, there was cold water enough to be had; let him be be ducked until he would be brought to reason, and she would not utter a word of complaint; but a 'buffalo tug' was no weapon with which the son

of a warrior ought to be struck. His father's spirit was frowning in the skies at the degradation of his child.'

"Tontillogo listened with great calmness to this indignant remonstrance; and, having lit his pipe, strolled off, in order to give his squaw an opportunity of becoming cool. The offense, however, had been of too serious a nature. His squaw, shortly after his departure, caught a horse, and taking her children with her, rode off to the Wyandotte village, about forty miles distant. In the afternoon, Tontillogo returned to his wigwam, and found no one there but Smith, an old man, and a boy. He appeared much troubled at his squaw's refractory conduct, uttered some deep interjections, but finally did as most husbands are compelled to do—followed her to make his peace.

"They are remarkably superstitious, and hold their 'conjurers' in great veneration. These dignitaries are generally old and decrepid. On the borders of Lake Erie, one evening, a squaw came running into camp, where Smith, Tontillogo, and a few others were reposing, after a long day's journey, and alarmed them with the information that two strange Indians, armed with rifles, were standing upon the opposite shore of a small creek, and appeared to be reconnoitering the camp. It was supposed that they were Johnston Mohawks, and that they would be shortly attacked. Instantly, the women and children were sent into the woods, and the warriors retired from the light of the fires, taking their stations silently in the dark, and awaiting the enemy's approach.

"Manetohcoa, their old conjurer, alone remained by the fire, regardless of the danger, and busily employed in his necromantic art. To assist him in his labors, he had dyed feathers, the shoulder-blade of a wildcat, and a large quantity of leaf tobacco. Thus accoutered, he conjured away, with great industry, in the light of the fire, and exposed to the most imminent danger in case of an attack, as he was very lame, totally deaf, and miserably rheumatic. After a few minutes' anxious expectation, old Manetohcoa called aloud upon his friends to return to the fire, assuring them that there was no danger. They instantly obeyed with the utmost confidence, and their squaws and children were recalled, as if no further danger was to be apprehended. Upon coming up, they found old Manetohcoa enveloped in tobacco smoke, and holding the bone of the wildcat in his hand, on which his eyes were fixed with great earnestness.

"He told them, after having burnt his feathers, fumigated himself with the tobacco, heated his blade-bone, and pronounced his charm, that he expected to see a multitude of Mohawks arise upon the surface of the bone; but, to his surprise, he saw only the figures of two wolves. He assured them that the woman had mistaken the wolves for the Mohawks, and that no enemy was near them. The Indians instantly composed themselves to rest, relying confidently upon the truth of the old man's assertions. In the morning, to Smith's astonishment, the tracks of two wolves were seen at the spot where

the squaw's account had placed the Mohawks. The Indians expressed no surprise at this extraordinary confirmation of the old man's skill in divination, but Smith's infidelity was powerfully shaken. Admitting the truth of the facts—and, from Colonel Smith's high reputation for piety and integrity, we presume they can not be questioned—it must be acknowledged either an extraordinary instance of sagacity, or else we must class it among those numerous fortunate coincidences of circumstances which occasionally have staggered the faith of much more learned men than Colonel Smith. Johnston's superstition is well known, and Smith's doubts may at least be pardoned.

"Their military principles are few and simple, but remarkable for sagacity, and singularly adapted to the character of the warfare in which they are generally engaged. Caution, perhaps, rather than boldness, is the leading feature of their system. To destroy their enemy at the least possible risk to themselves is their great object. They are by no means, as has been sometimes supposed, destitute of discipline. Their maneuvers are few, but in performing them they are peculiarly alert, ready, and intelligent. In forming a line, in protecting their flanks by bodies arranged *en potence*, or in forming a large hollow square for the purpose of making head against a superior force, they are inferior to no troops in the world. Each movement is indicated by a loud whoop, of peculiar intonation, from their leader, and is irregularly but rapidly obeyed. The result is order, although during the progress of the movement the utmost apparent confusion prevails.

"Nothing astonished them more than the pertinacity with which Braddock adhered to European tactics in the celebrated battle on the banks of the Monongahela. They often assured Smith that the Long Knives, so called from their use of swords and bayonets, were fools; that they could neither fight nor run away, but drew themselves up in close order and stood still, as if to give their enemies the best possible opportunity of shooting them down at their leisure. Grant's masquerade before the walls of Fort Duquesne also gave them much perplexity. A venerable Canewaughga chief, who had in his youth been a renowned warrior and counselor, and who excelled all his contemporaries in sagacity and benevolence, frequently told Smith that Grant's conduct was to him totally inexplicable.

"This general formed the advance of General Forbes in 1767. He marched with great secrecy and celerity through the woods, and appeared upon the hill above Duquesne in the night. There he encamped, and, by way of bravado, caused the drums to be beat and the bag-pipes to play, as if to inform the enemy of his arrival. At daylight, he was surrounded by Indians, who, creeping up under cover of bushes, gullies, and other concealments, nearly annihilated his army without any sensible loss to themselves. The old chief observed 'that, as the great art of war consisted in ambushing and surprising your enemy and preventing yourself from being surprised, Grant had acted like a skillful warrior in coming secretly upon

them, but that his subsequent conduct in giving the alarm to his enemy, instead of falling on them with the bayonet, was very extraordinary; that he could only account for it by supposing Grant, like too many other warriors, was fond of rum, and had become drunk about daylight.'

"They had the most sovereign contempt for all book-learning. Smith was occasionally in the habit of reading a few elementary English books, which he had procured from traders, and lost credit among them by his fondness for study. Nothing with them can atone for a practical ignorance of the woods. We have seen, that for losing himself, Smith was degraded from the rank of a warrior, and reduced to that of a boy. Two years afterward he regained his rank, and was presented with a rifle, as a reward for an exhibition of hardihood and presence of mind. In company with the old chief, to whom we have just referred, and several other Indians, he was engaged in hunting. A deep snow was upon the ground, and the weather was tempestuous. On their way home, a number of raccoon-tracks were seen in the snow, and Smith was directed to follow them and observe where they treed. He did so, but they led him off to a much greater distance than was supposed, and the hunters were several miles ahead of him when he attempted to rejoin them.

"At first, their tracks were very plain in the snow; and although night approached, and the camp was distant, Smith felt no anxiety. But about dusk his situation became critical. The weather became suddenly much colder, the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and whirlwinds of snow blinded his eyes and filled up the tracks of his companions. He had with him neither a gun, flint, nor steel; no shelter but a blanket, and no weapon but a tomahawk. He plodded on for several hours, ignorant of his route, stumbling over logs, and chilled with cold, until the snow became so deep as seriously to impede his progress, and the flakes fell so thick as to render it impossible to see where he was going. He shouted aloud for help, but no answer was returned; and as the storm every instant became more outrageous, he began to think that his hour had come.

"Providentially, in stumbling on through the snow, he came to a large sycamore with a considerable opening on the windward side. He hastily crept in, and found the hollow sufficiently large to accommodate him for the night, if the weather side could be closed so as to exclude the snow and wind, which was beating against it with great violence. He instantly went to work with his tomahawk, and cut a number of sticks, which he placed upright against the hole, and piled brush against it in great quantities, leaving a space open for himself to creep in. He then broke up a decayed log, and cutting it into small pieces, pushed them, one by one, into the hollow of the tree, and lastly, crept in himself. With these pieces he stopped up the remaining holes of his den, until not a chink was left to admit the light. The snow, drifting in large quantities, was soon banked up against his defenses, and completely sheltered him from the storm, which still continued

to rage with undiminished fury. He then danced violently in the center of his den for two hours, until he was sufficiently warmed, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, he slept soundly until morning.

"He awoke in utter darkness, and, groping about, found his door and attempted to push it away, but the snow had drifted against it in such quantities that it resisted his utmost efforts. His hair now began to bristle, and he feared that he had, with great ingenuity, contrived to bury himself alive. He laid down again for several hours, meditating upon what he should do, and whether he should not attempt to cut through the tree with his tomahawk; but at length he made one more desperate effort to push away the door, and succeeded in moving it several inches, when a great bank of snow fell in upon him from above, convincing him at once of the immense quantity which had fallen. He at length burrowed his way into the upper air, and found it broad daylight and the weather calm and mild. The snow lay nearly four feet deep, but he was now enabled to see his way clearly, and, by examining the barks of the trees, was enabled to return to camp.

"He was received with loud shouts of joy and congratulation, but not a single question was asked until he had dispatched a hearty meal of venison, hominy, and sugar.

"The old chief, Tecaughnetanego, whom we have already mentioned, then presented him with his own pipe, and they all remained silent until Smith had smoked. When they saw him completely refreshed, the venerable chief addressed him in a mild and affectionate manner, for Smith at that time was a mere boy with them, and desired to hear a particular account of the manner in which he had passed the night. Not a word was spoken until Smith concluded his story, and then he was greeted on all sides with shouts of approbation.

"Tecaughnetanego arose and addressed him in a short speech, in which his courage, hardihood, and presence of mind were highly commended. He was exhorted to go on as he had begun, and assured that one day he would make a very great man; that all his brothers rejoiced in his safety, as much as they had lamented his supposed death; that they were preparing snow-shoes to go in search of him when he appeared, but, as he had been brought up effeminately among the whites, they never expected to see him alive. In conclusion, he was promoted from the rank of a boy to that of a warrior, and assured that, when they sold skins in the spring, at Detroit, they would purchase for him a new rifle. And they faithfully observed their promise.

"They are extravagantly fond of rum, but drinking does not with them, as with the whites, form part of the besetting habits of life. They occasionally indulge in a wild and frantic revel, which sometimes lasts several days, and then return to their ordinary habits. They can not husband their liquor, for the sake of prolonging the pleasure of toping; it is used with the most reckless profusion while it lasts, and all drink to beastly intoxication. Their squaws are as fond of liquor as the warriors, and share in all their excesses.

"After the party to which Smith belonged had sold their beaver-skins, and provided themselves with ammunition and blankets, all their surplus cash was expended in rum, which was bought by the keg. They then held a council, in which a few strong-bodied hunters were selected to remain sober and protect the rest during the revel, for which they were preparing. Smith was courteously invited to get drunk, but, upon his refusal, he was told that he must join the sober party and assist in keeping order. This, as he quickly found, was an extremely dangerous office; but before engaging in the serious business of drinking, the warriors carefully removed their tomahawks and knives, and took every precaution against bloodshed. A shocking scene was then commenced. Rum was swallowed in immense quantities, and their wild passions were stimulated to frenzy. Smith and the sober party were exposed to the most imminent peril, and were compelled to risk their lives every moment. Much injury was done, but no lives were lost.

"In the Ottawa camp, where the same infernal orgies were celebrated, the result was more tragical. Several warriors were killed on the spot, and a number more wounded. So long as they had money, the revel was kept up day and night; but when their funds were exhausted, they gathered up their dead and wounded, and, with dejected countenances, returned to the wilderness. All had some cause of lamentation. The blanket of one had been burnt, and he had no money to buy another; the fine clothes of another had been torn from his back; some had been maimed, and all had improvidently wasted their money.

"The religion of the Indians, although defaced by superstition, and intermingled with many rites and notions which appear absurd, contains, nevertheless, a distinct acknowledgment of the existence of a Supreme Being, and a future state. The various tribes are represented by Dr. Robertson, as polytheists; and Mr. Hume considers polytheism as inseparably attendant upon the savage state. It appears, however, that the Western Indians approached more nearly to simple deism than most savage nations with whom we have been heretofore acquainted. One Great Spirit is universally worshiped throughout the West, although different tribes give Him different names. In the immense prairies of the West, He is generally termed Wahcondah, or Master of Life. With the Indians of the lakes, He was generally termed Manito, which, we believe, means simply *The Spirit*. In the language of Smith's tribe, He was known by the title of Owaneeyo, or the Possessor of All Things.

"Human sacrifices are very common among the tribes living west of the Mississippi; but we have seen no evidence of such a custom among those of the North-west.

"Tecaughnetanego, the veteran chief, whom we have already mentioned, was esteemed the wisest and most venerable of his own nation, and his religious opinions, perhaps, may be regarded as a very favorable sample of Indian theology. We shall take the liberty of detailing several conversations

of this old chief, particularly upon religious subjects, which to us were the most interesting passages of Smith's diary, growing, as they did, out of a situation which required the exercise of some philosophy and reliance upon Providence. We have already adverted to the precarious nature of the Indian supplies of food, dependent, as they are, upon the woods for their meat, and liable to frequent failures from the state of the weather, and other circumstances over which they had no control.

"It so happened that Smith, together with Tontillogo and the old chief, Tecaughnetanego, were encamped at a great distance from the rest of the tribe, and during the early part of the winter they were very successful in hunting, and were abundantly supplied with all the necessaries. Upon the breach between Tontillogo and his wife, however, Smith and the old chief were left in the woods, with no other company than that of Nungany, a little son of the latter, not more than ten years old. Tecaughnetanego, notwithstanding his age, which exceeded sixty, was still a skillful hunter, and capable of great exertion when in good health; but, unfortunately, was subject to dreadful attacks of rheumatism, during which, in addition to the most excruciating pain, he was incapable of moving his limbs, or helping himself in any way. Smith was but a young hunter, and Nungany totally useless except as a cook; but while Tecaughnetanego retained the use of his limbs, notwithstanding the loss of Tontillogo, they killed game very abundantly. About the middle of January, however, the weather became excessively cold, and the old chief was stretched upon the floor of his wigwam, totally unable to move. The whole care of the family now devolved upon Smith, and his exertions were not wanting; but from his youth and inexperience, he was unable to provide as plentifully as Tontillogo had done, and they were reduced to very short allowance. The old chief, notwithstanding the excruciating pain which he daily suffered, always strove to entertain Smith at night with agreeable conversation, and instructed him carefully and repeatedly in the art of hunting. At length, the snow became hard and crusty, and the noise of Smith's footsteps frightened the deer, so that, with the utmost caution he could use, he was unable to get within gun-shot. The family, in consequence, were upon the eve of starvation.

"One evening, Smith entered the hut, faint and weary, after a hunt of two days, during which he had eaten nothing. Tecaughnetanego had fasted for the same length of time, and both had been upon short allowance for a week. Smith came in very moodily, and, laying aside his gun and powder-horn, sat down by the fire in silence. Tecaughnetanego inquired mildly and calmly what success he had had. Smith answered that they must starve, as the deer were so wild that he could not get within gun-shot, and it was too far to go to any Indian settlement for food. The old man remained silent for a moment, and then, in the same mild tone, asked him if he was hungry. Smith replied that the keen appetite seemed gone, but that he felt sick and dizzy, and scarcely able to walk. 'I have made Nungany hunt up

some food for you, brother,' said the old man kindly, and bade him produce it. This food was nothing more than the bones of a fox and wildcat, which had been thrown into the woods a few days before, and which the buzzards had already picked almost bare.

"Nungany had collected and boiled them until the sinews were stripped of the flesh, intending them for himself and father, both of whom were nearly famished. But the old man had put them away for Smith, in case he should again return without food. Smith quickly threw himself upon this savory soup, and swallowed spoonful after spoonful with the voracity of a wolf. Tecaughnetanego waited patiently until he had finished his meal, which continued until the last spoonful had been swallowed, and then, handing him his own pipe, invited him to smoke. Little Nungany, in the meantime, removed the kettle, after looking in vain for some remnant of the feast for his own supper. He had watched every mouthful which Smith swallowed with eager longing, but in perfect silence, and finding that, for the third night, he must remain supperless, he sat down quietly at his father's feet, and was soon asleep.

"Tecaughnetanego, as soon as Smith had smoked, asked him if he felt refreshed, and, upon receiving an animated assurance in the affirmative, he addressed him mildly as follows: 'I saw, brother, when you first came in, that you had been unfortunate in hunting, and were ready to despair. I should have spoken at the time what I am now about to say, but I have always observed that hungry people are not in a temper to listen to reason. You are now refreshed, and can listen patiently to the words of your elder brother. I was once young like you, but am now old. I have seen sixty snows fall, and have often been in a worse condition for want of food than we are now; yet I have always been supplied, and that, too, at the very time when I was ready to despair. Brother, you have been brought up among the whites, and have not had the same opportunities of seeing how wonderfully Owaneeyo provides food for His children in the woods. He sometimes lets them be in great want, to teach them that they are dependent upon Him, and to remind them of their weakness; but He never permits them absolutely to perish. Rest assured that your brother is telling you no lie, but be satisfied that He will do as I have told you. Go now; sleep soundly; arise early in the morning and go out to hunt; be strong and diligent; do your best, and trust to Owaneeyo for the rest.'

"The next day Smith was fortunate enough to kill a buffalo, at a distance of some ten miles from the wigwam. After satisfying his own hunger with some choice parts hastily roasted, he secured the carcass, after cutting off as much as he could carry home. He then returned to camp with as much expedition as he could exert. It was late at night when he entered the huts. Tecaughnetanego received him with the same mild equanimity which had heretofore distinguished him, and thanked him affectionately for the exertions he had used. In the meanwhile, the eyes of the famished boy were

fastened upon the meat, as if he would devour it raw. Smith boiled some for the old man, while Nungany devoured a portion, barely scorched on the coals, with the voracity of a shark. Tecaughnetanego, though tortured with three days of fasting, patiently awaited the well-cooked stew, and then ate with all the avidity of his unrestrained appetite. The next day Smith was again fortunate enough to kill a bear; thus providing very bountifully for two or three weeks, and making all very contented.

"Early in April, Tecaughnetanego's rheumatism abated so much as to permit him to walk, upon which they built a bark canoe, and descended the Ollentangy, until the water became so shallow as to endanger their frail bark among the rocks. A council was then held, in which Tecaughnetanego proposed to go ashore and pray for rain to raise the creek or river so as to enable them to continue their journey. Smith readily consented; and they accordingly disembarked, drawing their canoe ashore after them. Here the old Indian built a *sweating-house*, in order to purify himself before engaging in his religious duties.

"He stuck a number of semi-circular hoops in the ground, and laid a blanket over them. He then heated a number of large stones and placed them under the blanket, and finally crawled in himself, with a kettle of water in his hand, directing Smith to draw down the blanket after him, so as almost entirely to exclude the outside air. He then poured the water upon the hot stones, and began to sing aloud with great energy, the steam rising from the blanket like a heavy mist. In this hot place he continued for fifteen minutes, singing the whole time, and then came out dripping with perspiration from head to foot. As soon as he had taken breath, he began to burn tobacco, throwing it into the fire by handfuls, at the same time repeating the following words in a tone of deep and solemn earnestness: 'O, Great Owaneeyo! I thank thee that I have regained the use of my legs once more; that I am now able to walk about and kill turkeys, without feeling exquisite pain. Oh! ho! ho! ho! grant that my knees and ankles may be right well, that I may be able not only to walk, but to run and to jump logs, as I did last fall! Oh! ho! ho! ho! grant that upon this voyage we may frequently kill bears as they may be crossing the Sandusky and Scioto! Oh! ho! ho! ho! grant that we may also kill a few turkeys to stew with our bear's meat! Oh! ho! ho! ho! grant that rain may come to raise the Ollentangy a few feet, that we may cross in safety down to Scioto, without splitting our canoe upon the rocks! And now, O, Great Owaneeyo! Thou knowest how fond I am of tobacco, and though I do not know when I shall get any more, yet you see that I have freely given up all that I have for a burnt-offering; therefore, I expect that Thou wilt be merciful and hear all my petitions, and I, Thy servant, will thank Thee, and love Thee for all Thy gifts.'

"Smith explained to him the outlines of the Christian religion, and dwelt particularly upon the doctrine of reconciliation through the atonement of

Christ. Tecaughnetanego listened with patience and gravity until his companion had finished his remarks, and then calmly observed that '*it might be so!*' but declared that he was too old now to change his religion; that he should, therefore, continue to worship God after the manner of his fathers, and if it were not consistent with the honor of the Great Spirit to accept him in that way, then he hoped that He would receive him upon such terms as were acceptable to Him; that it was his earnest and sincere desire to worship the Great Spirit and obey His wishes, and he hoped that Owaneeyo would overlook such faults as arose from ignorance and weakness, not willful neglect.' To a speech of this kind, the sentiments of which find an echo in almost every breast, Smith could make no reply. Here, therefore, the subject ended.

"A few days afterward, there came a fine rain, and the Ollentangy was soon sufficiently deep to admit of their passage in safety, and, after reaching the Sandusky, they killed four bears and a great many wild turkeys. Tecaughnetanego gravely assured Smith that this was a clear and direct answer to his prayer, and inferred from it that his religion could not be as unacceptable to Owaneeyo as Smith supposed. Perhaps it would be difficult to disprove the first part of the old Indian's observation; the last is more questionable."

[1] Dancing is most prominent among the aboriginal ceremonies, and all tribes practice it. The Indians have their war dance and their peace dance, their dance of mourning, their pipe dance, their green-corn dance, and their wabana, each of these distinguished by some peculiarity appropriate to the occasion. In the war dance, the actors are distinguished by a free use of black and red paint; in the peace dance, by green and white; in that for the dead, by black, and in the other dances, except the wabana, black prevails.

The paint, in all the dances, is put on according to the fancy of each individual. A line is sometimes drawn, dividing the body, from the forehead and from the back of the head downward, on either side of which different figures are drawn, representing beasts, birds, fish, snakes, etc. Frequently the hand is smeared with paint and pressed on either cheek, the breast, and the sides. It rarely happens that two of the group are painted alike. The music consists of a monotonous thumping with sticks upon a rude drum, accompanied by the voices of the dancers, and mingled with the rattling of gourds, containing pebbles, and the jingling of small bells and pieces of tin worn as ornaments. The wabana is an offering to the devil, and, like some others, the green-corn dance, for example, winds up with a feast.

[2] On a certain occasion in 1819, when Shaumonekusse, an Ottoe chief, and some of the most noted warriors, performed a dance in honor of an American party under Colonel Long, they formed around the flagstaff which

1 Indian Gallery, Department at Washington, D. C.

2 Indian Gallery, War Department.

had been erected. Ietan stepped forward and struck the staff, as the others moved around it. This ceremony they called *striking the post*, when every word spoken is pledged to be true. In recounting his martial deeds, Ietan said he had stolen horses seven or eight times from the Kansas; he had first [1] struck the bodies of three of that nation slain in battle. He had stolen horses from the Ietans, and had struck one of them dead. Then he stole them from the Pawnees, and he had struck the body of one. He had stolen horses several times from the Omahas, and once from the Puncas. He had struck the bodies of two Sioux. On a war party, in company with the Pawnees, he had attacked the Spaniards in the South-west, and shot down and struck one. All these performances were of the most meritorious character with the savages, and gave an envious fame to the heroic actor. With the whites, the deeds could only have been recounted to portray the deviltries of the most abandoned penitentiary convict, hopelessly outlawed.

On the occasion, as the chief recited, in a sort of frenzied rhapsody, his thefts and murders, he acted out, in dramatic or comic style, the manner of his performances to the life in horse-stealing. He carried a whip in his hand, as did a number of his comrades in the dance, and around his neck were thrown several leather thongs for bridles and halters, the ends of which trailed on the ground behind him. After many preparatory maneuvers, he stooped down, and, with his knife, represented the act of cutting the *hopples* by which horses are tied; he then rode his tomahawk, as children ride their broomsticks, and made such use of his whip as to indicate the necessity of rapid movement, lest his foes should overtake him.

Shaumonekusse was, like most Indians, intensely fond of ornamentation, and the dude of his tribe. His squaw, The Eagle of Delight, was an Indian beauty, and together they visited Washington in 1821. Many presents were given the pretty wife during the visit, which, as soon as received, the vain chief suspended upon his own nose, ears, neck, and head, thinking a wife unadorned adorned the most.

The Indian is always very true and confiding toward his own race; but toward the whites, whom he held generally to be inveterate enemies, he was secretive, lying, and treacherous, without scruple or remorse, except in individual cases of friendship and warm attachments. Indeed, this is characteristic of every ignorant and degraded race, when it comes in contact with one of superior civilization, ever suspicious that the self-interest, which is the dominant motive with men in secular relations, only seeks the opportunity in every dealing, for advantage. The extremes of the sublime and the ridiculous meet in the red man of the forest. He is heroic in bravery, in patience under fatigue or privation; often generous, and sometimes tenacious of a point of honor, to an extreme which is paralleled only in the records of chivalry. In all that relates to war or the council, they are systematic; and the leading men exhibit much dignity and consistency of char-

[1] Scalped.

acter. But when the Indian is taken from this limited circle and thrown into contact with the white man in social intercourse, his want of versatility and deficiency of intellectual resources often degrade him at once into meanness and puerility. For a time he may disguise himself in his habitual gravity, and his native shrewdness may enable him to parry attempts to pry into his thoughts, or throw him off his guard; but the sequel is very sure to betray the barrenness of the savage mind.

[1] An anecdote of *Wawkaw*, a Winnebago chief, and a retinue of famed warriors, and other Indians eminent in council, while on a mission visit at Washington and the East, in 1829, at Government expense, is a good illustration of these characterizing comments. While at New York, the Winnebago deputies attended, by invitation, a balloon ascension at the Battery. At this beautiful spot, where the magnificence of a city on the one hand, and a splendid view of one of the noblest harbors in the world on the other, combine to form a landscape of unrivaled grandeur, thousands of spectators were assembled to witness the exploit of the aeronaut, and to behold the impression which would be made upon the savage mind by so novel an exhibition. The chiefs and warriors were provided with suitable places, and many an eye was turned in anxious scrutiny upon their imperturbable countenances, as they gazed in silence upon the balloon ascending into the upper atmosphere. At length Wawkaw was asked what he thought of the aeronaut? He replied coolly: "I think they are fools to trifle in that way with their lives; what good does it do?" Being asked if he had ever before seen so many people assembled at one time, he answered: "We have more in our smallest villages."

While at Washington they lodged at a public hotel, and regaled in the most plentiful and sumptuous manner; notwithstanding which, when about to leave the city, Wawkaw complained of the quality of the food placed upon his table. Such a remark from an Indian, whose cookery is the most unartificial imaginable, and whose notions of neatness are far from being refined, was considered singular, and on inquiry being made, it turned out that a piece of roast beef, which had been taken from the table untouched, was placed a second time before these fastidious gentlemen, who, on their native prairies, would have devoured it raw, but who now considered their dignity infringed by such a procedure. Being asked if the beef was not good enough, he replied that there were plenty of turkeys and chickens to be had, and he would choose them in preference.

On their way home, at the first place at which they stopped to dine after leaving Baltimore, they sat down at a well-furnished table. A fine roasted turkey at the head of the table attracted their attention, but keeping that in reserve, they commenced upon a chicken pie. While thus engaged, a stranger entered, and, taking his seat at the head of the table, called for a plate. The Indians became alarmed for the turkey, cast significant glances

[1] Indian Gallery, War Department, Washington, D. C.

at each other, and eyed the object of their desire with renewed eagerness. They inquired of each other, in subdued accents, what was to be done; their plates being well supplied, they could not ask to be helped again, yet the turkey was in imminent jeopardy. The stranger was evidently hungry, and he looked like a man who would not trifle with his knife and fork. Luckily, however, he was not yet supplied with these necessary implements there was a moment still left to be improved, and the red gentlemen having cleared their plates, occupied it by dividing among them an apple pie, which quickly vanished. A clean plate, knife, and fork were now placed before the stranger, who was about to help himself, when, to his astonishment and utter discomfiture, one of the Indians arose, stepped to the head of the table, and adroitly fixing his fork in the turkey, bore it off to his companions, who very gravely, and without appearing to take the least notice of the details of the exploit, commenced dividing the spoil, while the stranger, recovering from his surprise, broke out into a loud laugh, in which the Indians joined.

As the party receded from the capital, the fare became coarser, and the red men began to sigh for the fat poultry and rich joints that were left behind them. And now another idea occurred to their minds. Having noticed that payment was made regularly for every meal, they inquired if *all* the meals they ate were paid for, and being answered in the affirmative, each Indian, on rising from the table, loaded himself with the fragments of the feast, until nothing remained. When they observed that this conduct was noticed, they defended it by remarking that the provisions were all paid for.

Perhaps nothing in human ferocity ever surpassed the fiendish orgies of diabolical malice and delight which the savages practiced around their suffering and dying victims whom they burned at the stake. As an example of what they were capable, Dr. Knight's narrative of the burning of Colonel Crawford is instructive:

[1] "When the speech was finished, they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the colonel's body from his feet as far up as his neck. I think that not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and, to the best of my observation, cut off his ears. When the throng had dispersed a little, I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof. He seemed an object fitted to move the pity of a wolf, if possible.

"The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the colonel was tied. It was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the pole remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood and apply it to his naked body, already burnt black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him with

1 Western Annals, p. 246.

the burning fagots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers and throw on him, so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

"In the midst of these extreme tortures, he called to Simon Girty and begged of him to shoot him; but Girty making no answer, he called to him again. Girty then, by way of derision, told the colonel he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him laughed heartily, and by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene.

"Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at the Shawanese towns. He swore that I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.

"He then observed that some prisoners had given him to understand that if our people had him they would not hurt him. For his part, he said, he did not believe it, but desired to know my opinion of the matter; but, being at that time in great anguish and distress for the torments the colonel was suffering before my eyes, as well as the expectation of undergoing the same fate in two days, I made little or no answer. He expressed a great deal of ill-will for Colonel Gibson, and said he was one of his greatest enemies, and more to the same purpose, to all of which I paid very little attention.

"Colonel Crawford, at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three-quarters or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last, being almost exhausted, he lay down on his belly. They then scalped him, and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me 'that was my great captain.' An old squaw, whose appearance every way answered the ideas people entertain of the devil, got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes, and laid them on his back and head, after he had been scalped. He then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk around the post. They next put a burning stick to him, as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before.

"The Indian fellow who had me in charge now took me away to Captain Pipe's house, about three-quarters of a mile from the place of the colonel's execution. I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12th, the Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles distant from that place. We soon came to the place where the colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way. I saw his bones lying among the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes. I suppose after he was dead they laid his body on the fire. The Indian told me that was my big captain, and gave the scalp halloo."

The practice of nursing and rearing their infants is unique and interesting, and peculiar to the extremities of savage life. The cradle is a simple contrivance; a board, shaven thin, is its basis. On this the infant is placed, with its back to the board. At a proper distance, near the lower end, is a projecting piece of wood. This is covered with the softest moss, and when the cradle is perpendicular, the heels of the infant rest upon it. Before the head of the child there is a hoop, projecting four or five inches from its face. Two holes are bored on either side of the upper end of the board, for the passage of deer-skin or other cord. This is intended to extend around the forehead of the mother, to support the cradle when on her back. Around the board and the child bandages are wrapped, beginning at the feet, and winding around until they reach the breast and shoulders, binding the arms and hands to the child's sides. There is great security in this contrivance. The Indian woman, a slave to the duties of the lodge, with all the fondness of a mother, can not devote that constant attention to her child which her heart constantly prompts her to bestow. She must often leave it, to chop wood, build fires, cook, erect the wigwam or take it down, make a canoe, or bring home the game which her lord has killed, but which he disdains to shoulder. While thus employed, the infant charge is safe in its rude cradle. If she place it against a tree, or a corner of her lodge, it may be knocked down in her absence. If it fall backward, then all is safe. If it fall sideways, the arms and hands being confined, no injury is sustained; if on the front, the projecting hoop guards the face and head. The Indian mother would find it difficult to contrive anything better calculated for her purpose. To this early discipline in the cradle, the Indian owes his erect form; and to the practice, when old enough to be released from the bandages, of bracing himself against his mother's waist, with his toes inward, may be traced the origin of his straightforward gait, and the position of his foot in walking, which latter is confirmed afterward by treading in the trails scarcely wider than his foot, cut many inches deep by the travel of centuries.

When the child has attained sufficient strength to sit alone, or to walk about, the cradle is dispensed with. Then it is taken by the mother and placed upon her lap, she being in a sitting posture; or, if she have occasion to make a long journey, a blanket, or part of a blanket, is provided—two corners of which she passes around her middle. Holding these with one hand, she takes the child by the arm and shoulder with the other, and slings it upon her back. The child clasps with its arms its mother's neck, presses its feet and toes inward against and, as far as the length of its legs will permit, around her waist. The blanket is then drawn over the child by the remaining two corners, which are now brought over the mother's shoulder, who, grasping all four of these in her hand before her, pursues her way. If the child require nourishment, and the mother has time, the blanket is thrown off, and the child is taken by the arm and shoulder, most adroitly replaced upon the ground, received upon the lap of the mother, and nour-

ished. Otherwise, the breast is pressed upward, in the direction of the child's mouth, till it is able to reach the source of its nourishment, while the mother pursues her journey.

We have learned from the earlier chapters of this history that, for several years, the forest rangers were mainly corraled and sheltered in the principal forts, on account of the dangers of the woods from predatory bands of Indians, and the need of co-operative defense on the part of the whites. While every man was skilled in the use of the rifle, in the arts of the hunter, and in the tactics of Indian fighting, there was need for system and vigilance in all these, especially so in hunting. The latter occupation was not followed simply for sport, nor was sport the main object usually. Through these initial years of trial, the woods supplied the pioneers with the greater amount of their subsistence.[1] At intervals, the spoils of the hunter were the only resource for food, for it was no uncommon thing for families to live several months without a mouthful of bread, vegetables, or fruits, saving grapes, nuts, or the wild fruits of the woods. Oftentimes there was no breakfast until it was obtained by the early morning hunt. There were always parties detailed for the purpose of procuring a daily supply of wild meat for a constant reliance. When this party was more than ordinarily unsuccessful, and the supply became inconveniently short, it was re-enforced by others from day to day, until all danger of shortage was over. Nor must it be supposed that the game was hunted for a supply of food altogether. Fur and peltry were the people's money: they had little else to exchange for rifles, ammunition, iron, and other indispensables.

For the first year or two, patches of corn, or maize, with pumpkins, beans, melons, and other vegetables, were planted in the near vicinity of the forts, and the products of this partial culture gave great relief to the limited bills of fare to which the people had been hitherto subjected. Some fruit trees were planted, and the first appearances of homelike surroundings established. Year by year, the adventurous backwoodsmen would go out farther away from the stockade fort, and select some favorite spot for a cabin and clearing, and, with the ready and co-operating hands of his comrade neighbors, proceed to cut down the trees, hew and prepare the timbers, and erect the cabin for a home. This rude structure was provisioned in every simple way for defense against the assaults of savages. Around these isolated cabins the same clearings and plantings were made as around the stockade forts, and from these beginnings grew, in time, additional settlements and the tender plants of the new civilization.

The fall and early winter formed the season for hunting deer, and the whole of winter and part of spring for bears and fur-skinned animals. It was a customary saying that fur is good during every month of the year in which the letter R occurs. As soon as the autumn leaves were well down, and the weather became rainy, accompanied with light snows, after acting

[1] Doddridge's Notes.

the part of husbandman, the hunting fever took possession of the settlers. They became uneasy at home. Everything about them became disagreeable. The house was too warm, the feather bed too soft, and even the good wife was not thought, for the time being, a proper companion. The mind of the hunter was wholly absorbed with the camp and the chase. They would rise early in the morning at this season, walk hastily out, look anxiously to the woods, and snuff the autumnal winds with the highest rapture; then return into the house and cast a quick and attentive look at the rifle, which was always suspended to a joist by a couple of buck-horns, or little wooden forks. The hunting dog, understanding the intentions of his master, would wag his tail, and by every blandishment in his power express his readiness to accompany him to the woods. A day was soon appointed for the march of the little cavalcade to the camp. Two or three horses, with pack-saddles, were loaded with breadstuff, blankets, and everything else requisite for the use of the hunter. The hunter's camp we have described in a former chapter. It was located to shelter it from the winds and foul weather, and where the prowling Indians would be least likely to find it.

Hunting was not a mere ramble in pursuit of game, in which there was nothing of skill and calculation. On the contrary, the hunter, before he set out in the morning, was informed, by the state of the weather, in what situation he might reasonably expect to meet with his game; whether upon the bottoms, sides, or tops of the hills. In stormy weather, the deer always seek the most sheltered places, and the leeward side of the hills. In rainy weather, in which there is not much wind, they keep in the open woods on the highest ground.

In every situation it was requisite for the hunter to ascertain the course of the wind, so as to get the leeward of the game. This he effected by putting his finger in his mouth, and holding it there until it became warm, then holding it above his head; the side which first became cold showed which way the wind blew.

As it was requisite, too, for the hunter to know the cardinal points, he had only to observe the trees to ascertain them. The bark of an aged tree is thicker and much rougher on the north than on the south side. The same thing may be said of the moss; it is much thicker and stronger on the north than on the south side of the trees.

The whole business of the hunter consists of a succession of intrigues. From morning till night he was on the alert to gain the wind of his game, and to approach it without being discovered. If he succeeded in killing a deer, he skinned it, and hung it up out of the reach of the wolves, and immediately resumed the chase till the close of the evening, when he bent his course toward the camp. When he arrived there, he kindled up a fire, and together with his fellow hunter cooked his supper. The supper finished, the adventures of the day furnished the tales for the evening. The spike buck, the two and three-pronged buck, the doe, and barren doe, figured

through their anecdotes with great advantage. It should seem that after hunting awhile on the same ground, the hunters became acquainted with nearly all the gangs of deer within their range, so as to know each flock of them when they saw them. Often some old buck, by the means of his superior sagacity and watchfulness, saved his little family from the hunter's skill, by giving timely notice of his approach. The cunning of the hunter and that of the old buck were staked against each other, and it frequently happened that at the conclusion of the hunting season, the old fellow was left the free uninjured tenant of the forest; but if his rival succeeded in bringing him down, the victory was followed by no small amount of boasting on the part of the conqueror.

When the weather was not suitable for hunting, the skins and carcasses of the game were brought in and disposed of.

Many of the hunters rested from their labors on the Sabbath day; some from a motive of piety; others said that when they hunted on Sunday, they were sure to have bad luck during the rest of the week.

[1] "The house-warming was the usual manner of settling a young couple in the world.

"A spot was selected on a piece of land of one of the parents, for their habitation. A day was appointed, shortly after their marriage, for commencing the work of building their cabin. The fatigue-party consisted of choppers, whose business it was to fell the trees and cut them off at proper lengths; a man with a team for hauling them to the place and arranging them, properly assorted, at the sides and ends of the building; a carpenter, if such he might be called, whose business it was to search the woods for a proper tree for making clapboards for the roof. The tree for this purpose must be straight-grained, and from three to four feet in diameter. The boards were split four feet long, with a large frow, and as wide as the timber would allow. They were used without planing or shaving. Another division was employed in getting puncheons for the floor of the cabin. This was done by splitting trees, about eighteen inches in diameter, and hewing the faces of them with a broad ax. They were half the length of the floor they were intended to make. The materials for the cabin were mostly prepared on the first day, and sometimes the foundation laid in the evening. The second day was allotted for the raising.

"In the morning of the next day the neighbors collected for the raising. The first thing to be done was the election of four corner men, whose business it was to notch and place the logs. The rest of the company furnished them with the timbers. In the meantime, the boards and puncheons were collected for the floor and roof; so that by the time the cabin was a few rounds high, the sleepers and floor began to be laid. The door was made by sawing or cutting the logs in one side, so as to make an opening about three feet wide. This opening was secured by upright pieces of timber

[1] Doddridge's Notes.

about three inches thick, through which holes were bored into the ends of the logs for the purpose of pinning them fast. A similar opening, but wider, was made at the end for the chimney. This was built of logs, and made large, to admit of a back and jambs of stone. At the square, two end logs projected a foot or eighteen inches beyond the wall, to receive the butting poles, as they were called, against which the ends of the first row of clapboards was supported. The roof was formed by making the end logs shorter, until a single log formed the comb of the roof. On these logs the clapboards were placed, the ranges of them lapping some distance over those next below them, and kept in their places by logs placed at proper distances upon them.

"The roof, and sometimes the floor, were finished on the same day of the raising. A third day was commonly spent by a few carpenters in leveling off the floor, making a clapboard door and a table. This last was made of a split slab, and supported by four round legs set in auger-holes. Some three-legged stools were made in the same manner. Some pins, stuck in the logs at the back of the house, supported some clapboards which served for shelves for the table furniture. A single fork, placed with its lower end in a hole in the floor, and the upper end fastened to a joist, served for a bedstead, by placing a pole in the fork with one end through a crack between the logs of the wall. This front pole was crossed by a shorter one within the fork, with its outer end through another crack. From the front pole, through a crack between the logs of the end of the house, the boards were put on, which formed the bottom of the bed. Sometimes other poles were pinned to the fork a little distance above these, for the purpose of supporting the front and foot of the bed, while the walls were the supports of its back and head. A few pegs around the walls for a display of the coats of the women and hunting-shirts of the men, and two small forks or buck-horns to a joist for the rifle and shot-pouch, completed the carpenter work.

"In the meantime, masons were at work. With the heart pieces of the timber of which the clapboards were made, they made billets for chunking up the cracks between the logs of the cabin and chimney; a large bed of mortar was made for daubing up these cracks; a few stones formed the back and jambs of the chimney.

"The cabin being finished, the ceremony of house-warming took place, before the young couple were permitted to move into it.

"The house-warming was a dance of a whole night's continuance, made up of the relations of the bride and groom and their neighbors. On the day following, the young couple took possession of their new mansion.

"In giving the history of the state of the mechanic arts as they were exercised at an early period of the settlement of this country, we present a people, driven by necessity to perform works of mechanical skill, far beyond what a person enjoying all the advantages of civilization would expect from a population placed in such destitute circumstances.

"The reader will naturally ask, where were their mills for grinding grain? Where their tanners for making leather? Where their smith's shops for making and repairing their farming utensils? Who were their carpenters, tailors, cabinet-workmen, shoemakers, and weavers? The answer is, those manufacturers did not exist; nor had they any tradesmen, who were professedly such. All the families were under the necessity of doing everything for themselves as well as they could. The *hominy block* and *hand-mills* were in use in most of the houses. The first was made of a large block of wood about three feet long, with an excavation burned in one end, wide at the top and narrow at the bottom, so that the action of the pestle on the bottom threw the corn up to the sides toward the top of it, from whence it continually fell down into the center.

"In consequence of this movement, the whole mass of the grain was pretty equally subjected to the strokes of the pestle. In the fall of the year, while the Indian corn was soft, the block and pestle did very well for making meal for johnny-cake and mush; but were rather slow when the corn became hard.

"The sweep was sometimes used to lessen the toil of pounding grain into meal. This was a pole of some springy, elastic wood, thirty feet long or more; the butt end was placed under the side of a house, or a large stump; this pole was supported by two forks, placed about one-third of its length from the butt end, so as to elevate the small end about fifteen feet from the ground; to this was attached, by a large mortise, a piece of sapling about five or six inches in diameter, and eight or ten feet long. The lower end of this was shaped so as to answer for a pestle. A pin of wood was put through it, at a proper height, so that two persons could work at the sweep at once. This simple machine very much lessened the labor and expedited the work.

"From the saltpetre caves, the first settlers made plenty of excellent gunpowder by the means of those sweeps and mortars.

"A machine, still more simple than the mortar and pestle, was used for making meal while the corn was too soft to be beaten. It was called a *grater*. This was a half-circular piece of tin, perforated with a punch from the concave side, and nailed by its edges to a block of wood. The ears of corn were rubbed on the rough edge of the holes, while the meal fell through them on the board or block, to which the grater was nailed, which, being in a slanting direction, discharged the meal into a cloth or bowl placed for its reception. This, to be sure, was a slow way of making meal; but necessity has no law.

"The hand-mill was better than the mortar and grater. It was made of two circular stones, the lowest of which was called the bed-stone, the upper one the runner. These were placed in a hoop, with a spout for discharging the meal. A staff was let into a hole in the upper surface of the runner, near the outer edge, and its upper end through a hole in a board fastened

to a joist above, so that two persons could be employed in turning the mill at the same time. The grain was put into the opening in the runner by hand. The mills are still in use in Palestine, the ancient country of the Jews. To a mill of this sort our Saviour alluded when, with reference to the destruction of Jerusalem, He said: 'Two women shall be grinding at a mill, the one shall be taken and the other left.'

"Instead of bolting cloths, sifters were in general use. These were made of deer skins in the state of parchment, stretched over a hoop and perforated with a hot wire.

"The clothing was all of domestic manufacture. They had no other resource for clothing, and this, indeed, was a poor one. The crops of flax often failed, and the sheep were destroyed by the wolves. Linsey, which is made of flax and wool, the former the chain and the latter the filling, was the warmest and most substantial cloth they could make. Almost every house contained a loom, spinning, and hand cards, and almost every woman was a weaver, a spinner, and a carder.

"Every family tanned its own leather. The tan-vat was a large trough sunk to the upper edge in the ground. A quantity of bark was easily obtained every spring in clearing and fencing land. This, after drying, was brought in, and in wet days was shaved and pounded on a block of wood with an ax or mallet. Ashes were used in place of lime for taking off the hair. Bear's oil, hog's lard, and tallow answered the place of fish oil. The leather, to be sure, was coarse; but it was substantially good. The operation of currying was performed by a drawing-knife with its edge turned, after the manner of a currying-knife. The blacking for the leather was made of soot and hog's lard.

"Almost every family contained its own tailors and shoemakers. Those who could not make shoes could make shoe-packs. These, like moccasins, were made of a single piece on the top of the foot. This was about two inches broad and circular at the lower end. To this the main piece of leather was sewed, with a gathering stitch. The seam behind was like that of a moccasin. To the shoe-pack a sole was sometimes added. The women did the tailor work. They could all cut out and make hunting-shirts, leggins, and drawers.

"The state of society which exists in every country at an early period of its settlements is well calculated to call into action every native mechanical genius. So it happened in this country. There was in almost every neighborhood some one whose natural ingenuity enabled him to do many things for himself and his neighbors far above what could have been reasonably expected. With the few tools which they brought with them into the country, they certainly performed wonders. Their plows, harrows, with their wooden teeth, and sleds were, in many instances, well made. Their cooperware, which comprehended everything for holding milk and water, was generally pretty well executed. The cedarware, by having alternately

a white and red stave, was then thought beautiful. Many of their puncheon floors were very neat, their joints close, and the top even and smooth. Their looms, although heavy, did very well. Those who could not exercise these mechanic arts were under the necessity of giving labor or barter to their neighbors in exchange for the use of them, so far as their necessities required.

"One important pastime of the boys was that of imitating the noise of every bird and beast in the woods. This faculty was not merely a pastime, but a very necessary part of education, on account of its utility in certain circumstances. The imitations of the gobbling and other sounds of wild turkeys often brought those keen-eyed and ever-watchful tenants of the forest within the reach of their rifle. The bleating of the fawn brought its dam to her death in the same way. The hunter often collected a company of mopish owls to the trees about his camp, and amused himself with their hoarse screaming. His howl would raise and obtain responses from a pack of wolves, so as to inform him of their neighborhood, as well as guard him against their depredations.

"This imitative faculty was sometimes requisite as a measure of precaution in war. The Indians, when scattered about in a neighborhood, often collected together, or lured their enemies to danger, by imitating turkeys by day and wolves or owls by night. In similar situations, our people did the same. There was often witnessed the consternation of a whole settlement in consequence of a few screeches of owls. An early and correct use of this imitative faculty was considered as an indication that its possessor would become, in due time, a good hunter and valiant warrior. Throwing the tomahawk was another boyish sport, in which many acquired considerable skill. The tomahawk, with its handle of a certain length, will make a given number of turns in a given distance; say in five steps, it will strike with the edge, the handle downward; at the distance of seven and a half, it will strike with the edge, the handle upward, and so on. A little experience enabled the boy to measure the distance with his eye, when walking through the woods, and strike a tree with his tomahawk in any way he chose.

"The athletic sports of running, jumping, and wrestling were the pastimes of boys, in common with the men. A well-grown boy, at the age of twelve or thirteen years, was furnished with a small rifle and shot-pouch. He then became a fort soldier and had his port-hole assigned him. Hunting squirrels, turkeys, and raccoons soon made him expert in the use of his gun.

"Dancing was the principal amusement of the young people of both sexes. Their dances, to be sure, were of the simplest form—three and four-handed reels and jigs. Country dances, cotillions, and minuets were unknown.

"Shooting at a mark was a common diversion among the men when their stock of ammunition would allow it; this, however, was far from being

always the case. The present mode of shooting off-hand was not then much in practice. This mode was not considered as any trial of the value of a gun, nor, indeed, as much of a test of the skill of a marksman. Their shooting was usually from a rest, and at as great a distance as the length and weight of the barrel of the gun would throw a ball on a horizontal level. Such was their regard to accuracy in those sportive trials of their rifles, and of their own skill in the use of them, that they often put moss or some other soft substance on the log or stump from which they shot, for fear of having the bullet thrown from the mark by the spring of the barrel. When the rifle was held to the side of a tree for a rest, it was pressed against it as lightly as possible, for the same reason.

"Rifles of former times were different from those of modern date—the flint lock, with very fine sights and accurate range. Few of them carried more than forty-five bullets to the pound. Bullets of a less size were not thought sufficiently heavy for hunting or war."

[1] "The settlement of the transmontane wilderness was unlike that of the present new country of the United States. Emigrants from the Atlantic cities, and from most points in the Western interior, now embark upon steamboats or other craft, and, carrying with them all the conveniences and comforts of civilized life—indeed, many of its luxuries—are, in a few days, without toil, danger, or exposure, transported to their new abodes, and in a few months are surrounded with the appendages of home, of civilization, and the blessings of law and of society. The wilds of Dakota and Nebraska, by the agency of steam or the stalwart arms of Western boatmen, are at once transformed into the settlements of a commercial and civilized people. Kansas City and St. Paul, six months after they are laid off, have their stores and their workshops, their artisans and their mechanics. The mantua-maker and the tailor arrive in the same boat with the carpenter and mason. The professional man and the printer quickly follow. In the succeeding year, the piano, the drawing-room, the restaurant, the billiard-table, the church bell, the village, and the city in miniature are all found, while the neighboring interior is yet a wilderness and a desert. The town and comfort, taste and urbanity are first; the clearing, the farm-house, the wagon road, and the improved country second. It was far different on the frontier in Kentucky. At first, a single Indian trail was the only entrance to the eastern border of it, and for many years admitted only of the hunter and the pack-horse."

Thus civilization, with all its comforts, conveniences, and luxuries, is borne forward with the tides of emigration; and the contrast of to-day with a century ago but amazes us, though familiar with the facts, with the marvelous achievements of human invention, art, and enterprise, in this comparatively brief period of the world's history. The progress in these has outstripped all that was accomplished in the four thousand years previous,

[1] Ramsey's Annals.

and yet we realize that we are to-day but in the initial stages of the world's regeneration, material, moral, and intellectual.

[1] "Could there be happiness or comfort in such dwellings and in such a state of society? To those who are accustomed to modern refinements, the truth appears like fable. The early occupants of log-cabins were among the most happy of mankind. Exercise and excitement gave them health; they were practically equal; common danger made them mutually dependent; brilliant hopes of future wealth and distinction led them on; and as there was ample room for all, and as each newcomer increased individual and general security, there was indeed little room for that envy, jealousy, and hatred, which constitute a large proportion of human misery in older societies. Never were the story, the joke, the song, and the laugh better enjoyed than among the hewed blocks, or puncheon stools, around the roaring log-fire of the early Western settler. The lyre of Apollo was not hailed with more delight in primitive Greece than the advent of the first fiddler among the dwellers of the wilderness; and the polished daughters of the East never enjoyed themselves half so well, moving to the music of a full band, upon the elastic floor of their ornamented ball-room, as did the daughters of the emigrants, keeping time to a self-taught fiddler, on the bare earth or puncheon floor of the primitive log-cabin. The smile of the polished beauty is the wave of the lake, where the breeze plays gently over it, and her movement is the gentle stream which drains it; but the laugh of the log-cabin is the gush of nature's fountain, and its movement its leaping water.[2]

"On the frontier, the diet was necessarily plain and homely, but exceedingly nutritive. The Goshen of America[3] furnished the richest milk, the finest butter, and the most savory and delicious meats. In their rude cabins, with their scanty and inartificial furniture, no people ever enjoyed in wholesome food a greater variety or a superior quality of the necessaries of life. For bread, the Indian corn was almost exclusively used. Of all the farinacea, corn is best adapted to the condition of a pioneer people. Without that grain, the frontier settlements could not have been formed and maintained. It is the nearest to a never-failing crop, and requires the least preparation of the ground, is most congenial to a virgin soil, and needs only the least amount of labor in its culture in such soil, while it comes to maturity in the shortest time. It also requires the least care and trouble in preserving it. It may safely stand all winter upon the stalk, without injury from the weather, or apprehension of damage by disease or the accidents to which other grains are subject. Neither smut, nor rust, nor weavil, nor storm, will seriously injure it. After its maturity, but little preparation is needed to store it in the granary. It has the further advantage over all other breadstuffs that it requires, in fitting it for food, few culinary utensils, and neither yeast, sugar, spices, soda, potash, nor other concomitants, can

1 Ramsey's Annals. 2 Kendall. 3 Butler.

even be used without positive injury to the relishable hoe-cake or corn-pone. With the meal from grain grown in the *corn belt* between latitude thirty-five and forty-two, ground and sifted with a rather coarse grit, and simply and quickly baked, and eaten fresh and warm, there is no bread more palatable and nutritious. The nearest it is made, in the cooking, to preserve the flavor of parched corn, which every person relishes, the more will it be prized and relished. Any spicing or sweetening, or addition other than buttermilk, soda, and salt, is sure to destroy this natural flavor, and spoil the bread; and from this mistaken method in the culinary management, the making of good corn-bread has, in most families, become a *lost art.*

There is a departure from this primary method, by which a most delicious *egg-bread*, as it is commonly called, is made. The same cornmeal is the body; and to this is added buttermilk, soda, and salt, eggs, milk, and some lard. Good recipes for both methods may be found in the Bluegrass cook book, made up by the most skilled and intelligent Kentucky housekeepers.

To all this may be added, that it is not only cheap and palatable, but unquestionably the most wholesome and nutritive food. The largest and healthiest, if not the best developed, people in the world have been reared upon it almost exclusively, as known in the robust race of men, giants in miniature, which, two or three generations ago, was found upon the frontier. Distinguished surgeons bore testimony that, during the late civil war, the wounded of the Confederate soldiers who had lived almost entirely on roasting-ears and parched corn or meal cured easily and rapidly, rarely dying of gangrene or mortification; while just the reverse of this was true of the Federal wounded soldiers, who were fed on salted meats and stale bread from the army rations.

Of all the duties and cares which most seriously engaged the attention of the backwoodsmen, none were of more concern than those of the measures of self-defense against the ever insidious, wily, and implacable Indian foe. To the mind of the settler, he was suspiciously present everywhere and at all times. If the cabin door was unbarred and opened in the morning, the missive of death from gun or bow might fly from behind a tree, a hillock, or a motte of cane or brush. If the good wife or servant stepped out to milk the cows or bring a pail of water from the spring, the husband or master of the house could not always avert a tragedy, though he stood on watch with ready rifle. If he, himself, went out to his fields or woods, to do the work of the husbandman, there was not a minute of time when the dependent inmates of the house were entirely exempt from the echo of the deadly rifle from ambush, or the scalp halloo that sent tidings of another victim to savage atrocity, and wails of sorrow to anguished hearts. In scurring squads of five or ten, or in larger bands of twenty or one hundred, these elfin guerrillas of the forest, terrible and remorseless in their methods of predatory warfare, roved the country at will, to prey upon life and property.

They chose some favorable seasons of the year, more than others; but no season was exempt from their raids. Murder, pillage, and arson being held as cardinal virtues toward an enemy, and all the world outside of themselves being held as enemies, they raided the earth, to murder, pillage, and destroy to the fullest license of savage diabolism. He who bore back to his tribe the greater number of bloody scalps of men, women, and infants, or the largest amount of stolen plunder, or the story of the most horrid incendiarisms, was listened to with intensest pride and applause, as in the carnival of celebrations he *struck the post*, gyrated in the orgies of the wild war dance, and rehearsed his deeds of infamy in the intoned chants of his ecstatic fury.

We may easily imagine how much the mind of every member of the household was pre-occupied with the apprehensions of hourly dangers, from such an omnipresent enemy as beset the pioneers in their first transmontane experiences. The cares and burdens of life, such as are common to all, were theirs. But pre-eminent also, were the thoughts and cares of self preservation from this danger, which spread its pall of desolation everywhere, and left mementos of wasting grief in the widowers, the widows, and the orphans, to be found in almost every family in the land. To-day, in the repose and security of established society, we find it difficult to realize that our brave and daring and noble ancestry could have chosen to exchange the comforts and safety of civilization for the perils and hardships of the untamed wilderness that lay between the morning shadows of the mountains and the great Mississippi river. But over there, in the far-off West, romance and reality had invested the luxuriant soil, the balmy climate, and the exuberant life, with such enchantment of promise for the future, that all looked forward to an Eden of happiness, in the final fruitions of adventure. These ancestors staked life, the homes of civilization, and fortune on the issues of the change.

Around the fireside, in the field of daily work, and at the neighborly gatherings, the episodes and incidents and stories of Indian warfare interested parents and children, master and servant, and neighbors and friends, far more than those of the hunt, the gossip of the community, or the general news of the day. Of Indian hostilities, of Indian character, and of Indian atrocities, even the children heard recitals, until all these came to be looked upon as necessary parts of the life they had to live. The earliest lessons learned by the children were the duty and methods to fight Indians. Hence, the mother or maiden, the child ten years old, and the faithful colored servant, beside the husband and master, were ever trained and ready to resist the attack of the savage, with gun, or ax, or knife, if the emergency called them into action. Many an instance of an Indian slain by the heroic defense of mother or wife, of the gallant boy, and of the brave and faithful colored servant, was rehearsed among the fireside stories of the day, some of which we have incidentally given in the narrative of this history.

The circumstances of such a life of perpetual warfare, which were individualized in every household, and to every member thereof, irresistibly tended to inspire a spirit of combativeness, and to cultivate a habit of intensely-active belligerency. The impulsive and excitable characteristics thus fostered and developed to almost an abnormal extent, for the full period of a generation, the lapse of time through the two succeeding generations until to-day, has not been sufficient to entirely eradicate. The descendants of the earliest race of Kentuckians are yet an impetuous, strong-willed, and excitable people, traits which came to them by honest inheritance, and from sires whose faults were ever less conspicuous than their honest and generous natures and noble deeds.

If the Indian could be trained to imperturbable stoicism in the presence of dangers and sufferings, no less was the child of the forester taught to be iron-nerved and inflexible in the emergency of assault and conflict with the most desperate of foes. Courage was the cardinal virtue, and an indispensable one. To halt or hesitate in the hour of duty, to evince the emotions of tremulous fear or of unnerved timidity, was to invite the suspicions or imputations of cowardice, not less to be dreaded than the alternative of death itself. Such a life was but a school of experience, in which every trait of manhood needed amid the vicissitudes of war, the privations of frontier life, and the individualities of isolation, was developed.

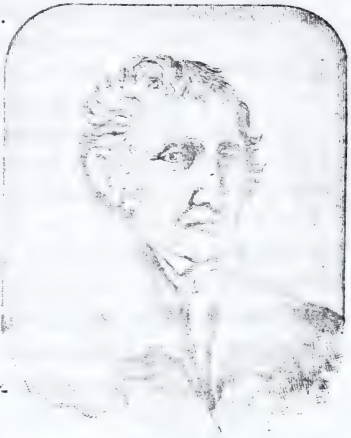
Religion and Church Organizations had their rude and chaotic beginnings during the ordeal years of pioneer life. The first ministers of the religion of Christ came out, as did their comrades, as adventurers to spy out the land, and, with a single exception or two, drifted back and forth to either side of the mountain range, in the restless currents of humanity that ebbed and flowed in the same channels for years. These found many of their brethren in the drift of the current, broken away from their old church moorings in colonies or States, and afloat with the uncertain tides upon which they had thrown themselves.

[1] Owing to the constant alarm from savage depredations, and the other stirring incidents peculiar to new settlements amid the wilds of an unbroken forest, there seemed to be little concern manifested for religion. The ministers had but few opportunities for preaching, yet they did preach at the stations, and with effect on the minds of many, if not on all. They, of course, were compelled to adapt themselves to the fare and usages of the people around them, for it was no fit time for respect of one person more than another.

[2] Though the Indians had resolved that Kentucky should never be occupied, yet they held the unctuous soil, and the inviting attractions with which nature had adorned the land, and some made up their minds to return here, and here to live and to die. They were no less determined in the execution of this resolve than other pioneers.

1 Collins, Vol. II., p. 416. 2 Benedict's History of the Baptists, pp. 212–28.

The Baptists, by the coincidences of antiquity, the spirit of aggressive evangelism, and their predominance among the immigrating element, may best lay claim to being called the pioneers in religion of all the Protestant organizations of the day. They came with the earliest permanent settlers. In 1776, as we have before mentioned, Rev. William Hickman commenced his labors in the Gospel ministry.[1] We find him, in that year, preaching at Harrodsburg. He was the first to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ in the valley of Kentucky. He was on a tour of observation merely, and, after a stay of several months, returned to Virginia, remained for several years, and then located in this State. For fifty years, he faithfully labored in his adopted field. In 1779, John Tylor, Joseph Reding, Lewis Lunsford, and several other ministers of Virginia, visited Kentucky.



REV. WILLIAM HICKMAN.

[2] In 1780, many Baptists removed to this State, chiefly from Virginia; but it was not until the next year that there was an organized church. This was the Gilbert's creek church. When Lewis Craig left Spottsylvania county, Virginia, most of his large church there came with him. They were constituted when they started, and were an organized church on the road; wherever they stopped, they could transact church business. They settled at Craig's station, on Gilbert's creek, a few miles east of where the town of Lancaster, Garrard county, is now situated. There were now a number of efficient ministers in Kentucky.

In 1782, several other churches are known to have been constituted, viz: Severn's valley [3] after Elizabethtown, and Nolin, both now in Hardin county; also Cedar creek, now in Nelson county. [4]

In 1783, the first Baptist church, and the first worshiping assembly of any order, was organized on South Elkhorn, five miles south of Lexington, by Lewis Craig, principally out of members dismissed from the church on Gilbert's creek. This church was for forty years one of the most prosperous churches in the State; but its candlestick has been removed. [5]

After the close of the American Revolution, a flood of Baptists poured into Kentucky, chiefly from Virginia, and churches began to spring up everywhere in the wilderness. It was still a time of great peril. Before houses of worship were erected, the worshipers would assemble in the forest, each man with his gun; sentinels would be placed to guard against surprise from the Indians, while the minister, with a log or stump for his

1 Taylor's History of Ten Churches, p. 48.
2 Collins, Vol. I., p. 415.
3 Benedict, Vol. II., p. 542.
4 Asplund's Register of 1790, p. 32.
5 History of Ten Churches, p. 50.

pulpit, and the heavens for his sounding-board, would dispense the word of life and salvation.

"In 1785, three associations were organized, viz: the Elkhorn, comprising all the Regular Baptist churches then north of the Kentucky and Dix rivers; the Salem, comprising all the churches of the same order south of those rivers, and the South Kentucky, comprising all the Separate Baptist churches in the State. These associations, which were constituted of some three or four churches each, increased with great rapidity. In 1790, there were attached to them forty-two churches and thirty-one hundred and five members, viz: Elkhorn, fifteen churches and thirteen hundred and eighty-nine members; Salem, eight churches and four hundred and five members; and South Kentucky, nineteen churches and thirteen hundred and eleven members. The population of Kentucky at that period was about seventy-three thousand. So there was one Baptist to about every twenty-three inhabitants. Besides, there were many churches not yet associated, and many members just moved into the State who were not yet attached to the churches. There were, too, at this period forty-two ordained ministers and twenty-one licentiates, or one ordained minister to every eighteen hundred and twenty-five of the inhabitants. This was a tolerably fair proportion of Baptist leaven to the whole lump of people.[1]

"Among the ministers of that day were John Gano, Ambrose Dudley, John Taylor, Lewis Craig, William Hickman, Joseph Reding, William E. Waller, Augustine Eastin, Moses Bledsoe, John Rice, Elijah Craig, William Marshall, and other kindred spirits, men of ardent piety, untiring zeal, indomitable energy of character, of vigorous and well-balanced intellects, and in every way adapted to the then state of society. Pioneers to a wilderness beset with every danger and every privation, they were the first ministers of the brave, the daring, and noble spirits who first settled and subdued this country, such men as the Boones, the Clarks, the Harrods, the Bullitts, the Logans, the Floyds, and the Hardins would respect and venerate, and listen to with delight and profit. Some of them survived many years the men of their own generation. But age seemed to bring to them few of its infirmities. They retained almost to the last the vigor of their manhood's prime, and, although they could not be called literary men, they were nevertheless distinguished for their intelligence, for commanding talents, for profound acquaintance with the doctrines of the Bible, and were possessed of a knowledge of men and things which eminently qualified them to be teachers and guides of the people.

"In 1793, an attempt was made to bring about a union between the Regular and Separate Baptists, which failing of success, sundry churches of the South Kentucky Association withdrew from that body and organized the Tate's Creek Association.[2] The oldest churches in this association were organized at the dates following: Tate's creek, now in Madison county,

1 Asplund's Register, p. 33. 2 Benedict, Vol. II., p. 238.

1785; White Oak, in the same county, 1790; and Cedar Creek, now Crab Orchard, Lincoln county, 1791.

"In 1798, the number of churches in the Elkhorn Association being thirty-three, and its territory extending from the Holstein on the south to Columbus, Ohio, on the north, and from the mouth of Beargrass on the west to the Virginia line on the east, it was deemed expedient to dismiss the churches north of Licking river for the purpose of forming a new organization, and accordingly the Bracken Association was constituted. The oldest churches in this association are Limestone Creek, now extinct, near the present city of Maysville, and Washington, both constituted in 1785, and Mayslick church, constituted 1791.

"The general harmony of the denomination was undisturbed, and their progress steady and healthful. In 1799, commenced what is known to this day as the 'great revival,' which continued through several years. During its prevalence, the accessions to the churches in every part of the State were unprecedented. The Baptists escaped almost entirely those extraordinary scenes produced by the jerks, the rolling, and the barking exercises, which extensively obtained among some other persuasions of those days. The work among the Baptists was deep, solemn, and powerful. During the revival, large additions were made to the churches everywhere."

[1] Meanwhile, a settler had reached the county of Madison, who was destined to exert a wide influence upon the future religious elements of East Kentucky. Dissatisfied with the laws of Virginia relating to its established church and its ministry, Andrew Tribble had left his home in Louisa county, Virginia, crossed the wilderness, and found a residence in the northern part of Madison county. Before leaving Virginia, he had been a prominent participant in all the struggles for religious liberty which had agitated the churches of that State, and called forth the celebrated remonstrance for religious liberty by James Madison, in 1785. He had been a delegate to the famous Separate Baptist Association, which met at Craig's meeting-house, in Orange county, in 1771. He had heard the strong dissensions between Samuel Harris, John Waller, and Elijah Craig. He had witnessed the imprisonment of Lewis Craig and John Waller, at Spottsylvania court-house, in 1768. He had heard their sermons through the windows of the jail. He found congenial spirits in Samuel Tate and George Boone, already settled in Madison county. He organized the Tate's Creek Baptist Church, and became its first pastor. This venerable church soon stretched its arms all through Eastern Kentucky, and exerted a wide influence for good from Kentucky river to Cumberland Gap. It was the parent of the Tate's Creek Baptist Association. Prominent among its pioneer members were the Boones, Hoys, Chenaults, Jarmans, Newlands, Woods, Grubbs, Goodloes, Lipscombs, and Tinstalls. Besides Andrew Tribble, its pioneer ministers were George Boone, Thomas Jarman, David Chenault, and Richard

[1] Manuscript notes of William Chenault's History of Madison County.

Morton. The history of this church has been imperfectly written, but its influence is engraven upon hundreds of prominent names in the Baptist denomination of Kentucky. Three important stations in the neighborhood of Boonesborough were founded by its members, and but few events affecting the welfare of the State, south of the Kentucky river, occurred in which they did not participate.

The Roman Catholic Church sent out a front wave of immigration to the wilds of the West, and mainly from the counties of St. Mary, Charles, and Prince George, in Maryland, which had been settled under Lord Baltimore, and a band of colonists professing the faith of this religion. Already, the enthusiasm which had set so many people of the other colonies in motion toward the West had extended to Maryland. Though strongly attached to the faith of their church, and bold and hardy in adventure, the perils and privations of the isolated life of the wilderness established a common sympathy of secular interest with all settlers, that made them very tolerant to each other in their religious differences.[1] Indeed, they and others came mainly as adventurers, seeking to improve their worldly fortunes, not as Catholics or Protestants; and it was only through the all-abounding mercy of God, that here and there, individuals among them were saved from shipwreck of faith.

[2]The Catholics made common cause with their brethren in providing for the security of their new homes in the wilderness, and in repelling Indian invasions. Several of their number were killed or dragged into captivity on their way to Kentucky; others passed through stirring adventures, and made hairbreadth escapes.

The first Catholic emigrants to Kentucky, with whose history we are acquainted, were Dr. Hart and William Coomes. These came out in the spring of 1775, and after tarrying several weeks at Drennon's Springs, in Henry county, settled at Harrod's station. Here Dr. Hart engaged in the practice of medicine; and the wife of William Coomes opened a school for children. Thus, in all probability, the first practicing physician and the first school teacher of our infant Commonwealth were both Roman Catholics. A few years later they removed with their families to Bardstown, in the vicinity of which most of the Catholic emigrants subsequently located themselves. Previously to their removal, however, they were both actively employed in the defense of Harrod's station during its memorable siege by the Indians in 1776-7. William Coomes was with the party which first discovered the approach of the savages; one of his companions was shot dead at his side, and he made a narrow escape with his life.

In the year 1785, twenty-five families of Catholics emigrated to Kentucky from Maryland, with the Haydens and Lancasters, and settled chiefly on Pottinger's creek, at a distance of from ten to fifteen miles from Bards-

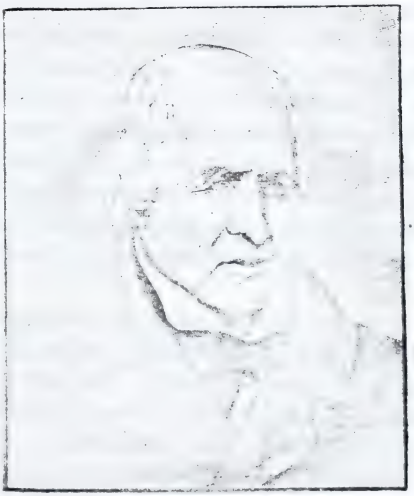
1 Webb's Catholicity in Kentucky, p. 24.

2 Collins, Vol. II., pp. 486-7; Webb's Catholicity in Kentucky, p. 27.

town. They were followed, in the spring of the next year, by another colony led out by Captain James Rapier, who located himself in the same neighborhood. In 1787, Thomas Hill and Philip Miles brought out another band of Catholic emigrants, and they were followed in 1788, by Robert Abell and his friends; and in 1790–91, by Benedict Spalding and Leonard Hamilton, with their families and connections. The last-named colonists settled on the Rolling Fork, a branch of Salt river, in the present county of Marion.

In the spring of the year 1787, there were already about fifty Catholic families in Kentucky. They had as yet no Catholic clergyman to administer to their spiritual wants, and they felt the privation most keenly. Upon application to the Very Rev. John Carroll, of Baltimore, then the ecclesiastical superior of all the Catholics in the United States, they had the happiness to receive as their first pastor the Rev. Mr. Whelan, a zealous and talented Irish priest, who had served as chaplain in the French navy, which had come to our assistance in the struggle for independence. He remained with his new charge till the spring of 1790, when he returned to Maryland by the way of New Orleans.

After his departure, the Catholics of Kentucky were again left in a destitute condition for nearly three years; when they were consoled by the appearance among them of the Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, who was sent out as their pastor by Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, in the year 1793. This devoted and indefatigable religious pioneer still lingered in venerable old age above the horizon of life, labored with unremitting zeal among the Catholics of our State for more than thirty years; and even after this long term of service, though worn down with previous exertion, and persuaded to travel and take some relaxation for his health, he still continued to work at intervals in the vineyard which he loved and so long cultivated. When he first came to Kentucky, he estimated the number of Catholic families then here, at three hundred.



REV. STEPHEN THEODORE BADIN.

After having remained alone in Kentucky for nearly four years, Rev. M. Badin was joined by another zealous Catholic missionary, like himself, a native of France—the Rev. M. Fournier, who reached the State in February, 1797. Two years later, in February, 1799, another arrived, the Rev. M. Salmon, likewise a Frenchman. But these two last-named clergymen did not long survive the arduous labors of the mission. M. Salmon, after

a serious illness contracted by exposure, was suddenly killed by a fall from his horse near Bardstown, on the 9th of November, 1799; and the Rev. M. Fournier died soon after, on the Rolling Fork, probably from the rupture of a blood-vessel.

Their places were filled by the Rev. Mr. Thayer, a native of New England, who had once been a Congregational minister in Boston, but had become a Catholic, and had been promoted to the ministry in that church. He arrived in Kentucky in 1799, having been sent out, like the rest, by Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, the venerable patriarch of the Catholic Church in America; and he remained in the State till 1803. After his departure, M. Badin was again left alone for about two years, until the year 1805.

This year is memorable as marking the arrival of one among the most active and efficient of the early missionaries, the Rev. Charles Nerinckx, a native of Belgium, who, like many others, had been compelled to leave Europe in consequence of the disturbances caused by the French Revolution. He labored without cessation, both bodily and mentally, for nearly twenty years; and he died on a missionary excursion to Missouri, in 1824. He erected in Kentucky no less than ten Catholic churches, in the building of which he often worked with his own hands. Two of these were of brick, and the rest of hewed logs.

For many years he had charge of six large congregations, besides a great number of minor stations, scattered over the whole extent of the State. Like M. Badin, he spent much of his time on horseback, and traveled by night as well as by day. On his famous horse, *Printer*, he very often traveled sixty miles in the day; and to save time, he not unfrequently set out on his journeys at sunset. He often swam swollen creeks and rivers, even in the dead of winter. He frequently slept in the woods; and on one occasion, in what is now Grayson county, he was beset by wolves during a whole night, when he was saved, under the divine protection, by his presence of mind in sitting on his horse and keeping his persecutors at bay by hallooing at the top of his voice.

[1] There was also a Catholic settlement, in 1790, in what is now Breckinridge county, and another on Cox's creek, or Fairfield, in 1795. Both were in Nelson county, as it was then composed. Quite a colony of the brotherhood came into Kentucky by way of Maysville, then Limestone, about the year 1787, their destination being Pottinger's creek; but their route led them through that portion of Scott county which is now Woodford; and here the beautiful and fertile lands so enchanted them with the luxuriant growth from the virgin soil, that they determined to seek no farther an abiding place. The fair prospect that stretched out to them offered every worldly advantage they could hope for elsewhere. When this settlement was visited by Revs. Badin and Barrieres, in 1793, it was reported to contain about twenty-five families. Many of the descendants of these, yet

1 Webb's Catholicity in Kentucky, p. 88.

retaining the faith of their fathers, may be found scattered through Woodford, Scott, and Franklin counties, very worthy and respected citizens.

[1] *The Methodist Episcopal Church* held three conferences in 1786 in the United States—one in North Carolina, Maryland, and Virginia each. Of the five new circuits added to the jurisdiction of these, was that of Kentucky. This is the first mention of Kentucky in conference minutes, six years before she became a State, and in May of this year, James Haw and Benjamin Ogden were appointed as the first regular itinerant preachers sent to this newly-created field of labor. Rev. Haw spent five years in ministerial labor here, three years as superintendent of this district. In 1789, he was in charge of the Lexington district, and the next year was transferred to the Cumberland circuit in Tennessee. Before the termination of this year, he was reported as among nine ministers "who were under a location through weakness of body or family concerns." Settling in Sumner county, Tennessee, in 1795, he became dissatisfied and joined the O'Kelly branch of Methodism, which had separated from the parent church on the subject of episcopacy and the elective franchise.

[2] In 1800, he attached himself to the Presbyterian Church, and continued to preach for years after. Ogden was admitted on trial at the conference in 1786 and sent to Kentucky as a traveling preacher, and, the next year, was the first minister to bear the message of the Gospel to Middle Tennessee, on the Cumberland circuit. He labored on, through many vicissitudes, for almost fifty years in the work he had chosen, and died in 1834, near Princeton, Kentucky, uttering to the last his "wish to die, having the whole armor on, contending like a good soldier for the prize."

But these were not the first ministers of that church who ventured to the wilderness. Others had voluntarily embarked their fortunes upon the restless tide, mainly to better their worldly condition.[3] In 1784, a local preacher by the name of Tucker, while on his way, with his kindred and companions, descending the Ohio to Kentucky in a boat, was attacked by Indians. Mortally wounded, after, by his bravery and presence of mind, he had rescued the boat and his comrades, among whom were the women and children, he fell on his knees and died, shouting praises to his God. But as early as 1783, Rev. Francis Clark, accompanied by John Durham, a class leader, and others of his neighbors, with their families, left Virginia and settled in Mercer county. He organized the first class in the far West, about six miles from the site of Danville, and appointed Durham its leader. Clark stands pre-eminent as the founder of Methodism in Kentucky.

[4] "Methodist families had also settled in other portions of the district. Among the first was that of Thomas Stevenson, who, with his wife, among the first converts to Methodism on the American continent, had emigrated

1 Bangs' History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Vol. I., p. 221.
2 Collins, Vol. I., p. 445.
3 Short Sketches of the Work of God in the West.
4 Collins, Vol. I., pp. 445-6.

from Maryland and settled in Mason county, two and a half miles south-west of Washington. In their house, a church was organized in 1786.

"It was at no small cost the Gospel of Christ was preached to the early settlers. The lives of the preachers were in constant danger from the Indians. Sometimes they were guarded from one fort to another, but oftener plodded their perilous way alone.

"The conference minutes of 1787 show a membership in Kentucky of ninety whites, colored none. In 1787, James Haw was returned to Kentucky, with Thomas Williamson and Wilson Lee as his colleagues. At the close of this year, the membership was four hundred and twenty white and sixty colored. In 1788, two circuits, called Lexington and Danville, were formed from or in place of Kentucky circuit. Francis Poythress and James Haw were sent as elders, and Thomas Williamson, Peter Massie, and Benjamin Snelling to Lexington, and William Lee to Danville circuit. The membership at the close of this year had increased to eight hundred and twelve white and fifty-one colored. In 1789, Mr. Poythress was the presiding elder, while James Haw, Wilson Lee, and Stephen Brooks were assigned to the Lexington, and Barnabas McHenry and Peter Massie to the Danville circuit.

"During this year, the labors of the preachers were attended with extraordinary success. The experience of Poythress and Haw, the sound and logical preaching of McHenry, the persuasive eloquence of Wilson Lee and of Brooks, with the zeal, the pathos, and the tears of Peter Massie, together with the earnestness of James O'Cull, a local preacher of remarkable talents, who had just emigrated from Pennsylvania, invested Methodism with a commanding influence. At the close of the year, ten hundred and thirty-nine white and fifty-one colored members were reported—a net increase of two hundred and twenty seven.

"In the spring of 1790, Bishop Asbury visited Kentucky, where for the first time an annual conference was held. He was accompanied by Richard Whatcoat, afterward elected bishop, and also by Hope Hull and John Leawell, men well known in those days as ardent, zealous, and useful preachers. The conference was held, commencing on the 15th of May, at Masterson's station, five miles north-west of Lexington, where the first Methodist church in Kentucky, a plain log structure, was erected.

"A volunteer company, Rev. Peter Massie, John Clark, and eight others, guarded the bishop from Virginia. On the seventh day of the journey they reached Richmond, and on the tenth, Lexington. Bishop Asbury, alluding to this journey, says: 'I was strangely outdone for want of sleep. Our way is over mountains, steep hills, deep rivers, and muddy creeks, a thick growth of reeds for miles together, and no inhabitants but wild beasts and savage men. I slept about an hour the first night, and about two the last. We ate no regular meals, our bread grew short, and I was much spent.' On his way, he 'saw the graves of the slain, twenty-four in one camp,' who

had a few nights previous been murdered by the Indians. Thus the fresh graves of the dead signaled the perils that awaited them.

"The conference was composed of six members, namely, Francis Poythress, James Haw, Wilson Lee, Stephen Brooks, Barnabas McHenry, and Peter Massie. Three elders were ordained, preaching had noon and night, souls were converted, and the fallen restored. A plan was fixed for a school, called Bethel, and three hundred pounds in land and money subscribed toward its establishment.

"The conference lasted but two days. On Monday, the 17th, Bishop Asbury preached, ten miles from Lexington, to a large number of people, with great power. 'The house was crowded day and night, and often the floor was covered with the slain of the Lord, and the house and the woods resounded with the shouts of the converted.' Thus, the visit of the bishop, the first bishop of any denomination ever in Kentucky, was greatly blessed and a fresh impulse given to the infant church in Kentucky. Remarkable as was his career, born in England, converted when quite a youth, holding public meetings at seventeen, preaching before he was eighteen, appointed by Mr. Wesley to America at the age of twenty-six, and at the Christmas conference in Baltimore, in 1784, unanimously elected bishop, there was a singular fitness in his being the pioneer bishop of the pioneer State, sent to organize the pioneer conference.

[1] "Two additional circuits in Kentucky, the Limestone and Madison, were added this year, and nine preachers, instead of six, appointed, among them, for the first time, Henry Birchett, David Haggard, Samuel Tucker, and Joseph Lillard. At the close of this year were reported fourteen hundred and fifty-nine white and ninety-four colored members, a net increase of four hundred and sixty-three. At the conference of 1800, there were five circuits in Kentucky, to which six preachers were appointed. The membership then reported was seventeen hundred and forty-one."

[2] *The Presbyterian Church* well concedes that Rev. David Rice may justly claim precedence over all others, as its pioneer founder and promoter in Kentucky. In 1783, he was among the emigrants to Kentucky. His first active work was to gather into congregational order the scattered brotherhood of that church, at Danville, Cane Run, and the Forks of Dick's river. Besides his regular duties as a minister of the Gospel, and the organization of a number of congregations, he was zealously engaged in advancing the cause of education. The estimation in which he was held by the public may be inferred from his election as a member of the convention which met in Danville in 1792, to which we have previously referred. In the framing of the first Constitution of Kentucky, he then exerted himself to effect the abolition of slavery. Father Rice, as he was familiarly called, was a man of plain and practical talents, rather than of command or display. His judgment was sound, his disposition conservative, and his deportment

1 Collins, Vol. I., p. 446. 2 Collins, Vol. I., p. 457

exemplary; just such a combination of traits in a man of purpose and diligence, to accomplish large and enduring results in a lifetime. He is said to have spent much time in prayer for self-devotion and discipline. His person was slender, but tall and active; and even at the age of seventy, he was wonderfully alert. He died in Green county, in June, 1816, aged eighty-three, exclaiming with expiring breath: "O, when shall I be free from sin and sorrow?"

Mr. Rice was followed by Rev. Adam Rankin, who gathered together the Church at Lexington, and by Rev. James Crawford, who settled at Walnut Hill, in 1784. In 1786, Revs. Thomas Craighead and Andrew McClure were added to the number. These ministers were shortly after organized into a Presbytery, under the name of the Presbytery of Transylvania, a classical and euphonious epithet which had already found usage in other relations. All these ministers were from Virginia, except Mr. Craighead, who came from North Carolina. Rev. Terah Templin received ordination in 1785, and located in Washington county, where he organized several congregations, and faithfully evangelized. Later on, he organized and supplied destitute congregations in Livingston county. Churches were organized at Salem and Paris by Rev. Andrew McClure. Craighead assumed charge of Shiloh congregation, in Sumner county, Tennessee, shortly after arriving in Kentucky. Here he was suspected of preaching the doctrine of Pelagianism, and became unpopular. In 1805, a commission was appointed by the Synod of Kentucky, having jurisdiction, which was directed to investigate the question of his soundness. The result was the suspension of Mr. Craighead from the ministry. Though he made efforts to be restored, this was not done until the year 1824. He shortly after died. Mr. Craighead was a man of commanding talents, and fervid, impressive eloquence. The Hon. John Breckinridge said of him, that his discourses made a more lasting impression upon his mind than those of any other man he had ever heard.

Among his brotherhood, Rev. John Poage Campbell stood pre-eminent for brilliancy and learning, of the missionaries of the earlier age of the Church. He was a graduate of the Hampden Sydney College, and was licensed to preach in 1792. He assumed charge of the churches at Flemingsburg and Smyrna in 1795, and afterward was in charge successively, of the churches at Danville, Versailles, Lexington, and other points. An appreciative writer says of him, that he was possessed of an acute and discriminating mind, was an accurate and well-read theologian, an able polemic, and decidedly the most popular, talented, and influential minister of his day. A number of his published writings, yet in print, bear testimony to his rare attainments.

In 1793, Rev. James Blythe was ordained pastor of Pisgah and Clear Creek Churches, and to these he ministered for forty years. He ranked with the noted and able ministers of the church, and devoted his talents alike

to the interests of education as well as the church. He took a prominent part in the establishment of Kentucky Academy; and when that institution was merged into the University of Transylvania, he was appointed to a professorship in the same, and subsequently fulfilled the duties of acting president for over twelve years.

A man of historic eminence also was the Rev. Archibald Cameron. He was the son of Scotch Presbyterian parentage, and the family moved to Kentucky in 1781, and settled on a farm at the foot of "Cameron's Knob," about six miles from Bardstown. He studied theology under Rev. David Rice, and was licensed to preach in 1795. His labors were largely confined to Nelson, Jefferson, and Shelby counties, and he was mainly instrumental in building up the churches at Shelbyville, Mulberry, Six-mile, Shiloh, Olivet, and other points in range. Mr. Cameron's mind was cast in the finest mold, and cultivated to the highest degree. He was a man of great shrewdness, and gifted with keen powers of satire. As a pastor, he was highly esteemed and much beloved by the people of his charge: as a friend, he was frank, generous, and confiding; as a divine, he ranked in the first class, and was regarded by all who knew him as the ablest man in the Synod. He was the author of many published writings of repute, and extensively read.

As early as 1786, the Presbytery of Transylvania met in the court-house at Danville. There were at this time twelve congregations in a fair state of organization. There were present five ministers, Revs. Rice, Rankin, McClure, Crawford, and Templin. There were also present five ruling elders, Messrs. Richard Steele, David Gray, John Borel, Joseph Read, and Jeremiah Frame.

From the journal of Richard Henderson, of date *Sunday, May 28, 1775*, we read: "Divine service, for the first time in Kentucky, was performed by the Rev. John Lythe, of the Church of England." On Saturday, May 13th, previous, his diary says, alluding to the grand old elm tree at Boonesborough: "This divine tree, or rather one of the many proofs of the existence from all eternity of its divine Author, is to be our church and council chamber. Having many things on our hands, we have not had time to erect seats and a pulpit, but hope, by Sunday, sevennight, to perform divine service in a public manner, and that to a set of *scoundrels*, who scarcely believe in God or fear a devil, if we are to judge from the looks, words, or actions of most of them."

This was not certainly an auspicious and persuasive beginning for one accustomed to the æsthetic forms and services of the Church of England, and we learn that Mr. Lythe soon after left Kentucky. Of the Episcopal element in the State previous to 1800, Marshall says: "There were in the country, and chiefly from Virginia, many Episcopalians, but these had formed no church, there being no parson or minister to take charge of such. This very relaxed state of that society may have been occasioned by the war

of the Revolution, which cut off the source of clerical supply derived then mainly from Great Britain. There remained, even in Virginia, a real deficiency of preachers. Education is, with this fraternity, a necessary qualification for administering the affairs of both Church and State.

[1] A church was founded in Lexington as early as 1794, but there was no organized parish until 1809. Thus it may be said that the Episcopal Church did not begin its organized work, and become a factor, as such, in the work of evangelizing Kentucky, in the earlier pioneer days, or until after the year 1800. The same author attests that, not long after the war for independence, a flood of revolutionary atheism came in, and there was no adequate barrier to oppose it. Skepticism, or a contemptuous indifference to religion, prevailed to a deplorable extent among the educated classes.

This description applies with even more emphasis to Kentucky, as the frontier, than to the older portions of Virginia.

[2] The following extract from a historic article in the *Courier-Journal*, of August 2, 1883, gives the origin of the churches of four of the leading denominations in Louisville:

"Many of the early preachers of Kentucky, and among the number John Whitaker, Tarah Thompson, Elijah Craig, William Hickman, Samuel Shannon, John Morris, Benjamin Lynn, Nelson Lee, William Taylor, Joshua Carman, and Henry Burrhett, visited Louisville, and no doubt preached at the forts and court-house, but it was some years before there was a church here. In a view of Louisville taken by Captain Gilbert Imlay, and published in the topographical description of North America, in 1792, there is a building on the north-west corner of Main and Twelfth streets, presenting the unmistakable appearance of a church. Tradition says there was a church on lot No. 49, originally owned by Jacob Myers, close to the old Twelfth-street fort, which accords with the location of such a structure in the picture of Imlay. And the late Rev. James Craik, in his sketch of Christ church, in this city, states that Rev. Mr. Kavanaugh, an Episcopal minister, came to the Beargrass settlement, in Jefferson county, with the Hites, in 1784. Mr. Craik fixes the date of his coming to Kentucky too early; but the minister meant by him was the Rev. Williams Kavanaugh, father of the late bishop of the Methodist Church. Whether he was rector of the church on the corner of Main and Twelfth as early as 1792, or ever, we know not; but we do know that he was rector of an Episcopal church in the city of Louisville as early as 1803, and this was eight years before any other denomination of Christians claims to have had a church in Louisville. In those early times it was the custom in chancery suits, when personal process could not be served upon non-residents, to issue what was called a warning order, which, besides being posted at the court-house door, and published in a newspaper, was read at church immediately after divine service. Such an

1 Bishop Smith, in Collins' History, Vol. I., p. 438.

2 By Col. R. T. Durrett.

order was entered by our old chancery court in the cases of Corneal against La Cassagne, and Hite against Marsh, at the September term, 1803, and directed by the court to be posted at the court-house door, published in the the *Farmers' Library* for eight weeks, and 'read at the Rev. Williams Kavanaugh's meeting-house, in Louisville, on some Sunday immediately after divine service.' We now have before us a copy of the *Farmers' Library*, in which this order of the court appears; and we take it for granted that Rev. Williams Kavanaugh read it to his congregation in Louisville, and that he had a church there at the time, as stated by the order of the court, in which to read it. He was originally of the Methodist denomination, but became an Episcopalian in early life, and continued in that faith. In 1806, he moved to the town of Henderson, in Kentucky, where he died the same year, in charge of the Episcopal Church there.

"In 1811, the Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin erected a Catholic Church near the north-west corner of Tenth and Main streets, which was the second church in our city. It was a framed house, upon the Gothic style of architecture, and quite an improvement upon the log-house in which Rev. Williams Kavanaugh had officiated. The ground between this church and Eleventh street was used as a graveyard; and years afterward, when Eleventh street was cut through to the river, and when the warehouse upon the corner of Main and Eleventh had its foundation dug, the coffins, the bones, the cerements, and even the flesh of some buried there were shockingly exposed to public view. One grave was opened whose occupant, once a beautiful young woman, had a history full of that sorrow which strikes to the depths of the heart, but we have not space to tell it now.

"In 1812, John and James Bate gave to the Methodist Church the south half of half acre lot No. 131, on the north side of Market street, between Seventh and Eighth. Here a brick house was erected, in which Bishop Asbury, traveling through the country in 1812, preached on Wednesday, October 22d, and about which he made the following note in his journal: 'I preached in Louisville at 11 o'clock in our neat brick house, thirty-four by thirty-eight feet. I had a sickly, serious congregation. This is a growing town and a handsome place, but the falls or ponds make it unhealthy. We lodged at Farquar's.'

"The fourth church in the city was built by the Presbyterians, on the west side of Fourth street, between Market and Jefferson, in 1816. It was famous for its sweet-toned bell, which not only summoned to serious worship, but began the fashion of ringing at 10 o'clock at night, which has since been one of the peculiarities of our city. This church was burned down in 1836, and nothing about it was more universally regretted than the loss of the bell.

"In 1825, Christ church, on the east side of Second, between Green and Walnut streets, was built, on a lot given by Peter B. Ormsby. Mr. Ormsby was then the owner of a five-acre lot where the church was built, and it was

his purpose to give to the church ample ground. But before the deed was made his financial affairs changed, and he could only give the ground covered by the walls. This venerable building was the second Episcopal Church in our city, and though altered and improved to keep pace with the demands of modern taste, it is yet the pioneer church in Louisville."

It would be the gravest error to suppose that, taken as a whole, the pioneer people of Kentucky were below an average of the most civilized and enlightened people of any State or nation of their day. It is true that the country, like all new and distant countries receiving their pioneer population, was a refuge for the time, as Texas, California, and Mexico since, for some outlaws and desperadoes, whose aim was more to evade the administration of justice than to find homes and fortunes by the venture. Yet even these were not ignorant or inexperienced men usually.

[1] It requires both intelligence and enterprise to produce voluntary change of country, or even of habitation; and what may be assumed with confidence is, that there were to be found in this population as much of talent and intelligence as fall to the lot of any equal number of people promiscuously taken either in Europe or America. This stock of intellect was not, however, of native growth, for there had not been time to mature that. We need only look to the fact of emigration, as the source of populating the country with adults, to explain the superior degree of information obvious among the people at the time. Quite a number among the ministers, as well as of the men of other learned professions, of public officials, and of private life, had finished their education in the best institutions of the East. Hence, we find among the clergy, at so early a day, men of great pulpit power, eloquence, and learning.

The ministers partook somewhat of the temperament of the people around them, and were but little less combative and aggressive with their creeds and doctrines than were the common people with their rifles and implements of war. The differences between Romanist and Protestant would be sometimes brought to issue in public debate, while Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists wrangled before deeply interested audiences, or through their publications at times, among themselves, over the possibility or impossibility of reconciling God's foreknowledge with man's free agency, over election and reprobation, eternal decrees, and all those issues that vexed the souls of Calvin and Arminius so many years before. The doctrines of the mode of baptism, and of infant church membership also, came in for a share in these ecclesiastical polemics, as they have done ever since. The orthodoxy of some of the evangelical churches was much disturbed and perplexed by the very early intrusion of Unitarian doctrines; and from this cause, the old grounds of controversy between Arius and Athanasius were again fought over in the wilderness of the Occident, as they had been, centuries before, in the temples of learning and refinement in the Orient.

1 Marshall, Vol. I., p. 442.

CHAPTER XXIII.

(1800–12.)

Presidential contest of 1800.

Kentuckians gratified at the election of Jefferson.

Issues of the campaign.

Heated contest.

Wise administration hitherto.

Judge McClung, of the Kentucky Federal circuit, legislated out of office by the general law.

First insurance and banking in Kentucky.

Changes of courts.

Intendant Morales, of New Orleans, proclaims the privileges of Mississippi trade canceled.

Threatening resentment.

Spain cedes Louisiana to France in secret treaty.

Protest of United States Government.

Monroe minister to France, with full powers to purchase or resist.

Consul Napoleon offers to sell to United States for sixteen million dollars.

Monroe accepts.

Louisiana transferred to the United States.

Great religious revivals in Kentucky.

Phenomenal *exercises*.

Sweep the country.

Greenup elected governor.

Jefferson re-elected.

John Breckinridge attorney-general of the United States.

First pension in Kentucky.

Burr's conspiracy.

Blannerhassett's island headquarters.

Kentucky the theater.

Burr's plans.

His associates.

Arraigned by Colonel Daveiss.

Trial and acquittal.

Pledges to Clay.

His abortive efforts.

Failure.

Reflections.

Old conspiracies unearthed by legislative investigation.

Sebastian received two thousand dollars a year from Spain.

Compelled to resign from the Appellate bench.

Nicholas and Innes involved.

New testimonies of recent date from the archives of Spain, at Madrid, in regard to Spanish intrigues in Kentucky.

Copies filed at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

All the facts unearthed.

Interesting revelations.

Intendant Miro's letter to Valdes, secretary for the Indies, at Madrid.

Wilkinson's treasonable pledges.

His letters in cipher to the intendant.

Involves the names of his Kentucky friends.

His agent, Dunn.

Letter to Miro.

What Kentucky will do.

All leading men favor secession except Colonel Marshall and Muter.

Act of Congress disappoints.

Plans next.

Wants a place of refuge in Louisiana, in case of failure.

English agent Connelly.

Disposal of him.

Wilkinson writes Miro that money is the prime mover.

He has advanced five thousand dollars.

Says "two thousand five hundred dollars will attract Marshall and Muter on our side."

Congressman Brown for secession.

Intrigue in constitutional convention.

Same intrigues in Tennessee.

Seceders establish the "State of Frankland" there.
Sevier governor.
His arrest and trial.
Daring rescue by his friends from the court-room.
Right of navigation and trade restored.
Quiets discontent.
Disconcerts plans.
Agency and intrigue renewed through Power.
Stipulates for Spain to furnish one hundred thousand dollars.
Ten thousand dollars sent to Wilkinson.
His hesitation.
Now major-general of the United States army.
Wilkinson tried and acquitted.
Ben Hardin on Sebastian.
Nicholas' and Innes' defense.
Brown's exoneration.
Venerable Judge Muter resigns.
Henry Clay's birth and early life.
Genius and character.
Locates at Lexington, in 1798, at the age of twenty-one years.
Rapid advancement to success.
First official promotions.
Opening political career.
His leadership and speeches.
Madison president.
General Charles Scott governor.
His message.
Strained relations with England.
Bank of Kentucky chartered.
Census of 1810.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Colonels Abraham Owen and Joseph H. Daveiss killed.
Biographic sketches.
General William Russell.
Great earthquake at New Madrid and Fulton county, in 1811.
Legislative grants.
Shelby re-elected governor.
His message.

The notable event of 1800, in which the people of Kentucky interested themselves with intense zeal, was the election of a president of the United States to succeed Mr. Adams. The party lines were strictly drawn over the old issues of the Federal and Democratic parties. The agitations growing out of the alien and sedition laws and the resolutions upon States' rights, by Kentucky and Virginia, had inflamed party sentiment to an extent unprecedented in any previous national political campaign. Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson were the champions and leaders of the respective divisions. In Kentucky, the mass of the people, with great unanimity, were not in sympathy with the administration of President Adams, and, on the other hand, Mr. Jefferson with them was a favorite. He was of Virginia, from whence had emigrated the majority of the political leaders of the State. He had been governor of the *Old Dominion* when Kentucky was a part of it, and had always shown a friendly interest to the West. The respective merits of France and England were yet, in large measure, engaging the attention of the men of either party, to the interference of their duties and affections to their own country—foreign partialities which appear to us too puerile for the dignity of American citizenship, and which are not likely again to be revived in the politics of this country.

[1]The Federal Congressmen, in caucus, presented the names of John Adams and Charles C. Pinckney for president and vice-president, and the Democrats, or Republicans, those of Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. As

1 Statesman's Manual.

most of the electors were to be chosen by the State Legislatures, the contest began mainly in these bodies at their respective capitals. One of the earliest and most important was that in New York, in May of this year. The result was favorable to Jefferson and Burr, thus reversing the vote that had been given to Adams and Pinckney four years before. President Adams abruptly dismissed from his cabinet Mr. Pinckney, secretary of state, and Mr. McHenry, secretary of war, in consequence of alleged or supposed party sympathy, an event that had an effect to weaken his party in the contest, it was thought. Alexander Hamilton, hitherto a powerful Federal leader, came out in a letter censuring the public character and conduct of Mr. Adams, which further broke the party prestige and demoralized its self-assurance. The aim of Hamilton appeared to be to defeat both Adams and Jefferson and to elect Mr. Pinckney, believing that the vote of South Carolina would be a balance of power, and would be cast for Jefferson and Pinckney. When it became known that this State had voted for Jefferson and Burr, the defeat of the Federal ticket was settled. The pluralities of seventy-three each made a tie between Jefferson and Burr, thus throwing the election into Congress. The Federalists now concentrated their entire vote on Burr, in the hope of Jefferson's defeat. Eight States, with fifty-one votes, all Republican, voted for Jefferson, and six States, with fifty-three votes, for Burr, with two States divided. The same result continued through thirty-five ballots. On the thirty-sixth ballot, a number of members manifested their withdrawal of hostility to Mr. Jefferson's election by putting in blank votes, when, on announcement, it was shown that ten States had voted for Jefferson, and four States—Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island—for Burr. The former was thereupon elected president and the latter vice-president for four years. Thus, the tidal wave of political sentiment and the powerful factors of political mutation, after years of agitation and contest, fixedly established the Democratic party in administrative control of the Government, and for the succeeding twenty-four years.

The disinterested student of history can not but be thoughtfully impressed that the administration of the government for the first twelve years, under Washington and Adams, was fortunate for its peace, prosperity, and stability. The policy of Washington was eminently prudent, cautious, and conservative. Mr. Adams endeavored to continue in the same paths of safety and reserve. That foreign wars from foreign entanglements without, and anarchy from impatient and imprudent factionism at home, were avoided, deserve the gratitude of the generation of to day, to whom the heritage of republican liberty and a grand nationality, in their purest integrity, are preserved and perpetuated. An author of note says of this experimental era of national administration: [1] "By the prudent and pacific, yet firm and decided, measures of the Federal Government for these twelve years, the character of the United States had become highly respectable among the

[1] Bradford's History of the Federal Government.

greatest statesmen of Europe. Its policy exhibited a happy union of energy and magnanimity, and it was respected alike for its wisdom and power. The nation was placed in a commanding attitude of defense, while liberty, peace, and improvement were everywhere witnessed within its jurisdiction."

[1] The opportune time, perhaps, had come for a change. The enactment of the alien and sedition laws, and other sectional and proscriptive measures, shows that the sentiment and policy of the party, too successfully in power, however patriotic, were drifting from the moorings of personal liberty toward the license of unwarranted assumption. Providence decreed a change, and in fit time. Nowhere in the Union was the elevation of Mr. Jefferson hailed with more enthusiastic joy than by the people of Kentucky.

The first measure of President Jefferson's administration that immediately affected Kentucky was the repeal of the circuit court system of the United States, and of the internal revenue taxes. This measure of judiciary repeal was canvassed with great ability and zeal, as it trenched on the tenure of judicial office, practically. The construction provided for the repeal of an office by a bare majority, while a vote of two-thirds was required to remove the occupant. It was an indirect removal from office by the vote of a majority. Judge McClung, of the Kentucky circuit, with his judicial brethren, was legislated out of office by the operation of the measure. The vacancies thus created were at once filled. The repeal of the internal taxes relieved the interior agricultural country, but poorly able to command specie, from the irritating offices of the excisemen. At the same time, by reducing the number of office-holders, it diminished the patronage of the administration, which deserves a tribute of praise for its disinterestedness. The measures were popular in their effect with the people throughout the country.

[2] The first introduction of the methods of banking into Kentucky had its beginning about this time. An application was made to the Legislature to incorporate an insurance company, for the purpose of insuring produce in transit to market. In the charter was surreptitiously inserted a clause "to take and give bills, bonds, and obligations, in the course of their business; also, to receive and pass them by assignment; and such of the notes as are payable to bearer shall be negotiable and assignable by delivery." Under this pregnant clause, the bills issued by the company were made payable to bearer, and became equivalent to bank bills. This intrusive and insidious insurance and banking measure was given artificial life until 1818, during which time the corporate monstrosity, without sufficient guards, exerted a monopoly of its vested powers, without any equivalent to the State for a surrender of its legislative discretion. The fate of the institution may be told in few words; it began in deceptive fraud, and ended in disastrous bankruptcy. The experience with this paper currency was no better than with continental money.

1 Butler, p. 298-9. 2 Butler, p. 299.

At this session, a third radical change was made in the ordinary courts of the State. The district and general courts were abolished, and circuit courts for each county were substituted. The judges of the former, like the quarter session justices and the judges of the court of Oyer and Terminer, of a former period, followed the fate of the courts. To each of the circuit judges were added two assistants, not learned in the law. This latter provision was found so habitually to impede the progress of business, by producing conflicts of opinion with the presiding judge, in overruling or rearguing his decisions, that the assistants were, after a brief trial, abolished, and without any general regrets.

[1] The trade by the Mississippi river had become the life of Kentucky industry and enterprise, and the commercial advantages from such a source were felt everywhere. It was, therefore, quite a shock to the people when, in the year 1802, it came to an abrupt termination by the limitation of treaty privileges, and without any provision for relief. Although the stipulations by the treaty of 1795 promised a continuance by the former, or other satisfactory arrangement for the deposit of merchandise at New Orleans, the Spanish Intendant, Morales, by proclamation, declared the privileges to cease. This act of broken faith produced the highest indignation, not only in Kentucky, but throughout the United States. The excitement was redoubled when the public heard of the cession of Louisiana by Spain to France, by the secret treaty of Ildefonso, in October, 1800. An effort was made in the Senate, on the meeting of Congress, in 1802, to authorize the president to take immediate possession of the island of New Orleans and the adjacent territory, but it failed. The executive then instantly adopted measures which led to the acquisition of the whole of that vast domain west of the Mississippi river, known then as Louisiana; and Congress, acting in sympathy, voted two millions of dollars to promote the negotiation. Mr. Monroe was appointed minister to France, with full instructions. Governor Garrard was kept fully advised by President Jefferson, in a matter of such profound interest to Kentucky, pending these events.

When Minister Monroe reached Paris, he found Napoleon, then First Consul of France, anticipating the loss of Louisiana by the preponderance of the English navy, disposed to sell the magnificent province to the United States. His utterance was: "I renounce it with the greatest regret. To attempt obstinately to retain it, would be folly." The negotiations terminated in an agreement, on the 30th of April, 1803, for a sale and cession, for the sum of sixteen millions of dollars. Thus was the area of the United States enlarged to two million square miles, and extended from sea to sea. On the 20th of December following, Governor Claiborne, of Mississippi Territory, and General Wilkinson, of the regular army, received formal possession of the purchased province from the French commissioner, M. Loussat. New and inestimable advantages thus opened up to Kentucky,

1 Butler, pp. 303–305.

in common with the whole country. Under the auspicious smiles of this golden commerce, aided by the magic powers of steam as a motor, under the inventive powers of Fulton, West, and Fitch, the wilderness has been made to blossom as a garden; while a vast expanse of region and countless millions of people have been subjected to the benignant sway of religion, liberty, and enlightenment, with an indigenous and original outgrowth impossible in the old world.

With the introductory year of the nineteenth century came a great wave of religious awakening, attended with very marked and extraordinary phenomena. Kentucky seemed to be the center of agitation and excitement, though it extended its circumference to Tennessee and other States. Commencing in 1799, in Logan county, under the ministry of two brothers, John McGee, of the Methodist church, and William McGee, of the Presbyterian, *The Great Revival*, as it was called, spread over the State, chiefly manifesting its power in Fayette, Mercer, Nelson, Shelby, Montgomery, Madison, Harrison, Marion, and Logan counties. Among the preachers most prominent in it, besides the McGees, were William McKendree, Barton W. Stone, James McGready, and others. So absorbing was this religious fervor, and so pervading, that all else was subordinated to this one interest. Thousands attended the open meetings, and for ten, twenty, and thirty miles around. Along with the professors of religion, went the unsaved sinners, the scoffers and unbelievers, thronging the highways and camping-grounds, alike. The excitement seemed universally infectious. In the midst of religious services and vehement exhortation, the *exercises* of falling prostrate, jerking with nervous motions, and involuntary dancing, would begin with a few, and spread to others, until they would finally embrace the audience of saints and sinners, alike. The wildest scenes of commotion were witnessed, beyond the power of analysis to explain, or the pen to adequately portray. At the great "Cane Ridge Meeting," from twenty to thirty thousand people were in camp for seven days. They came on foot and horseback, and in twelve hundred vehicles, a mighty host. Methodists, Baptists, and others, for the first time in Kentucky, heartily united in the godly work. A historian aptly says of this revival: [1] "Thousands were thrown into the convulsive state that was then believed to be a mark of the divine power. Although such exhibitions are not pleasant to those who take more sober views of religion, there is no doubt that these violent revivals of the religious impulse, which for years marked the history of Kentucky, were very important elements in determining the quality of the people. At one time or another, perhaps one-half the population was brought under the influence of an enthusiasm that, for the while, took them away from material things. To a large part of the people who came under this strong influence of religious fervor, the result was momentary; but a larger part yet, received from it effects that lasted all their lives."

1 Shaler, Kentucky Commonwealth.

These phenomenal *exercises* were not peculiar to the age or country, nor to the ministerial work of that day. [1] The same effects were introduced into Scotland, when Mr. Whitefield was invited by the seceders, through the Erskines. Great excitement and extraordinary manifestations of swooning, convulsions, and cataleptic seizures attended his labors near Glasgow, where at one time the assemblage was estimated to consist of thirty thousand persons. Similar cases had previously occurred under Mr. Wesley's preaching, and have since been noted, as in the revivals under the preachings of Jonathan Edwards, in New England.

In 1804, Christopher Greenup was elected governor, and John Caldwell, lieutenant-governor, of Kentucky. By the governor's appointment, John Rowan was made secretary of state. Mr. Jefferson was also, this year, re-elected, with great unanimity, president of the United States. After his inauguration, in 1805, he appointed Hon. John Breckinridge attorney-general of the United States. The latter served until 1806, when the people of Kentucky, and the whole country, were called to lament his untimely death in the very prime of his manhood. Such were the qualities of intellect and attainments, and such the distinguished and controlling influence in the political affairs of the State and nation, of this eminent statesman, that history demands more than the mention of the sad event of death. [2] He was born on, or near, the present site of Staunton, Virginia, in 1760, and hence was but forty-six years of age when he died. In 1785, he married Mary Hopkins Cabell, of Buckingham county, Virginia, and settled in Albemarle county for the practice of the profession of law. Here he lived until 1793, when he moved to Kentucky, and settled in Lexington. At "Cabell's Dale," his home in the county of Fayette, he died on the 14th of December, 1806.

As a lawyer, no man of his day excelled him, and very few equaled him. Profoundly acquainted with his profession, gifted as a public speaker, laborious and exact in the performance of his professional duties and engagements—these qualities, united to his blameless private character, gave him a position at the bar which few men attained, and enabled him, besides the distinction he acquired, to accumulate a large fortune. An event characteristic attended the disposition of his estate, for, on his death-bed, he refused to make a will, saying that he had done his best to have such provisions made by law for the distribution of estates as seemed to him wise and just, and he would adhere to it for his own family. At the end of sixty years, it is not unworthy to be recorded that his wisdom and foresight, in this remarkable transaction, did not lose their reward.

As a statesman, very few men of the country occupied a more commanding position, or engaged more controllingly with all the great questions of the day, and no one enjoyed more popularity, or maintained a more spotless

1 Richardson's Life of A. Campbell, p. 73.

2 Collins, Vol. II., p. 99.

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